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A Human Life

a book of poems

by
pc keefer

book two



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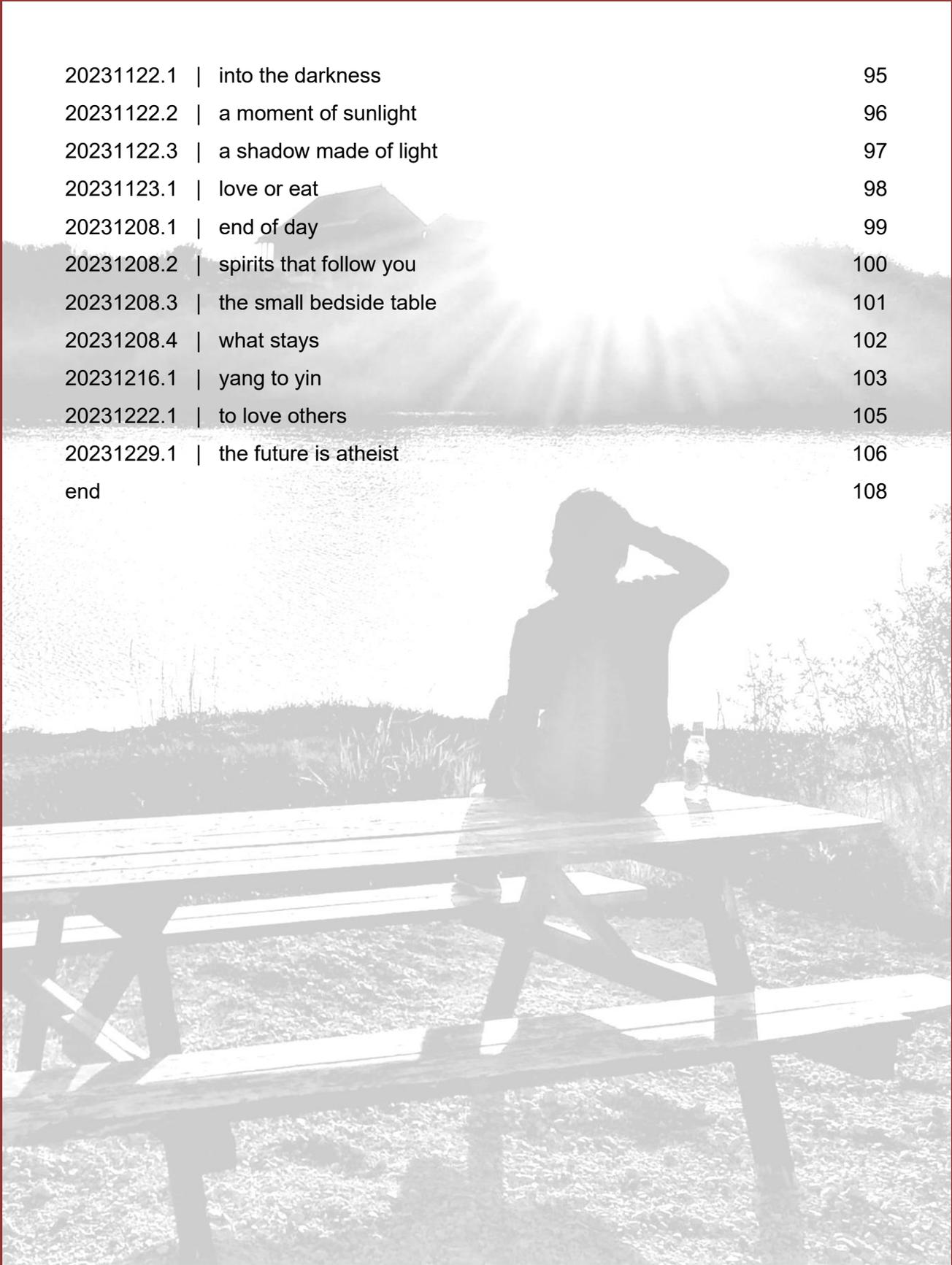


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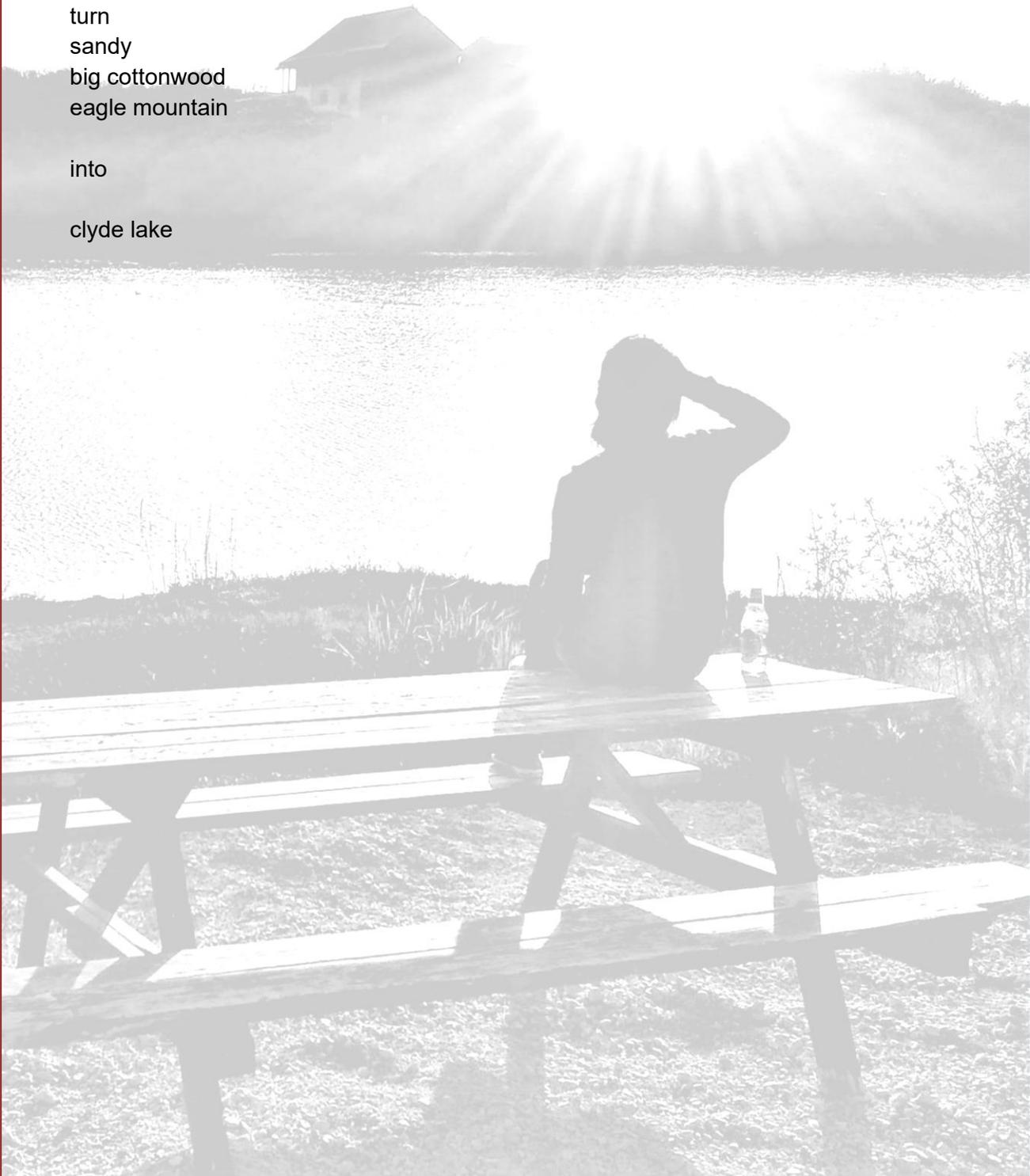


20200518.1 | rolling equity

turn
sandy
big cottonwood
eagle mountain

into

clyde lake



20200518.2 | throw it in the hole

time, cards, and cash
gone in a flash

throw it in the hole
where it really go
no one really know
throw it in the ho

gave up free will
bent my life to her will

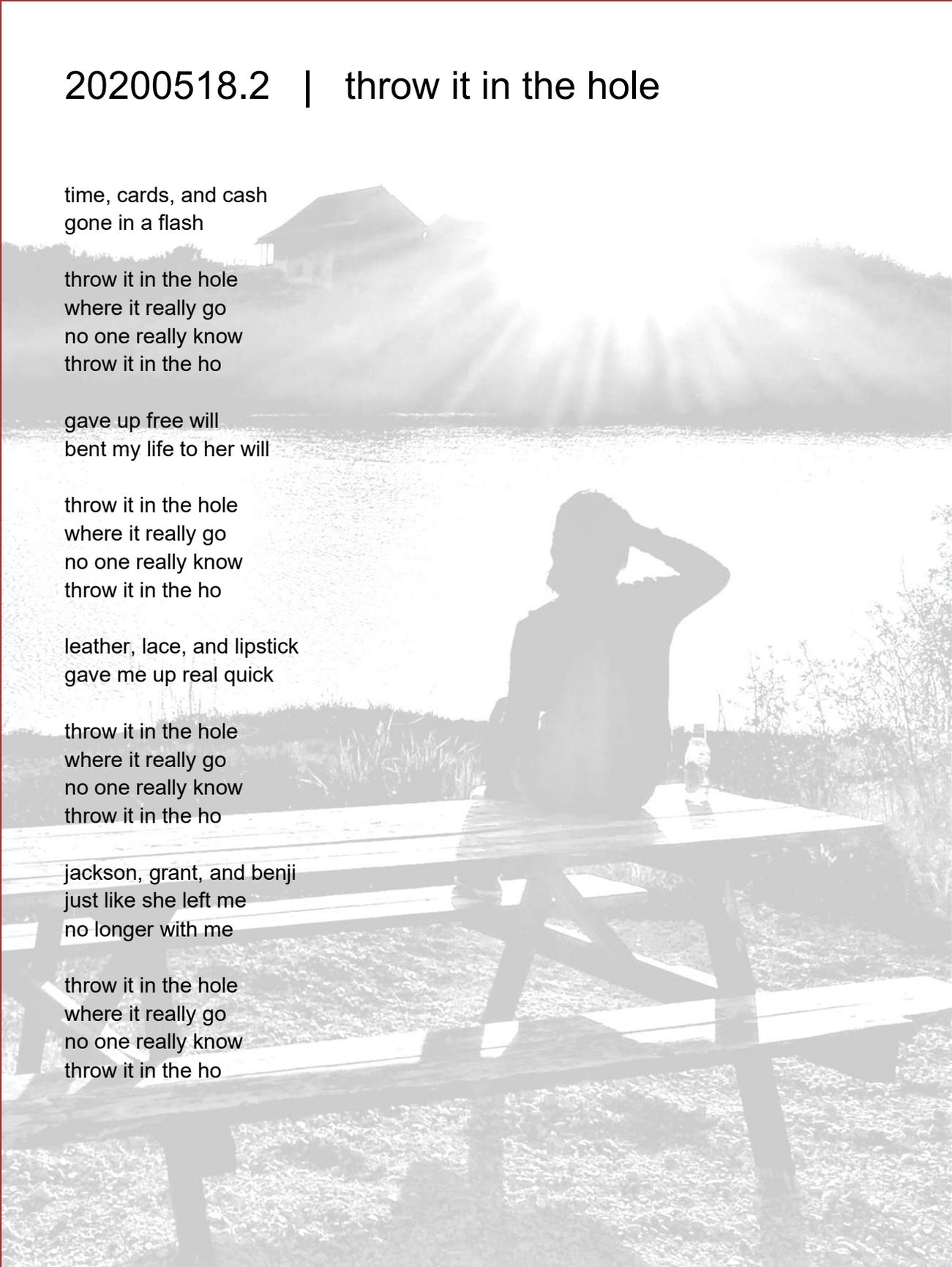
throw it in the hole
where it really go
no one really know
throw it in the ho

leather, lace, and lipstick
gave me up real quick

throw it in the hole
where it really go
no one really know
throw it in the ho

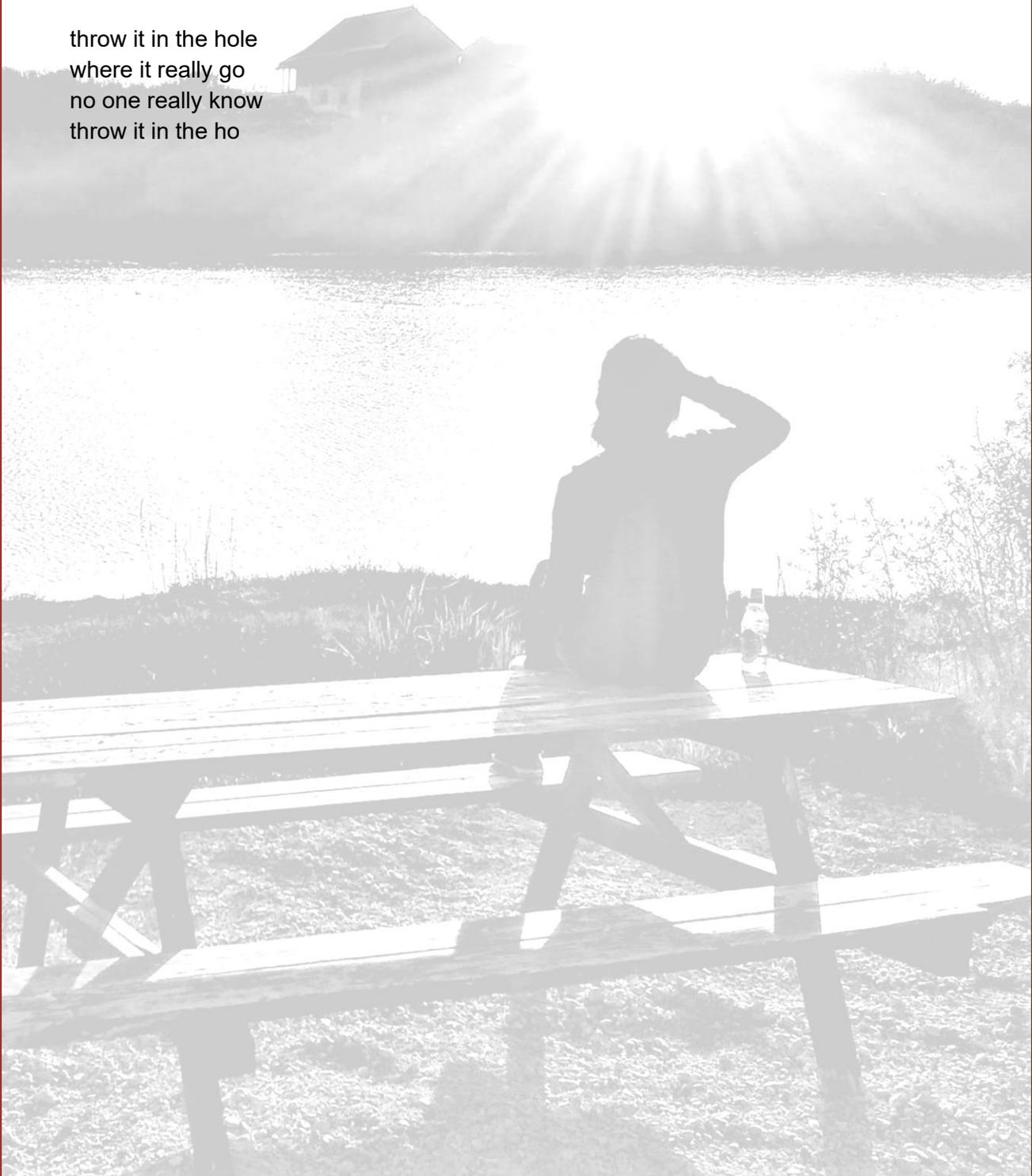
jackson, grant, and benji
just like she left me
no longer with me

throw it in the hole
where it really go
no one really know
throw it in the ho



lessons for the young man
love her like a goddess
serve her like a queen
but have her buy her own shit

throw it in the hole
where it really go
no one really know
throw it in the ho



20230310.1 | heart break

i turned my son away today

he is not growing

he is not learning

he indulges all day long

and all night long

in drugs and alcohol

his anger and offensiveness

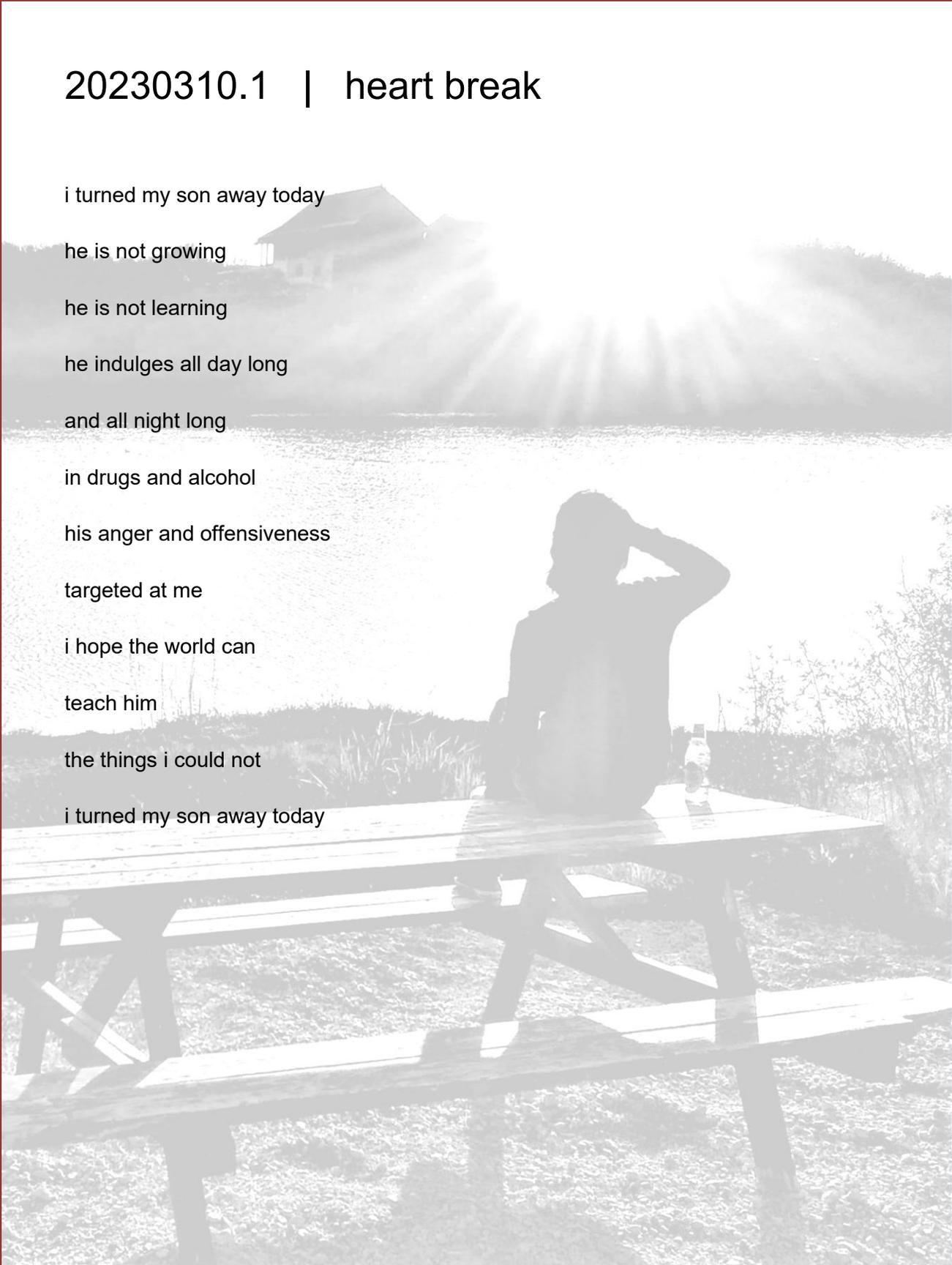
targeted at me

i hope the world can

teach him

the things i could not

i turned my son away today



20230614.1 | each new day

sam,

don't panic

don't worry

each new day

allows us to

make good choices

to make small steps

toward a better future

to a better self

it's okay to be human

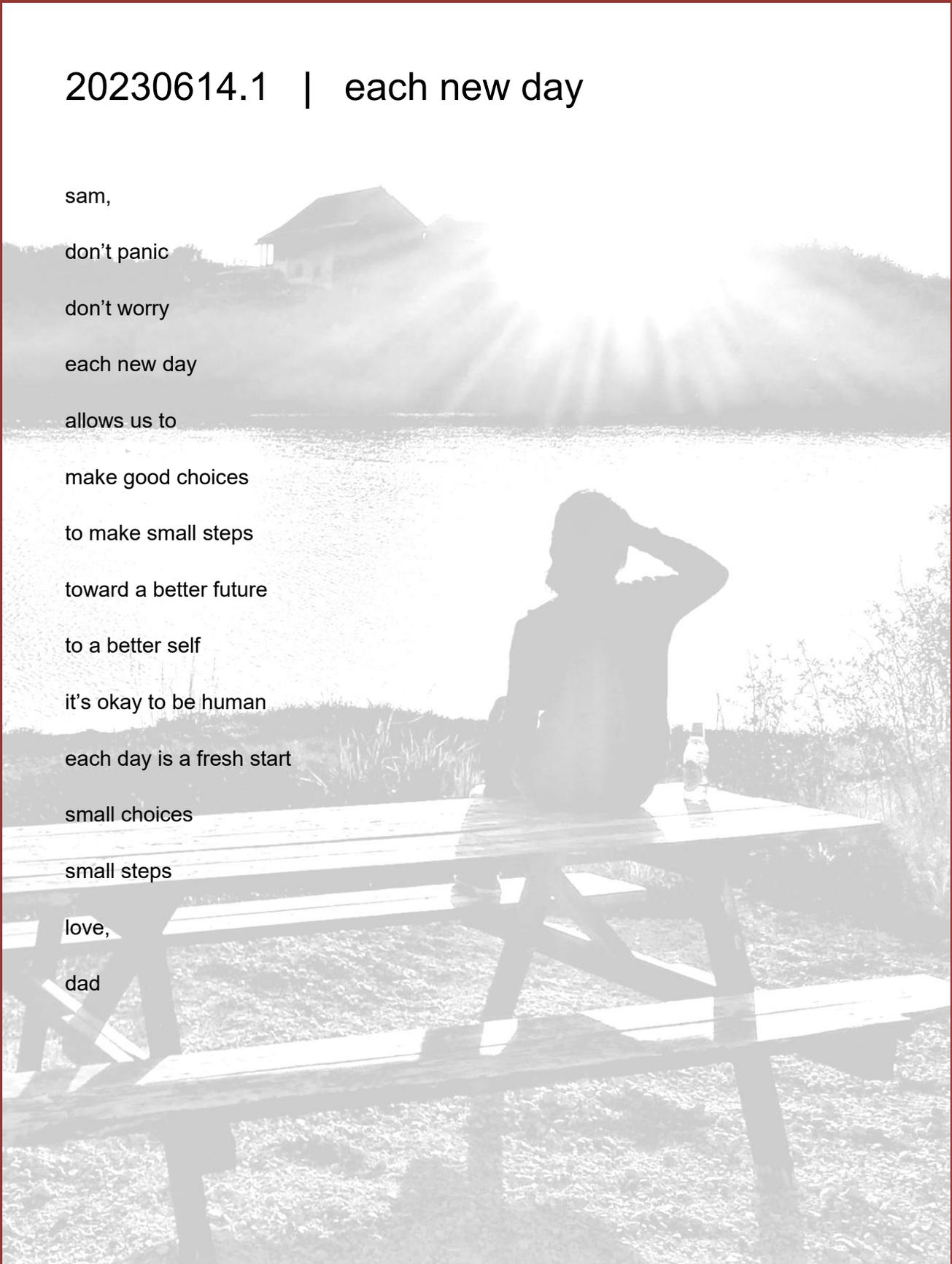
each day is a fresh start

small choices

small steps

love,

dad

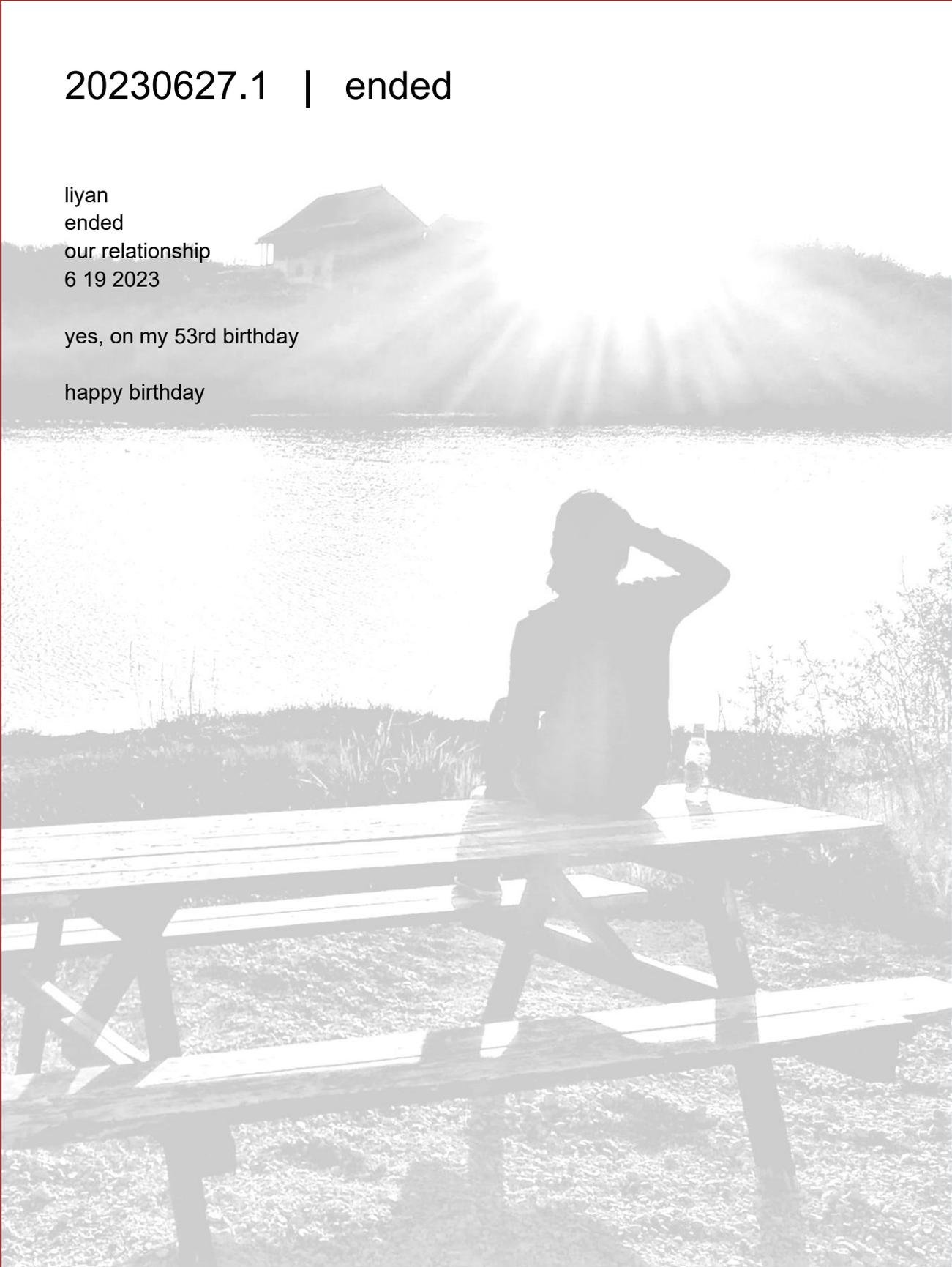


20230627.1 | ended

liyan
ended
our relationship
6 19 2023

yes, on my 53rd birthday

happy birthday



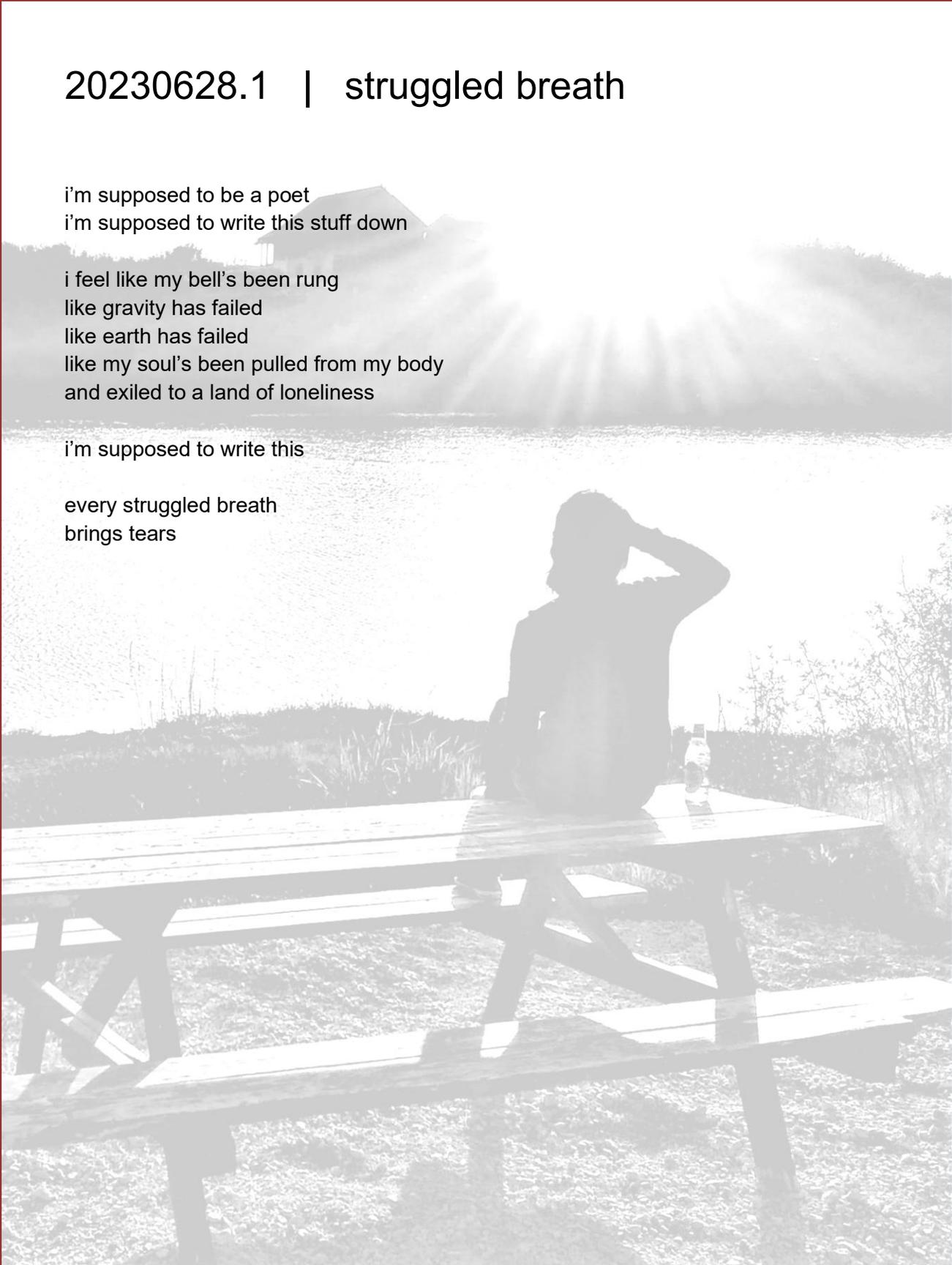
20230628.1 | struggled breath

i'm supposed to be a poet
i'm supposed to write this stuff down

i feel like my bell's been rung
like gravity has failed
like earth has failed
like my soul's been pulled from my body
and exiled to a land of loneliness

i'm supposed to write this

every struggled breath
brings tears



20230628.2 | grip hold

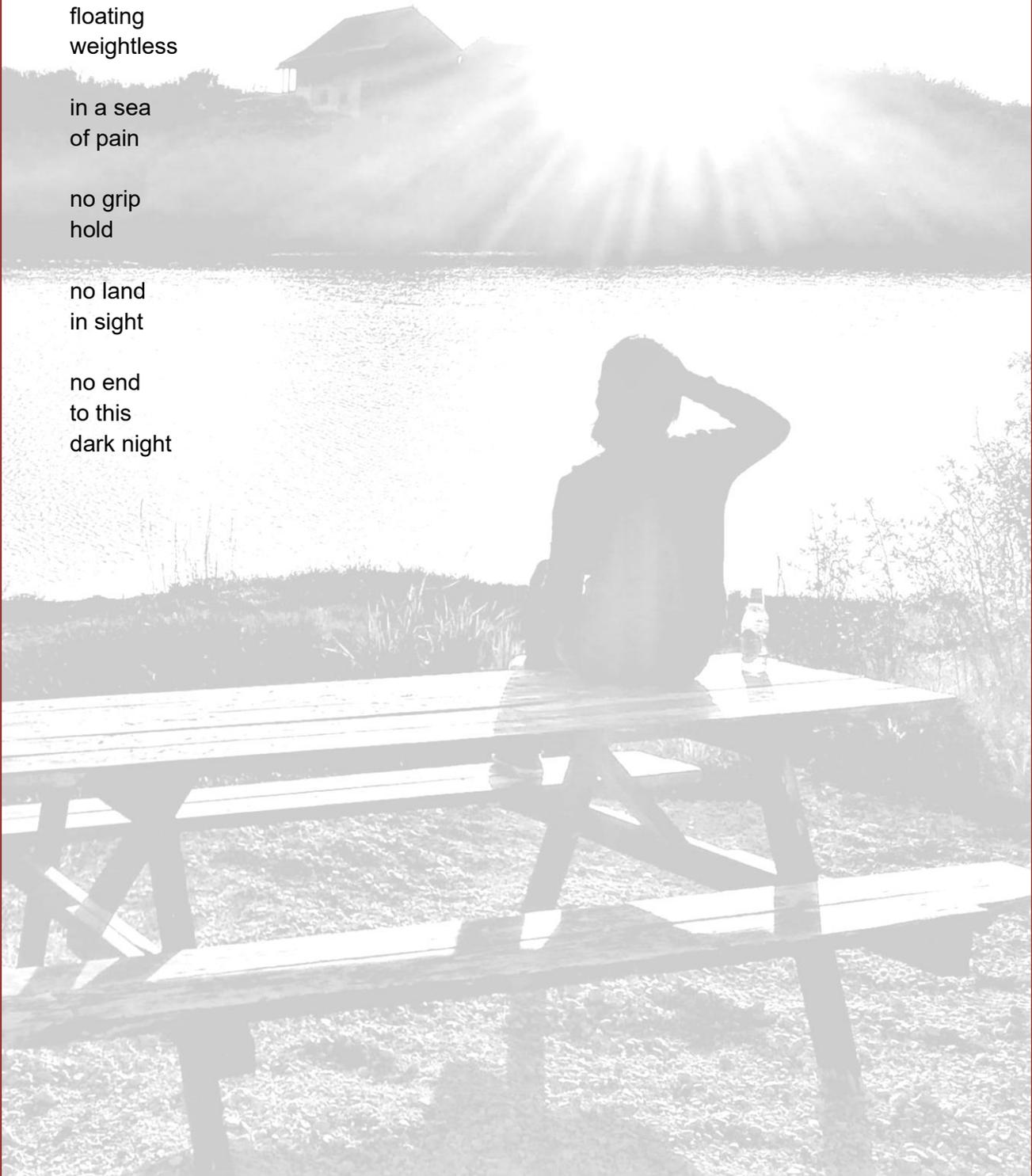
floating
weightless

in a sea
of pain

no grip
hold

no land
in sight

no end
to this
dark night



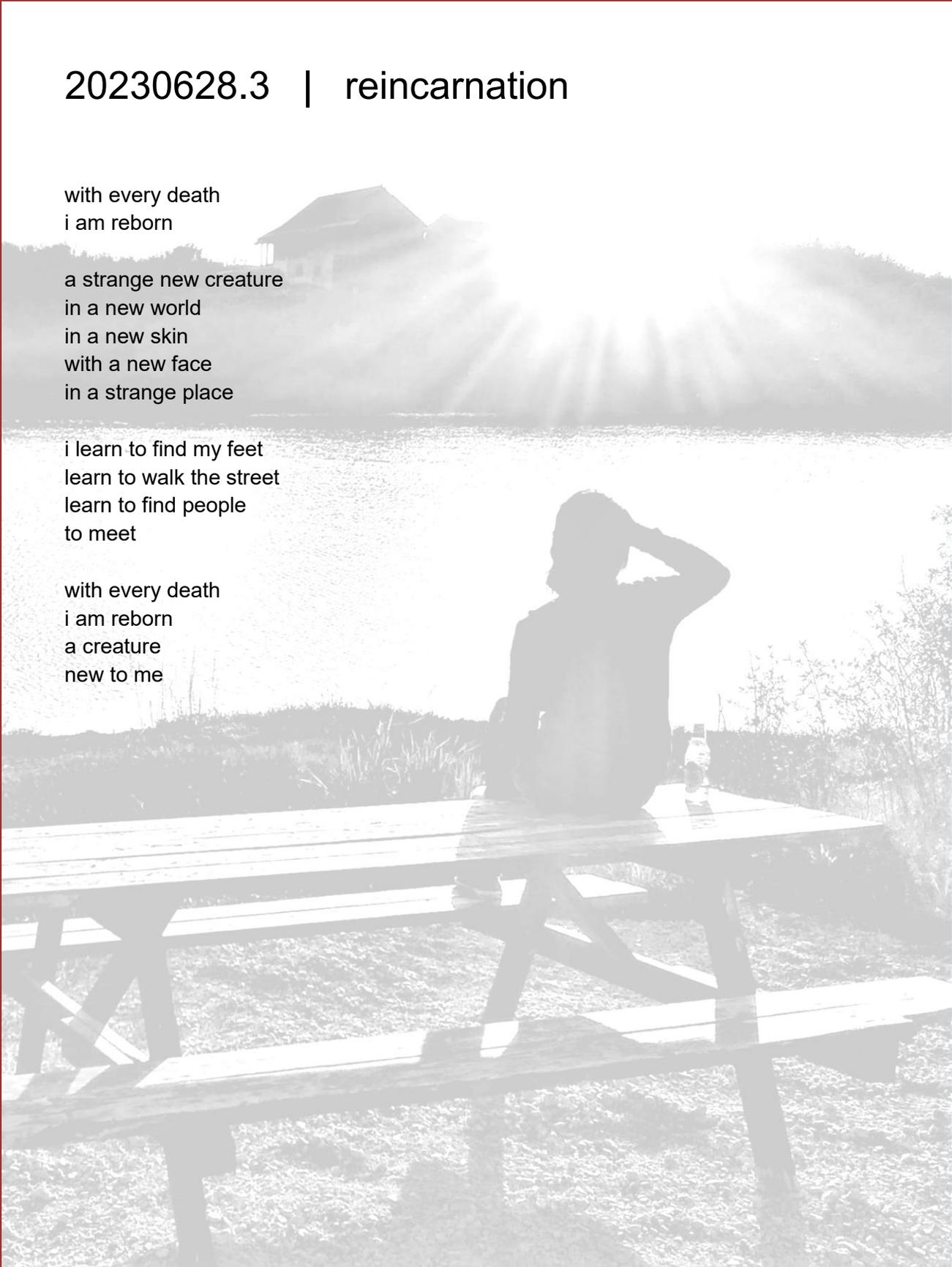
20230628.3 | reincarnation

with every death
i am reborn

a strange new creature
in a new world
in a new skin
with a new face
in a strange place

i learn to find my feet
learn to walk the street
learn to find people
to meet

with every death
i am reborn
a creature
new to me



20230628.4 | the new pattern

the meadow grasses grow

the wandering deer go

the moose moves slow

i stand

witness

the sun and moon

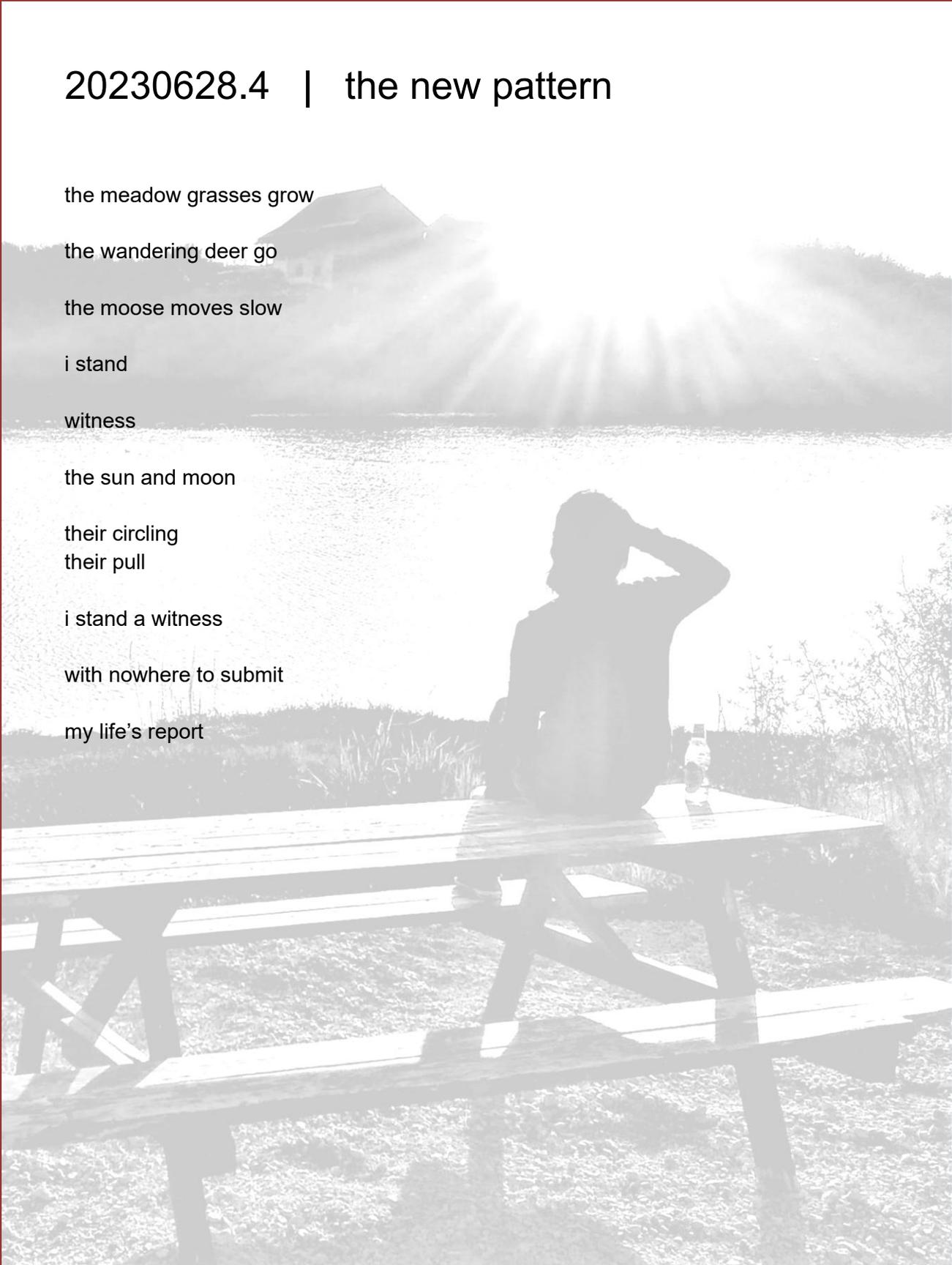
their circling

their pull

i stand a witness

with nowhere to submit

my life's report



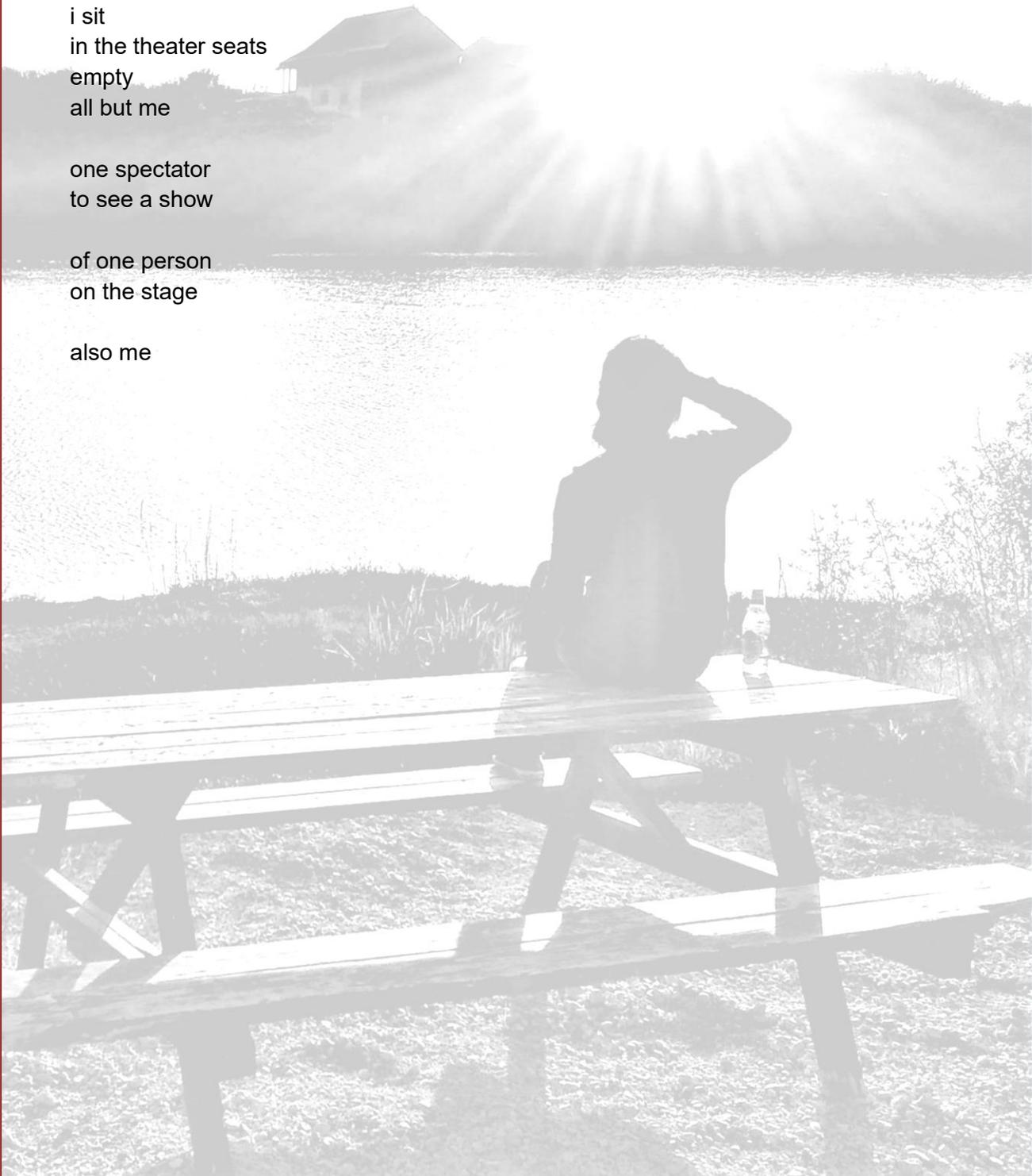
20230628.5 | all but me

i sit
in the theater seats
empty
all but me

one spectator
to see a show

of one person
on the stage

also me



20230628.6 | stages of grief

stages of grief

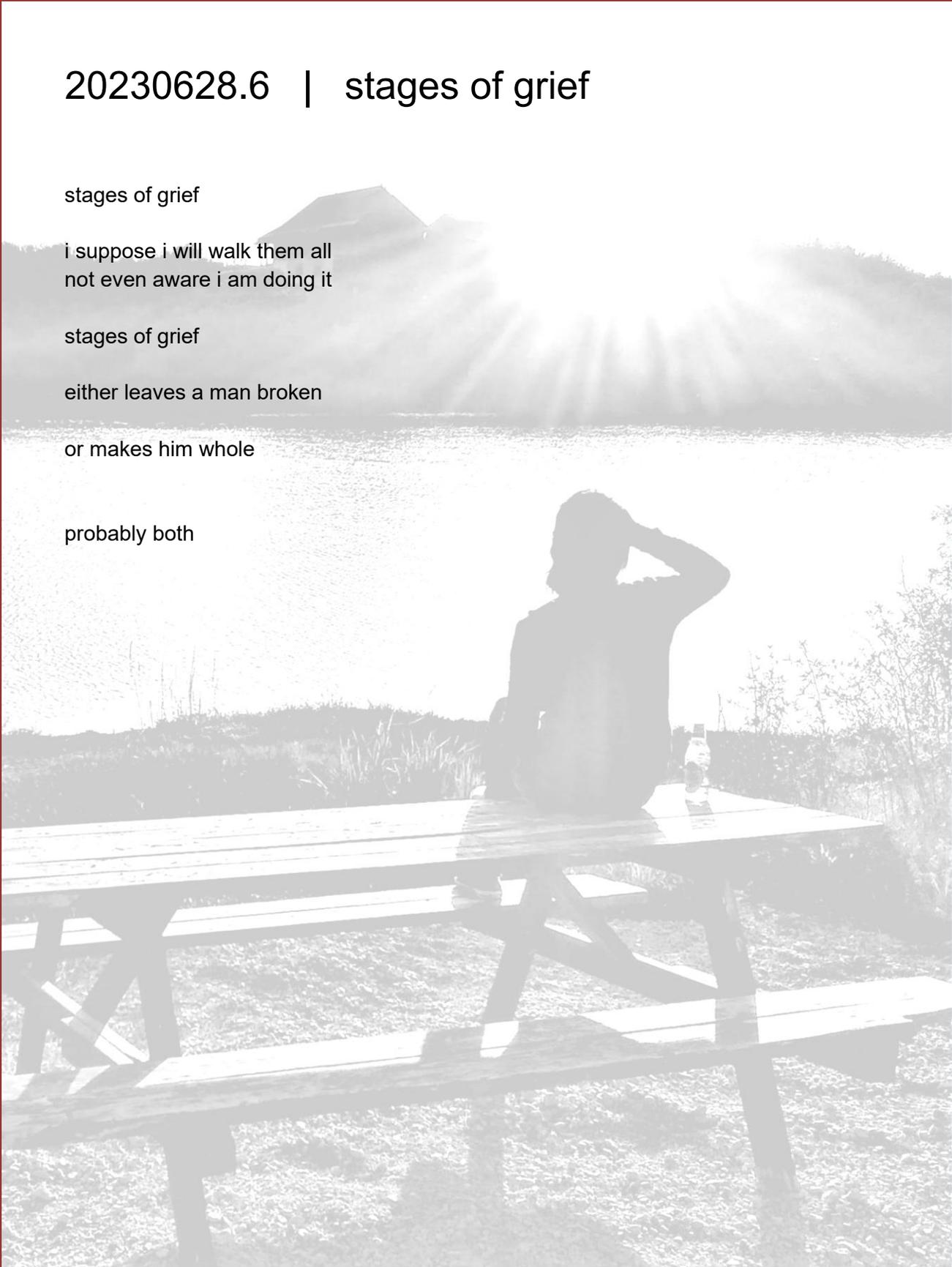
i suppose i will walk them all
not even aware i am doing it

stages of grief

either leaves a man broken

or makes him whole

probably both



20230628.7 | bs omitted

[entry bugs me – omitted]



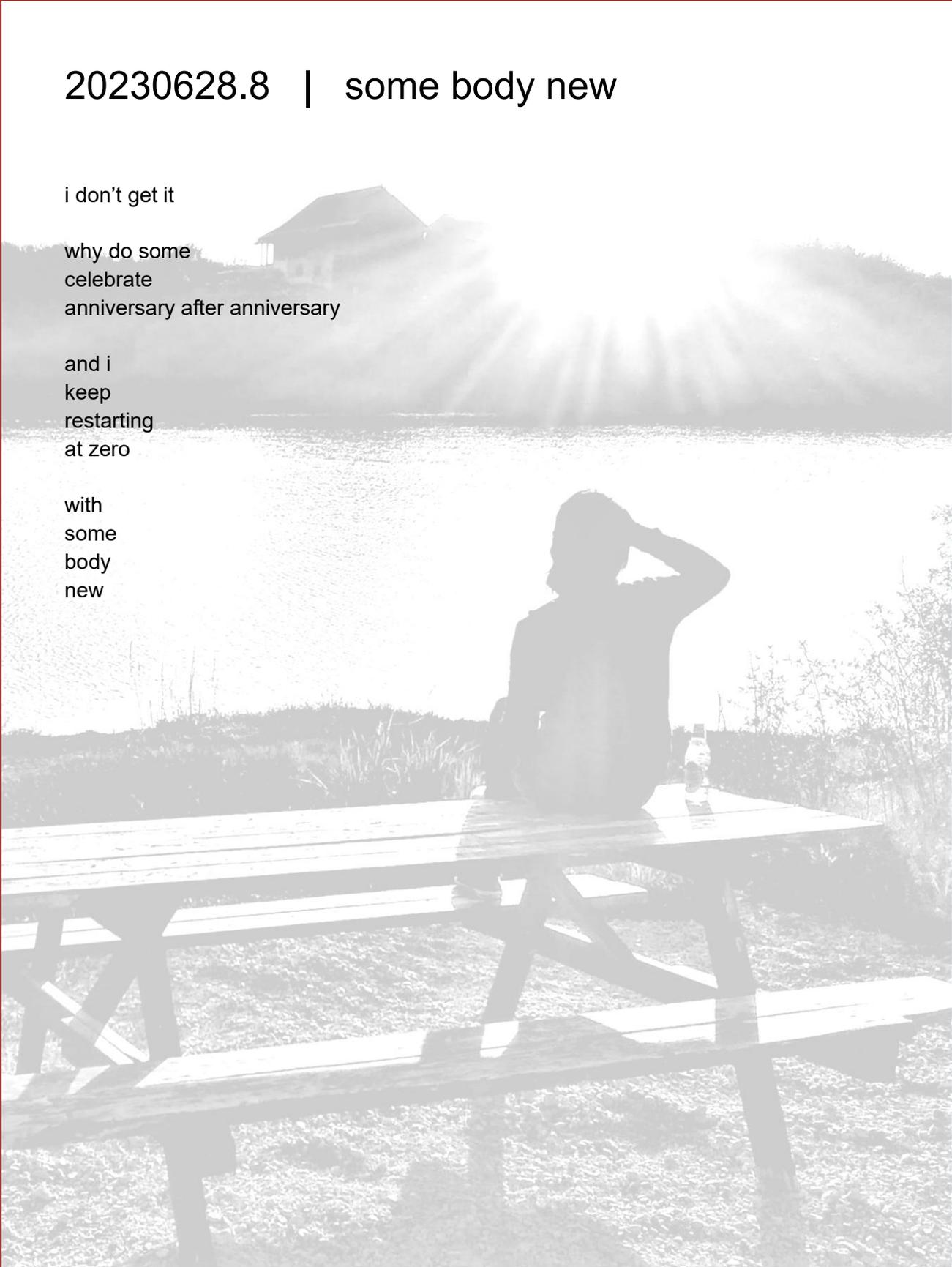
20230628.8 | some body new

i don't get it

why do some
celebrate
anniversary after anniversary

and i
keep
restarting
at zero

with
some
body
new



20230628.9 | homeless like me

i am drawn

to artists

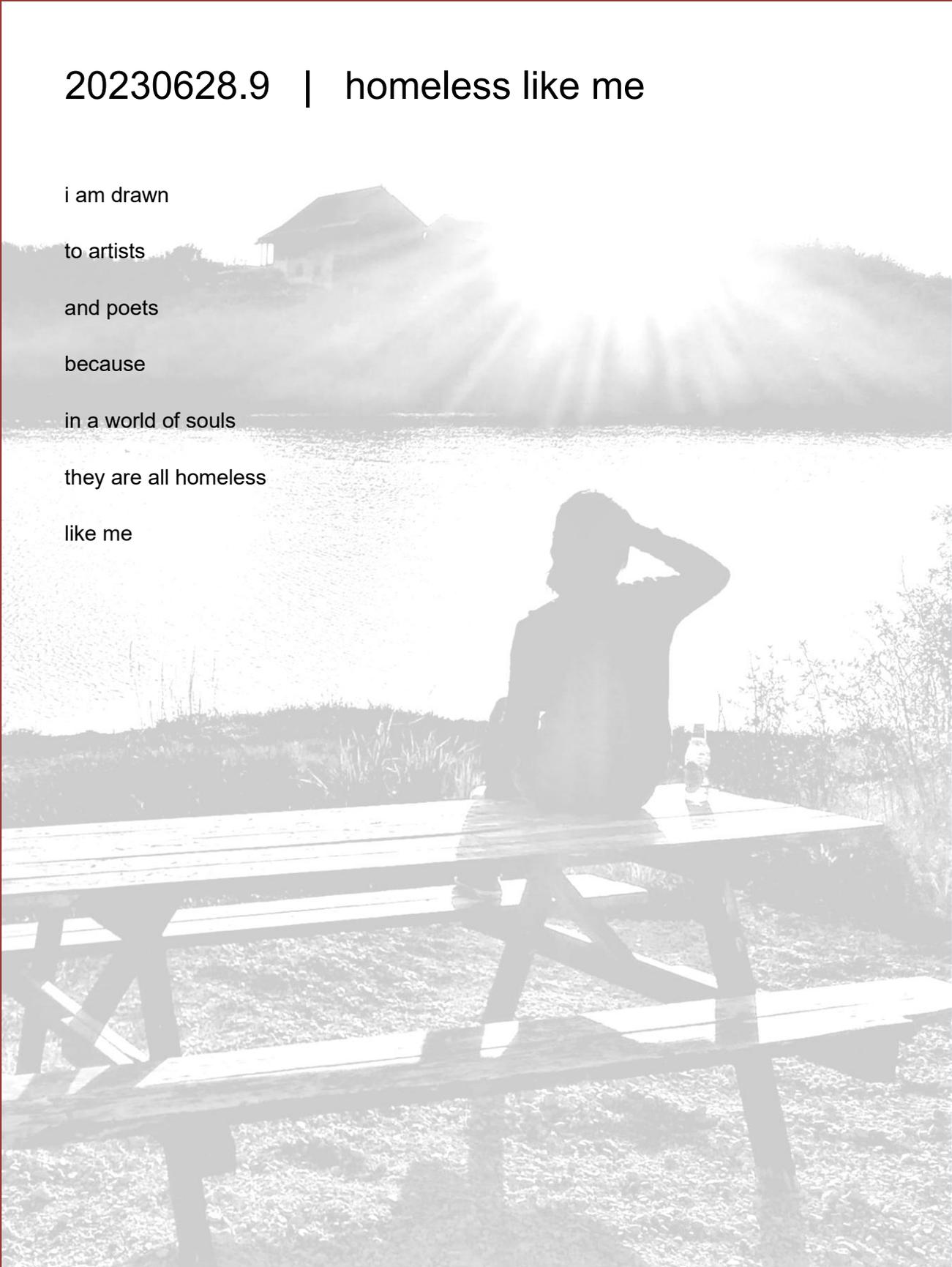
and poets

because

in a world of souls

they are all homeless

like me



20230630.1 | pendulum

she is closed

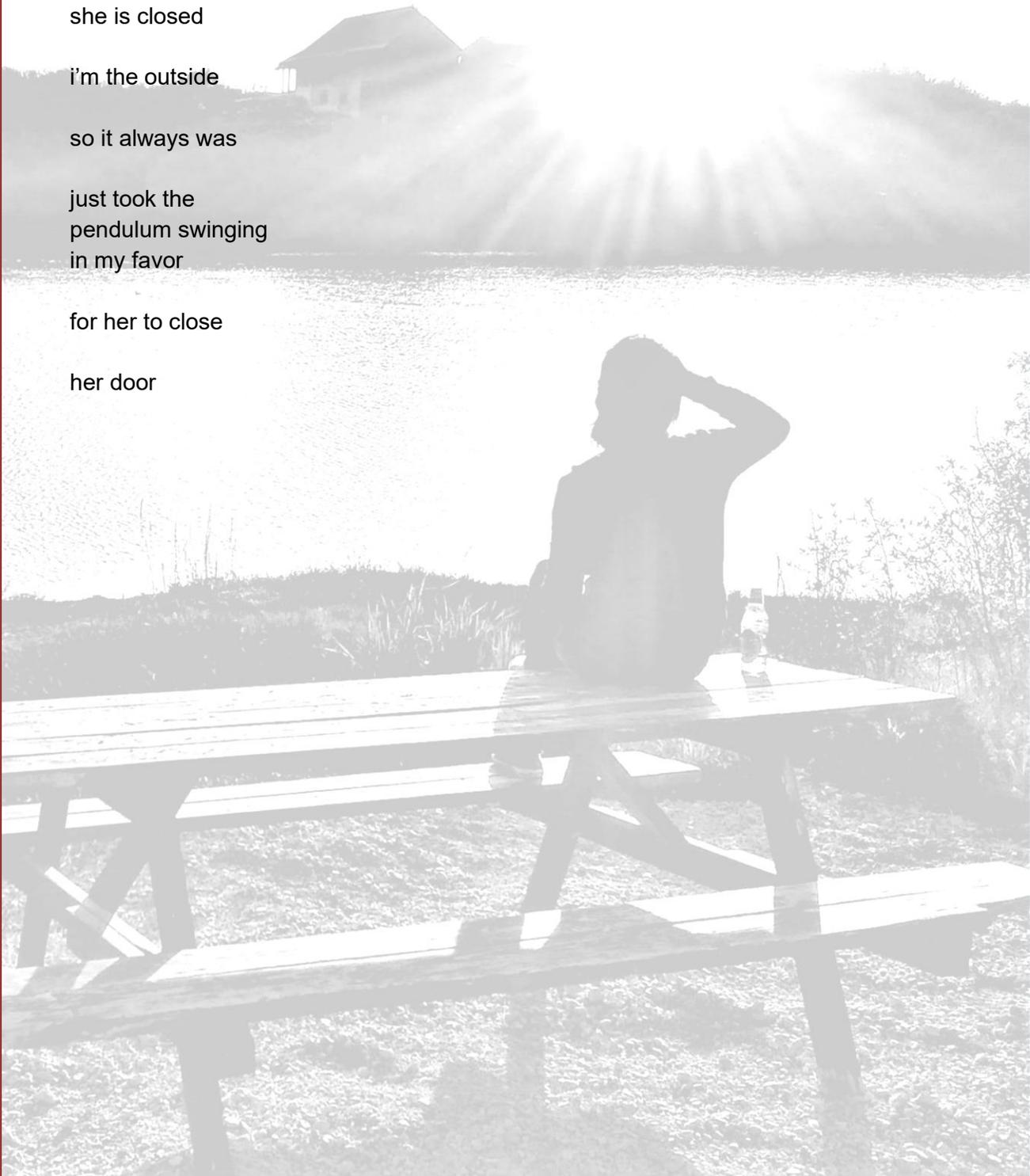
i'm the outside

so it always was

just took the
pendulum swinging
in my favor

for her to close

her door



20230630.2 | a beautiful thing

a magpie's caw
is shrill
and short

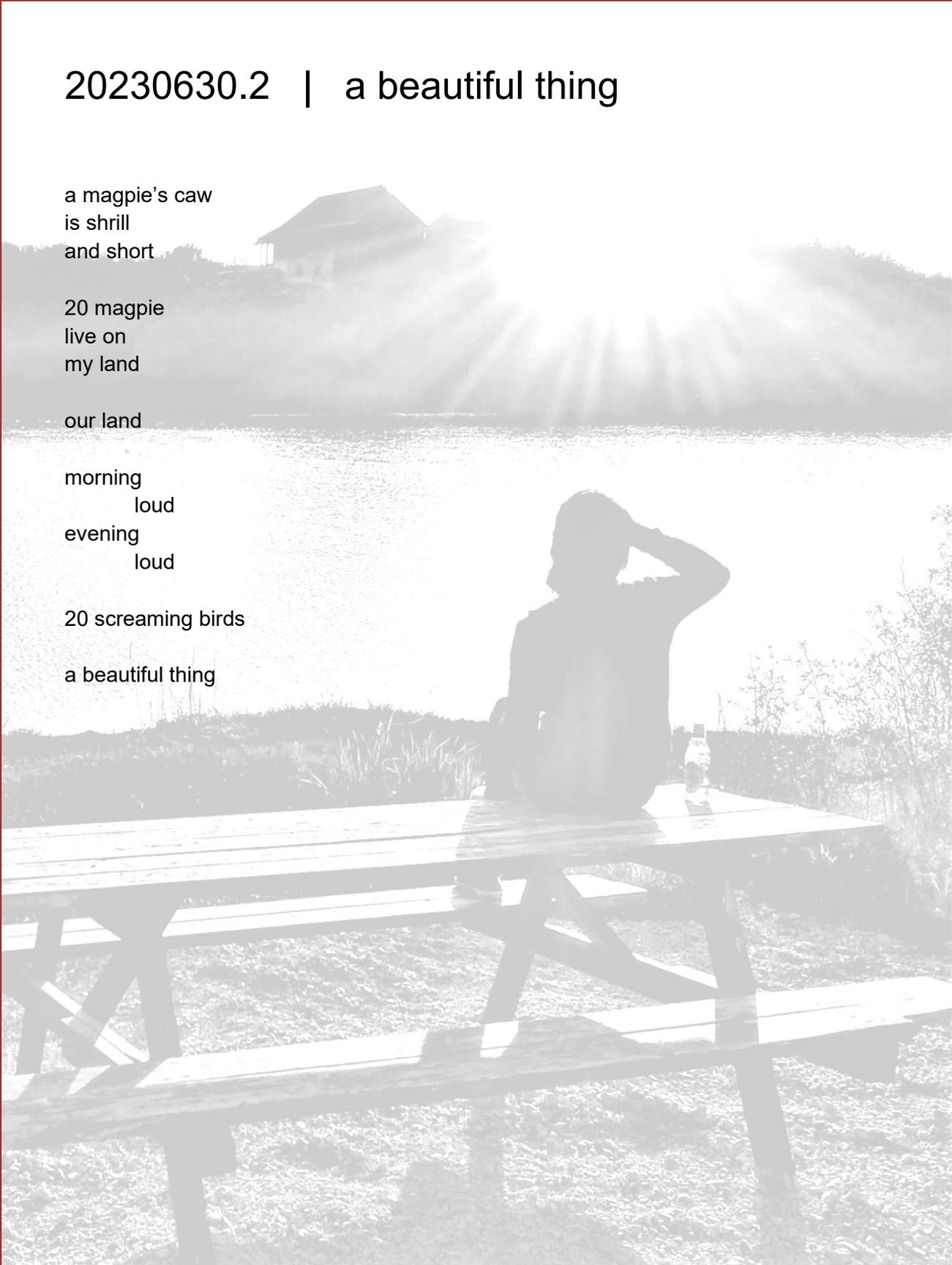
20 magpie
live on
my land

our land

morning
 loud
evening
 loud

20 screaming birds

a beautiful thing



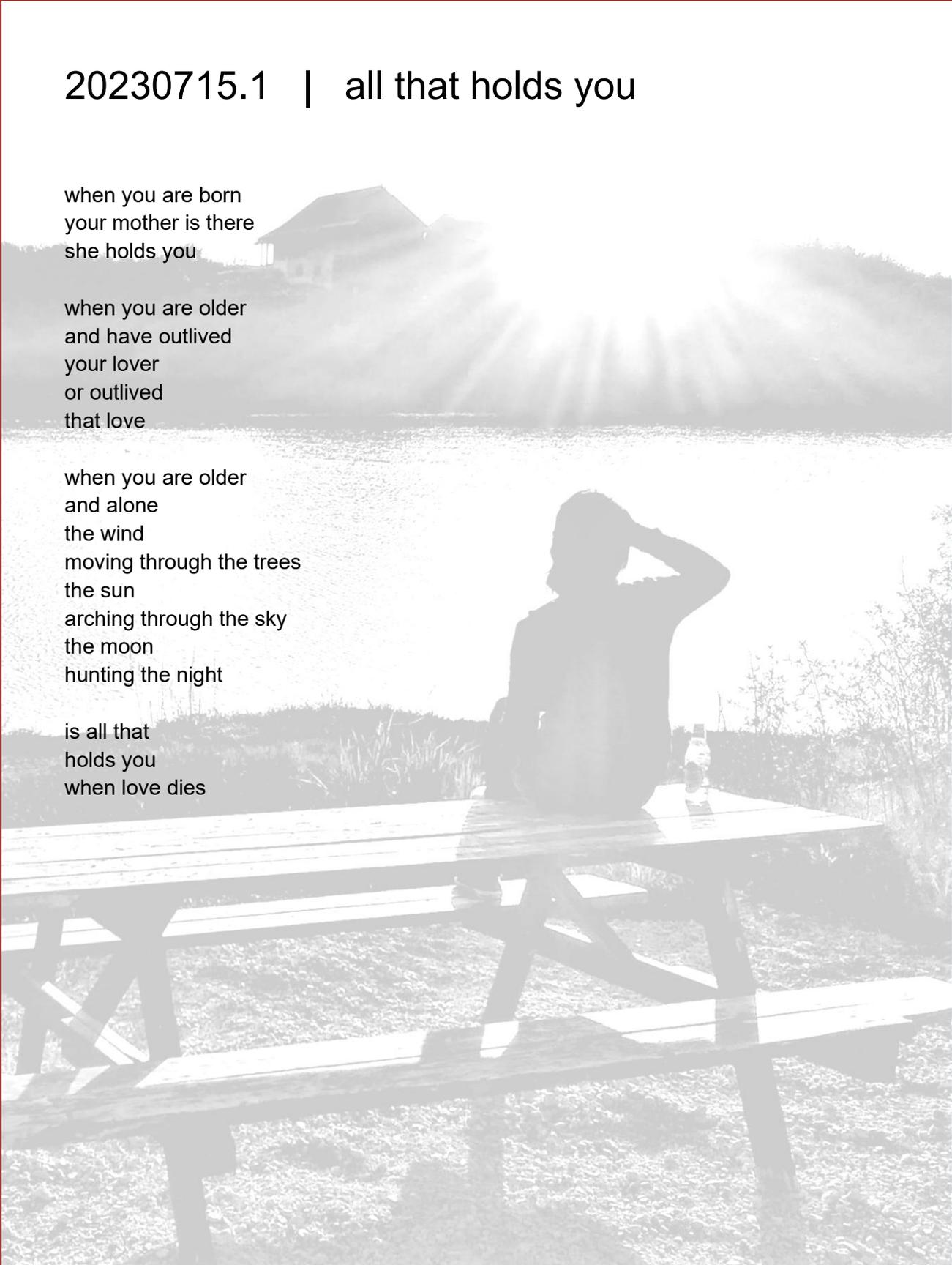
20230715.1 | all that holds you

when you are born
your mother is there
she holds you

when you are older
and have outlived
your lover
or outlived
that love

when you are older
and alone
the wind
moving through the trees
the sun
arching through the sky
the moon
hunting the night

is all that
holds you
when love dies



20230715.2 | in a lover's arms

i

doubt

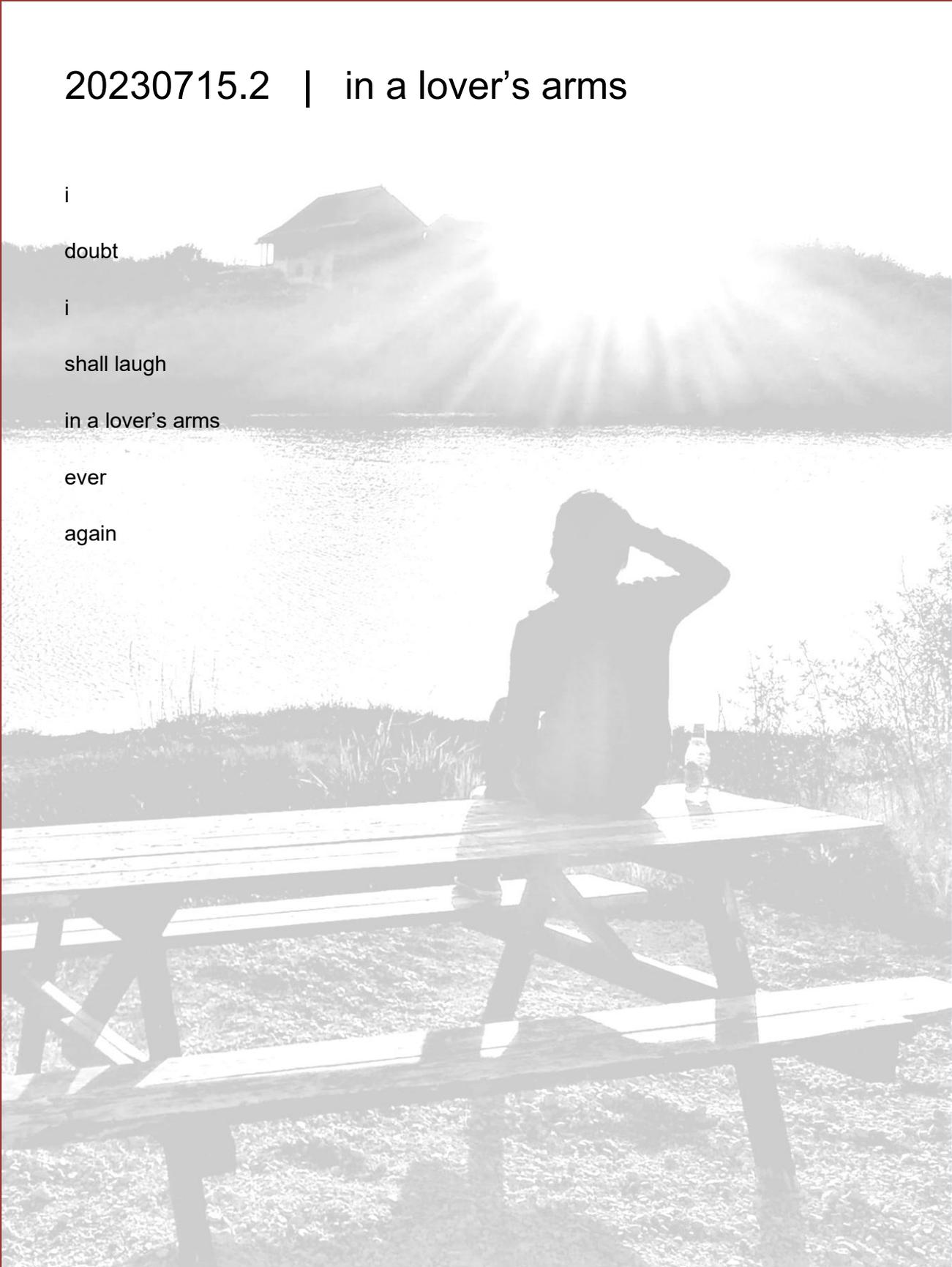
i

shall laugh

in a lover's arms

ever

again



20230715.3 | bonus time

every person is to accomplish five things in this life

survive childhood

become an adult

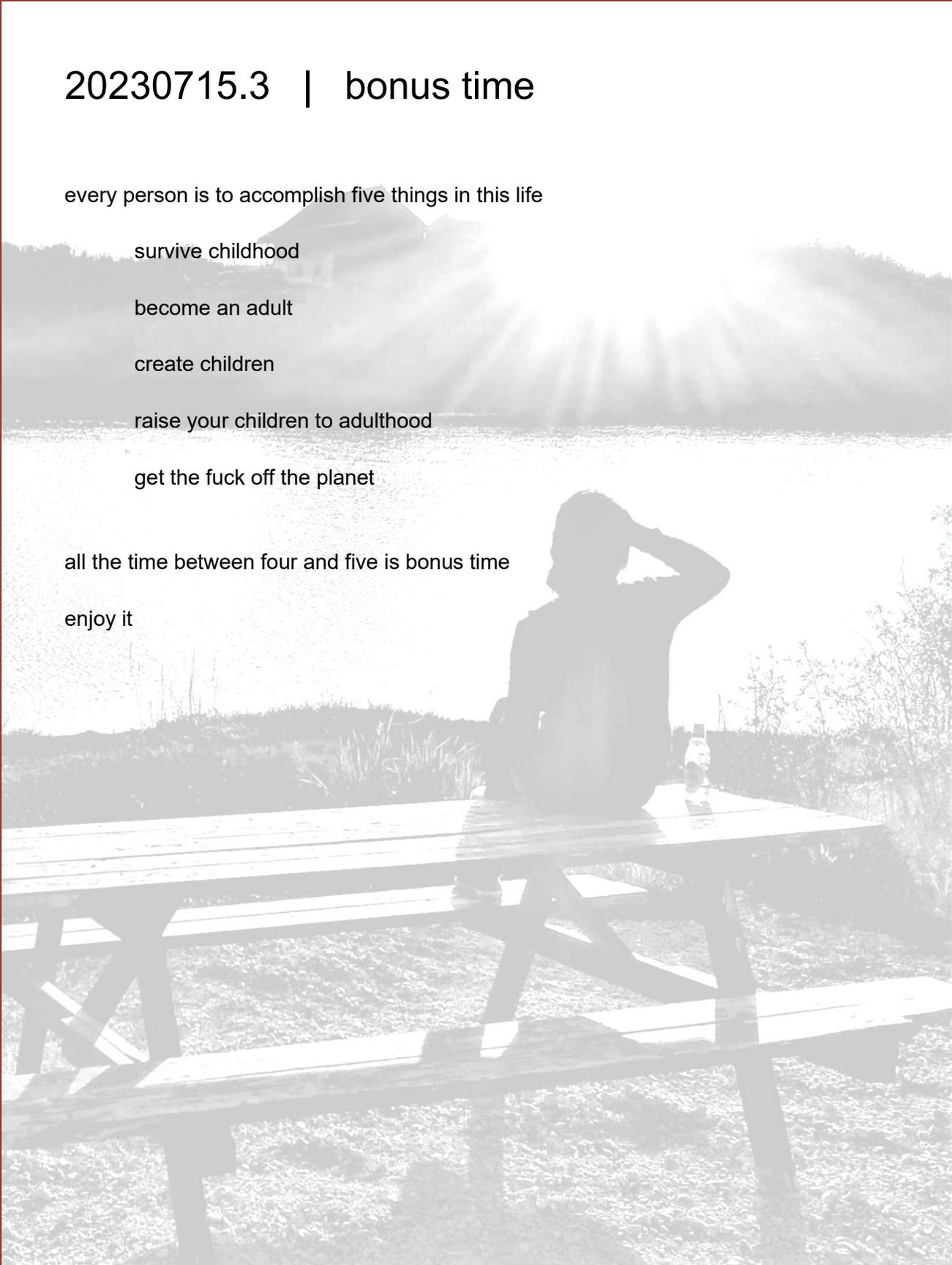
create children

raise your children to adulthood

get the fuck off the planet

all the time between four and five is bonus time

enjoy it



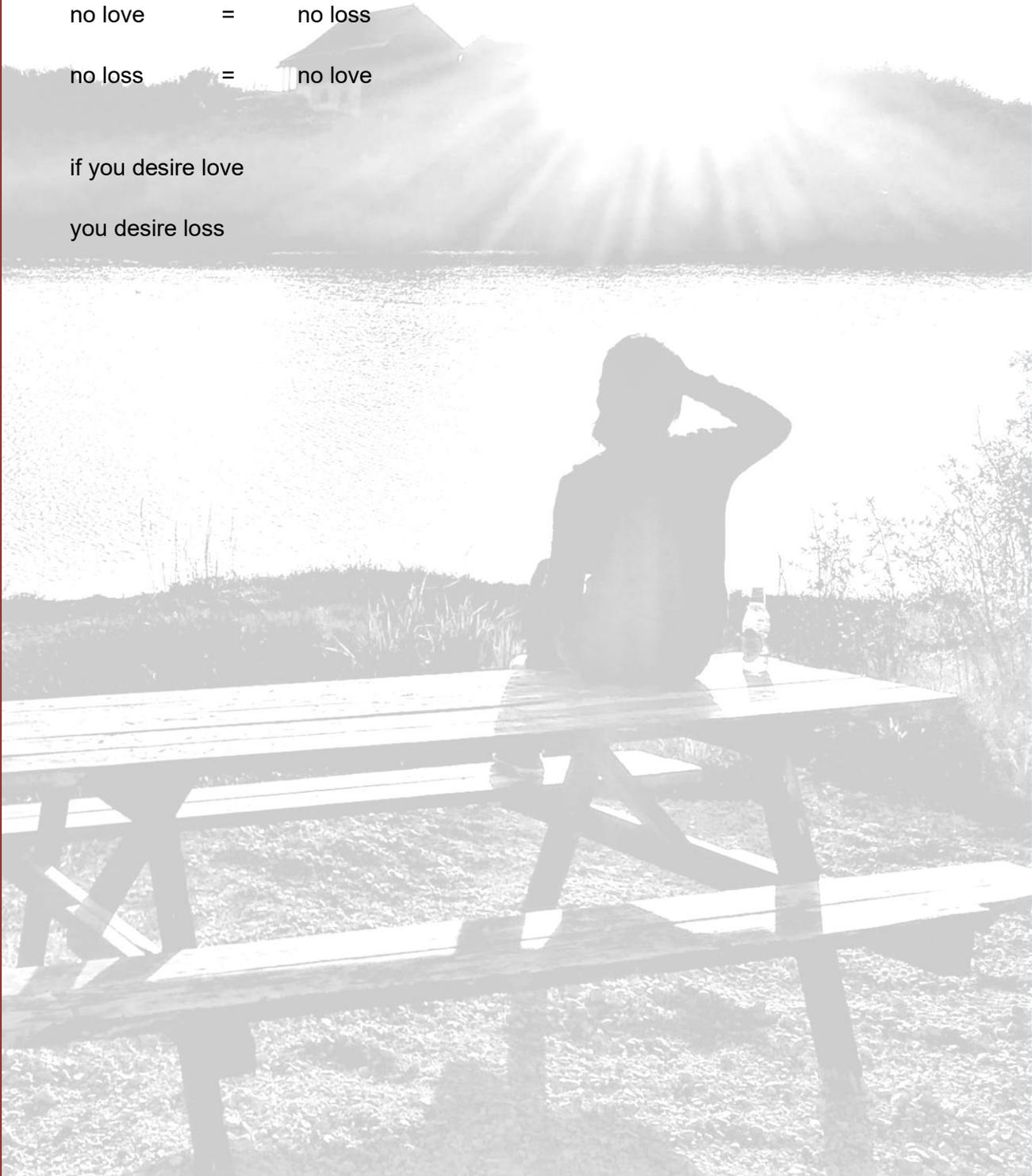
20230715.4 | if you desire love

no love = no loss

no loss = no love

if you desire love

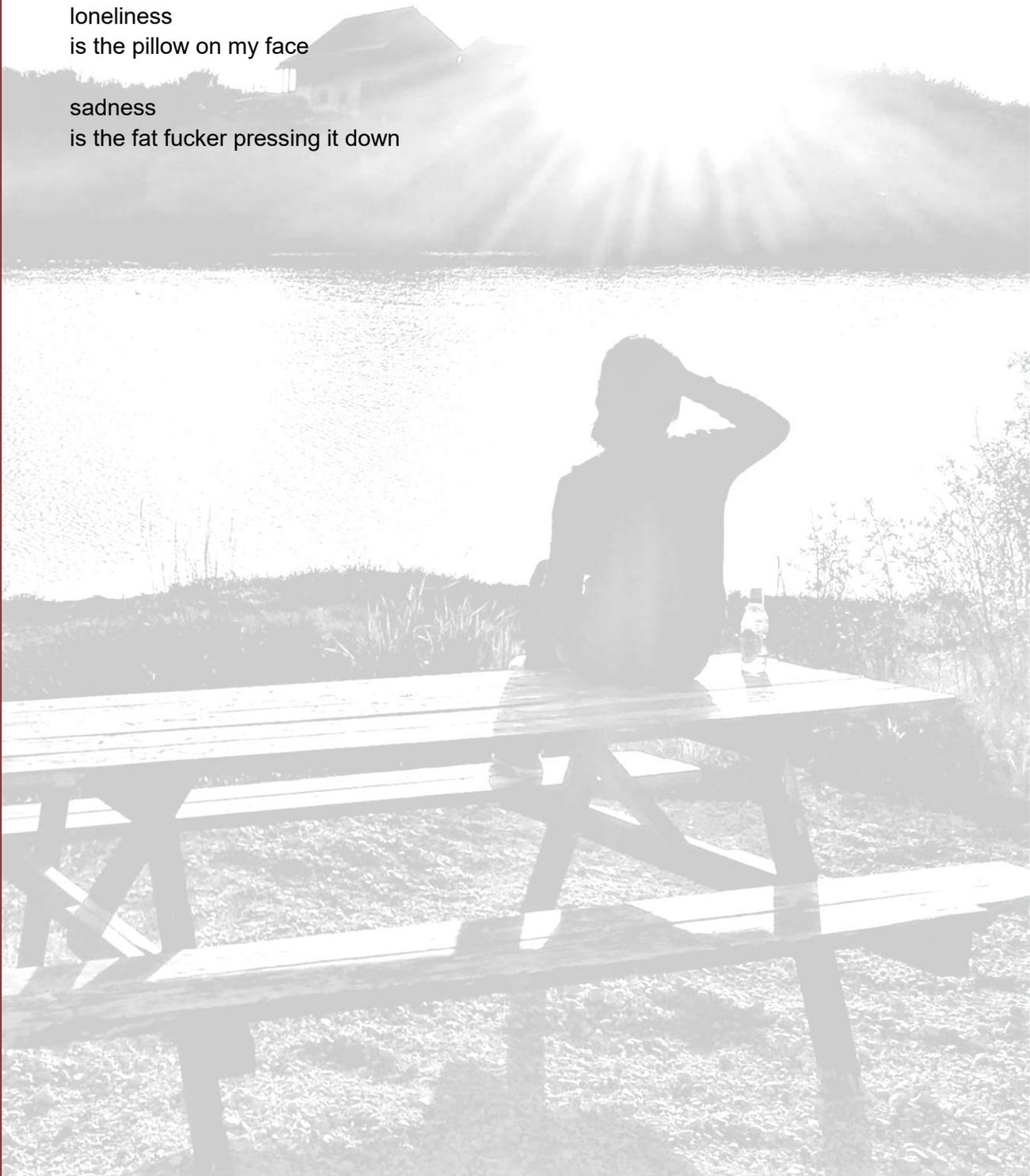
you desire loss



20230715.5 | fat fucker

loneliness
is the pillow on my face

sadness
is the fat fucker pressing it down



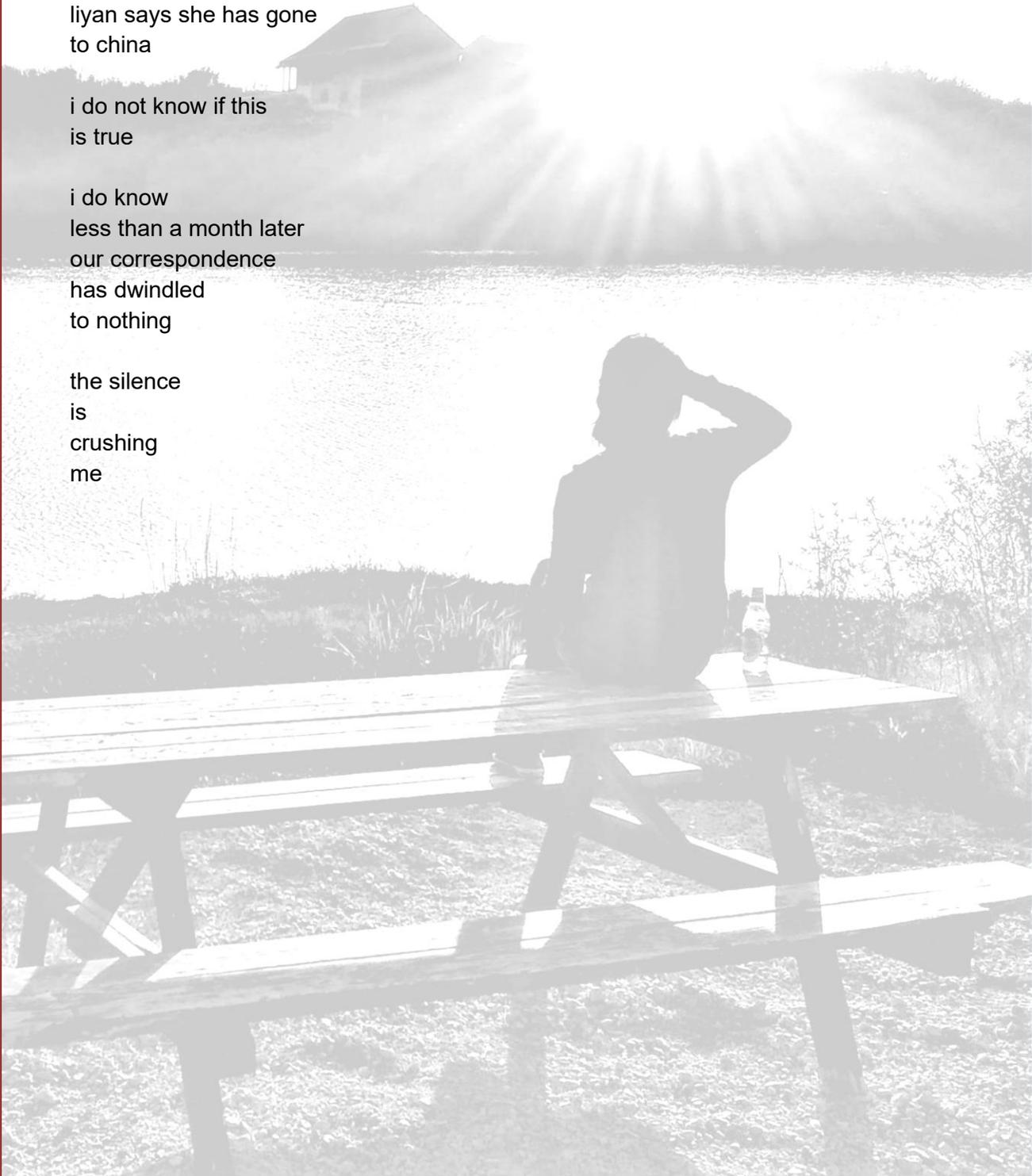
20230716.1 | unknown

liyan says she has gone
to china

i do not know if this
is true

i do know
less than a month later
our correspondence
has dwindled
to nothing

the silence
is
crushing
me



20230728.1 | everyone is searching

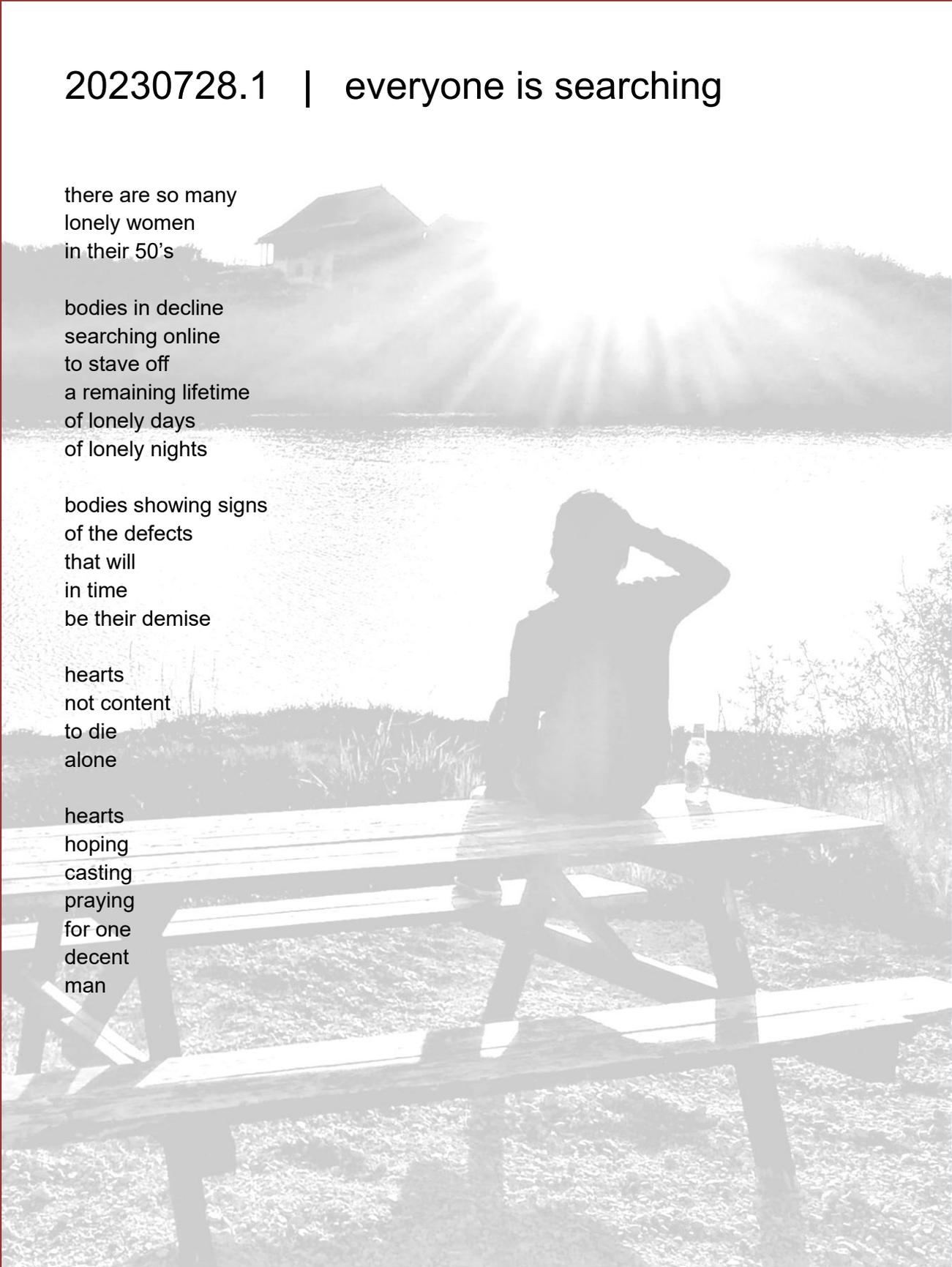
there are so many
lonely women
in their 50's

bodies in decline
searching online
to stave off
a remaining lifetime
of lonely days
of lonely nights

bodies showing signs
of the defects
that will
in time
be their demise

hearts
not content
to die
alone

hearts
hoping
casting
praying
for one
decent
man



20230728.2 | in the trees

i have lived
two months now
outdoors
on this mountainside

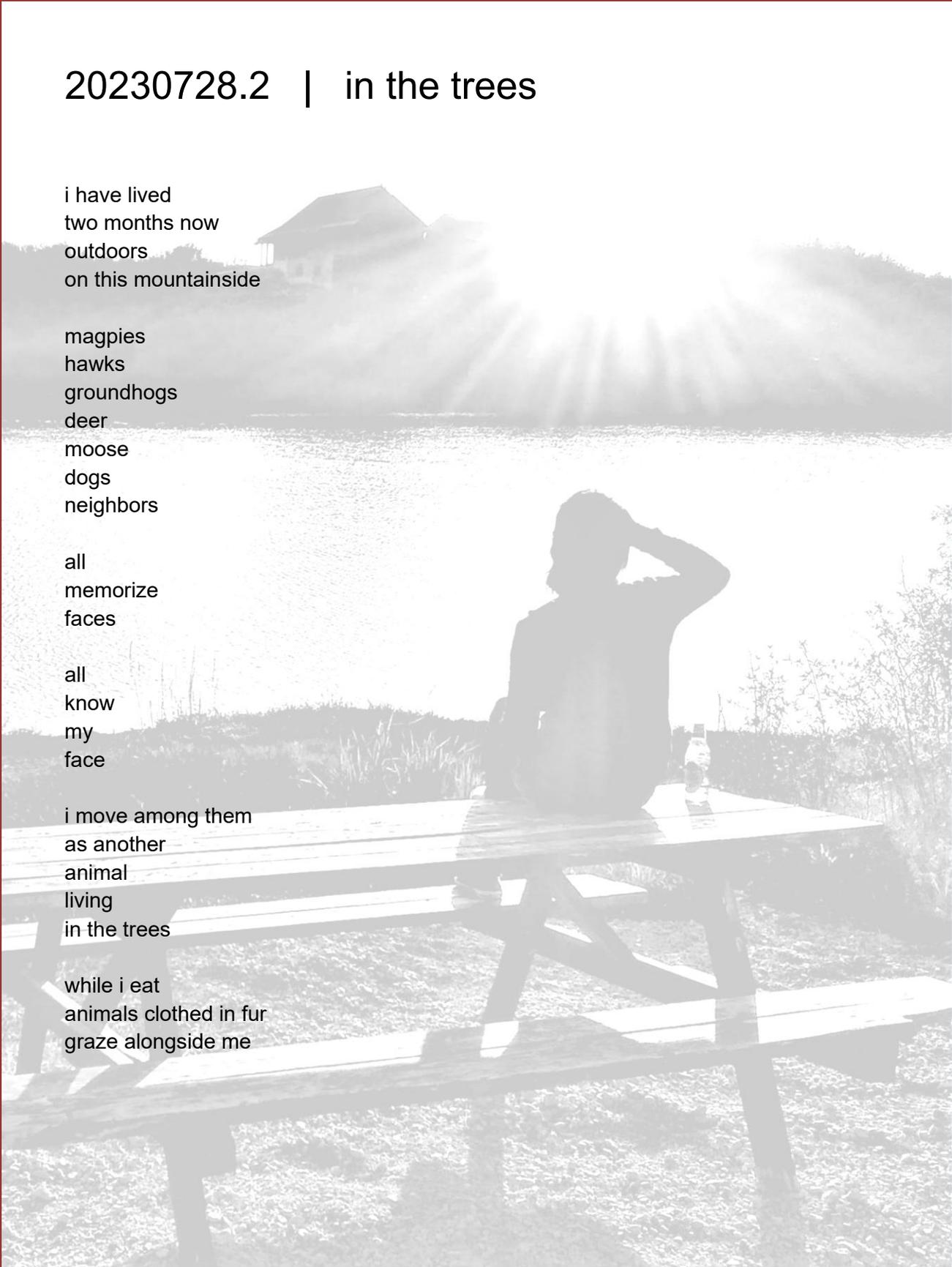
magpies
hawks
groundhogs
deer
moose
dogs
neighbors

all
memorize
faces

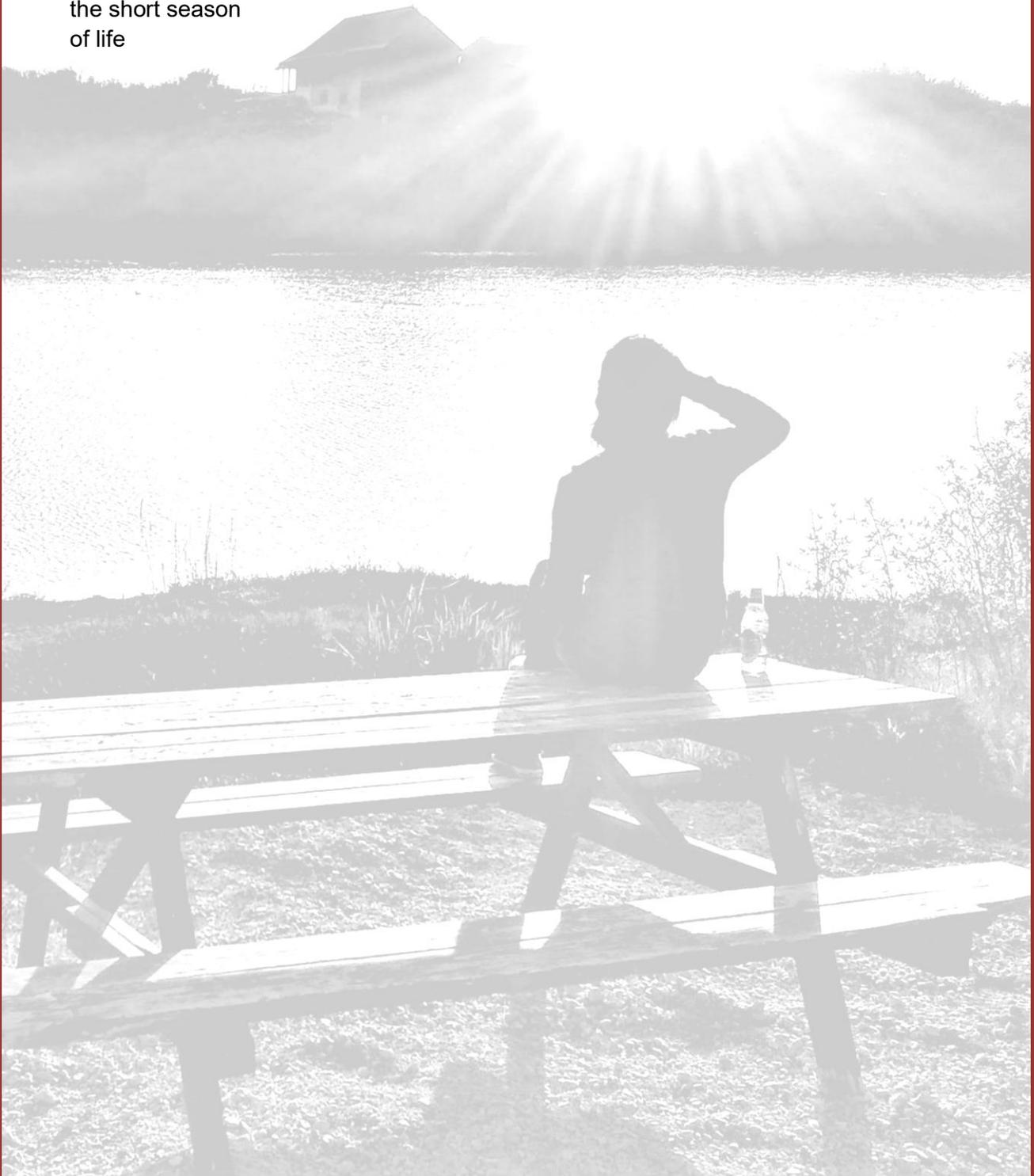
all
know
my
face

i move among them
as another
animal
living
in the trees

while i eat
animals clothed in fur
graze alongside me



i am numbered
among the animals
burning each day
of the short summer
the short season
of life



20230728.3 | in the wind

she is in the wind

she is her's

no longer mine

for a handful
of years

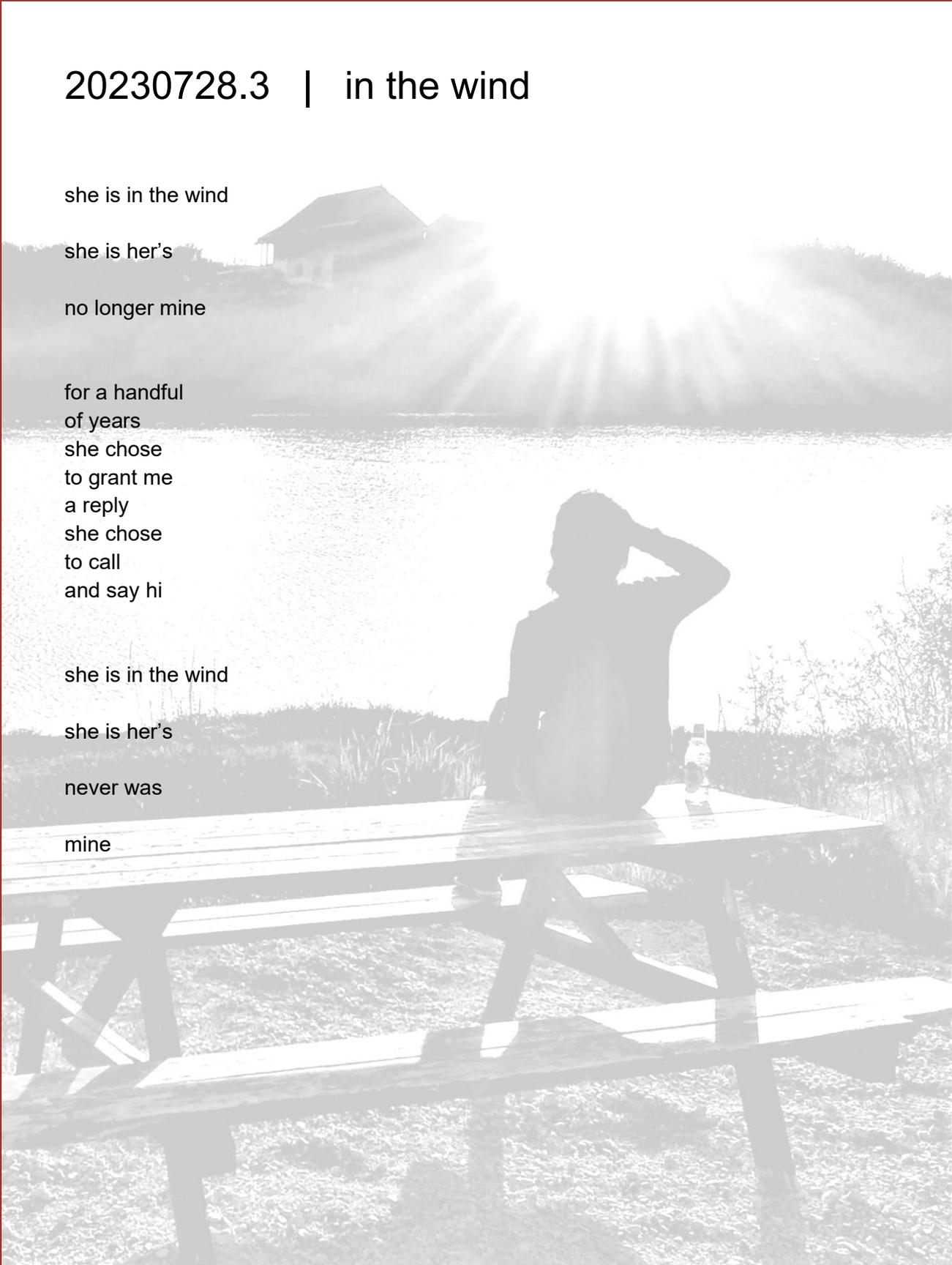
she chose
to grant me
a reply
she chose
to call
and say hi

she is in the wind

she is her's

never was

mine



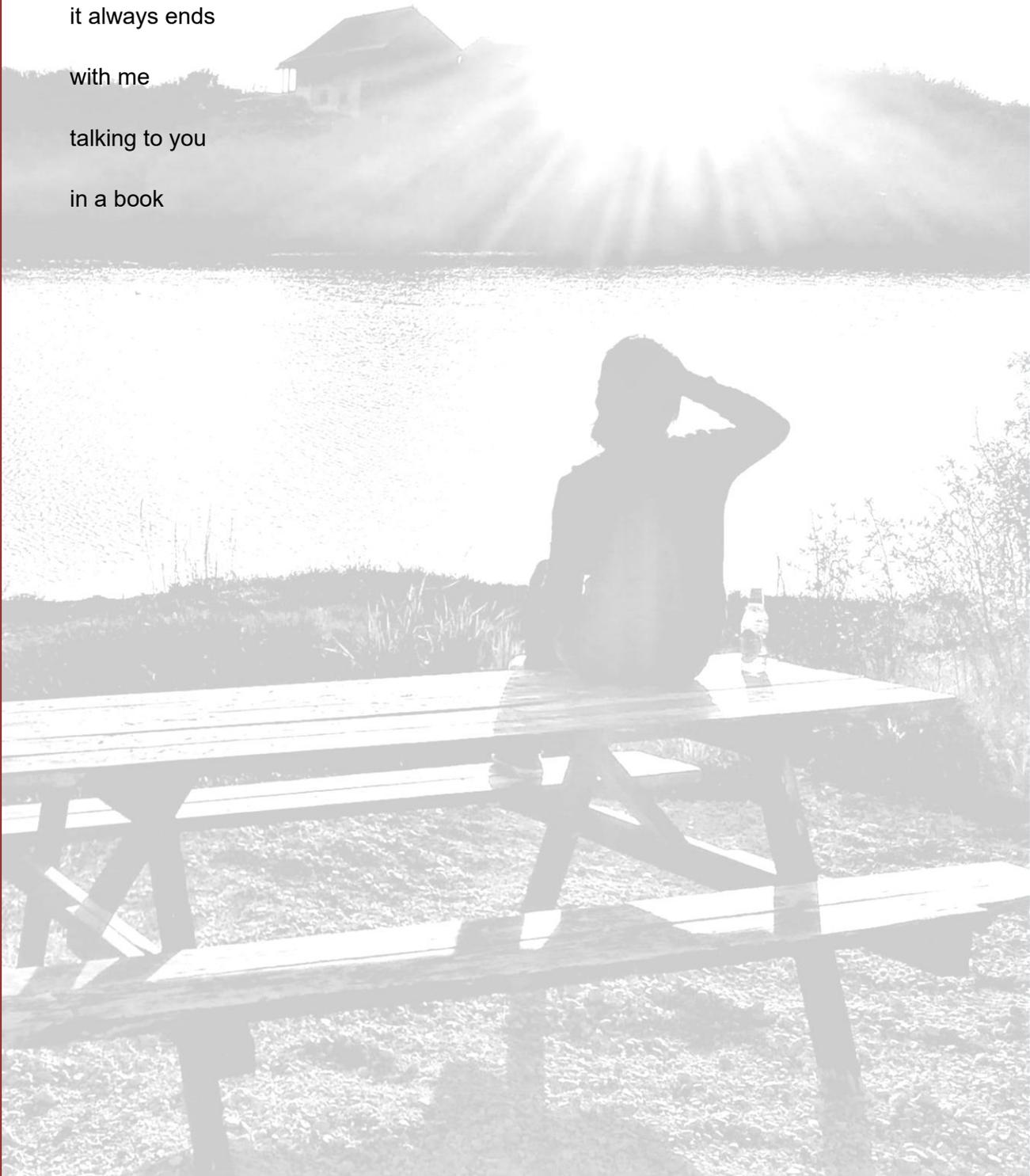
20230728.4 | same ending

it always ends

with me

talking to you

in a book



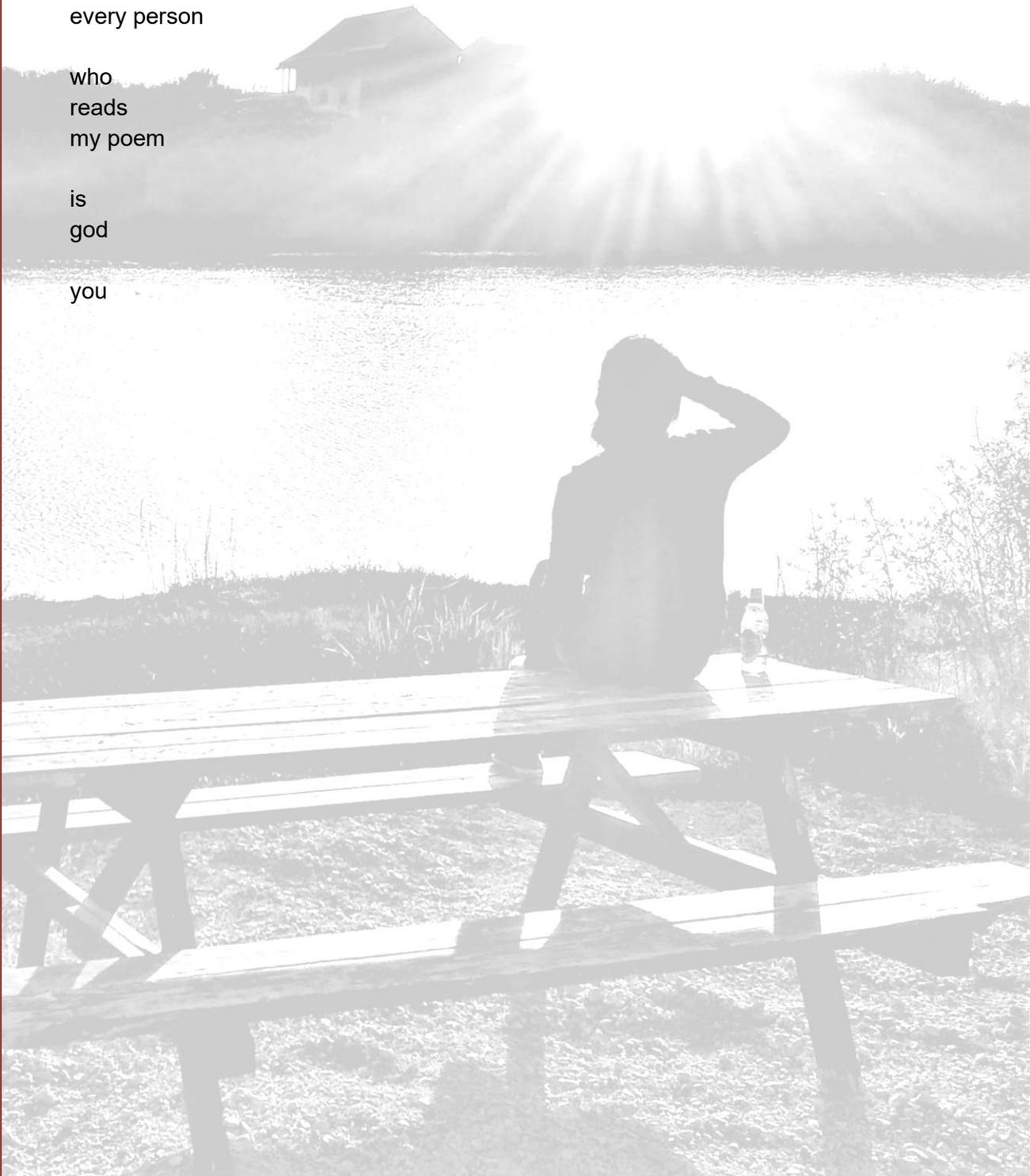
20230728.5 | connected

every person

who
reads
my poem

is
god

you



20230728.6 | one word

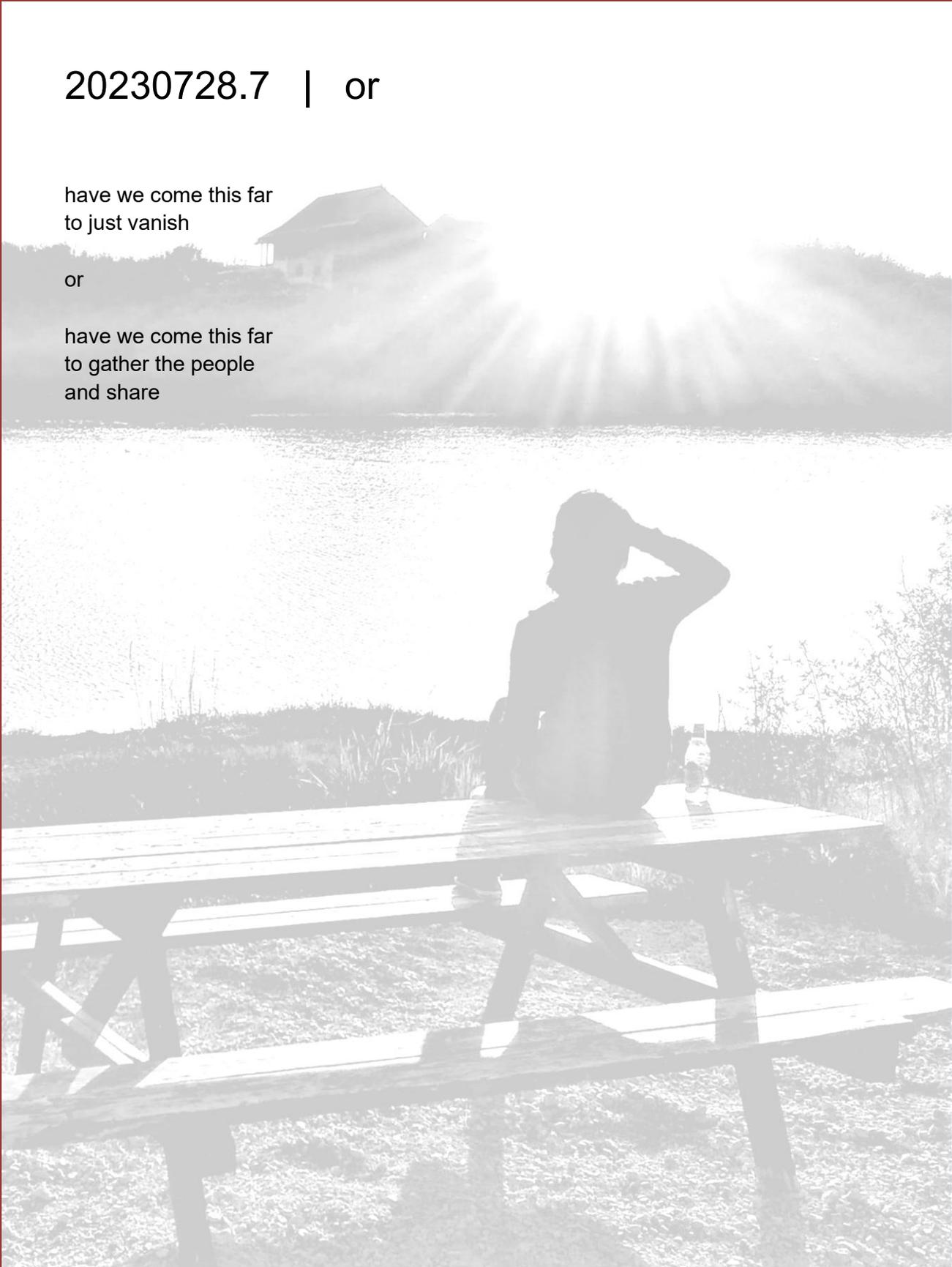


20230728.7 | or

have we come this far
to just vanish

or

have we come this far
to gather the people
and share

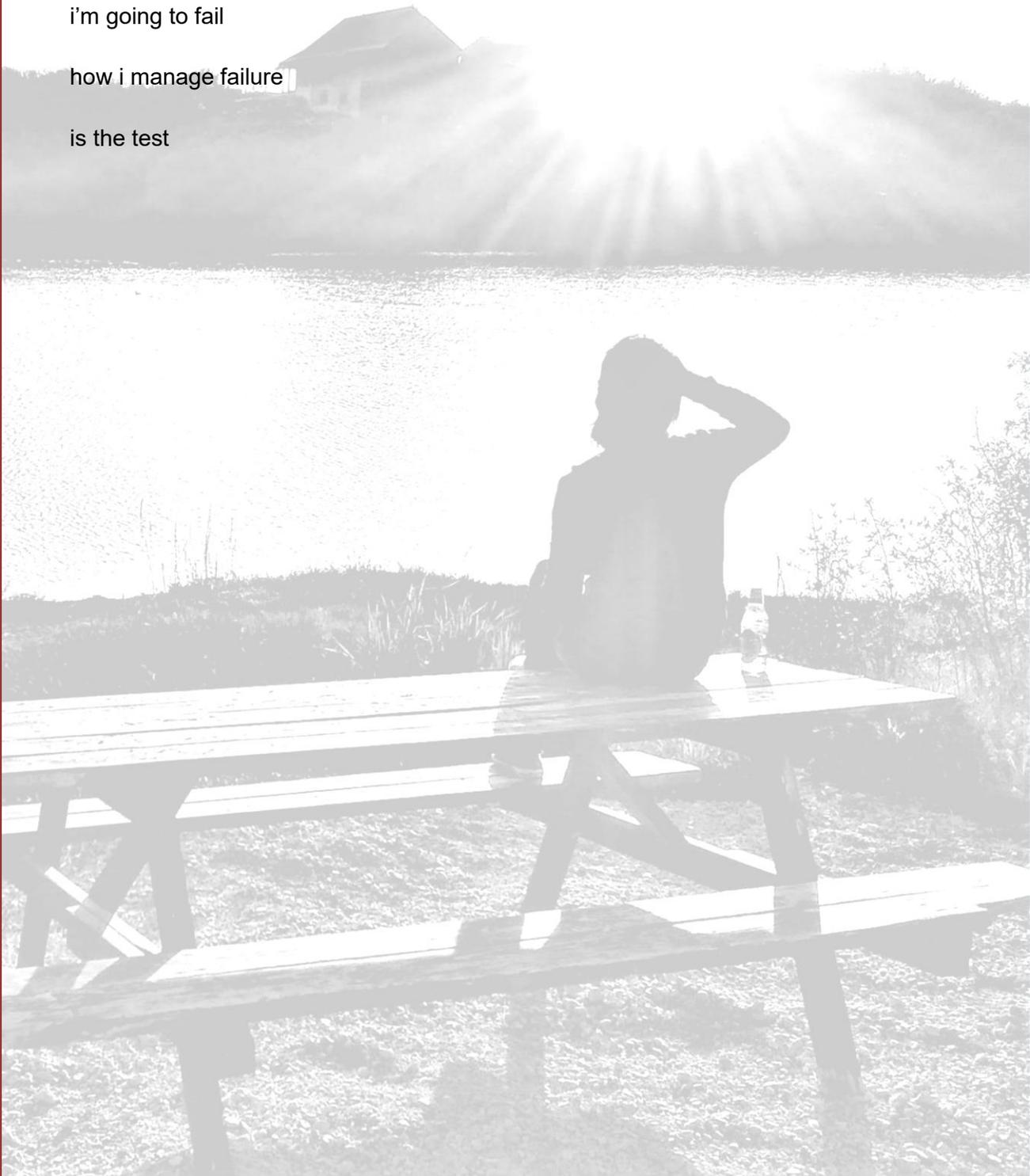


20230804.1 | the test

i'm going to fail

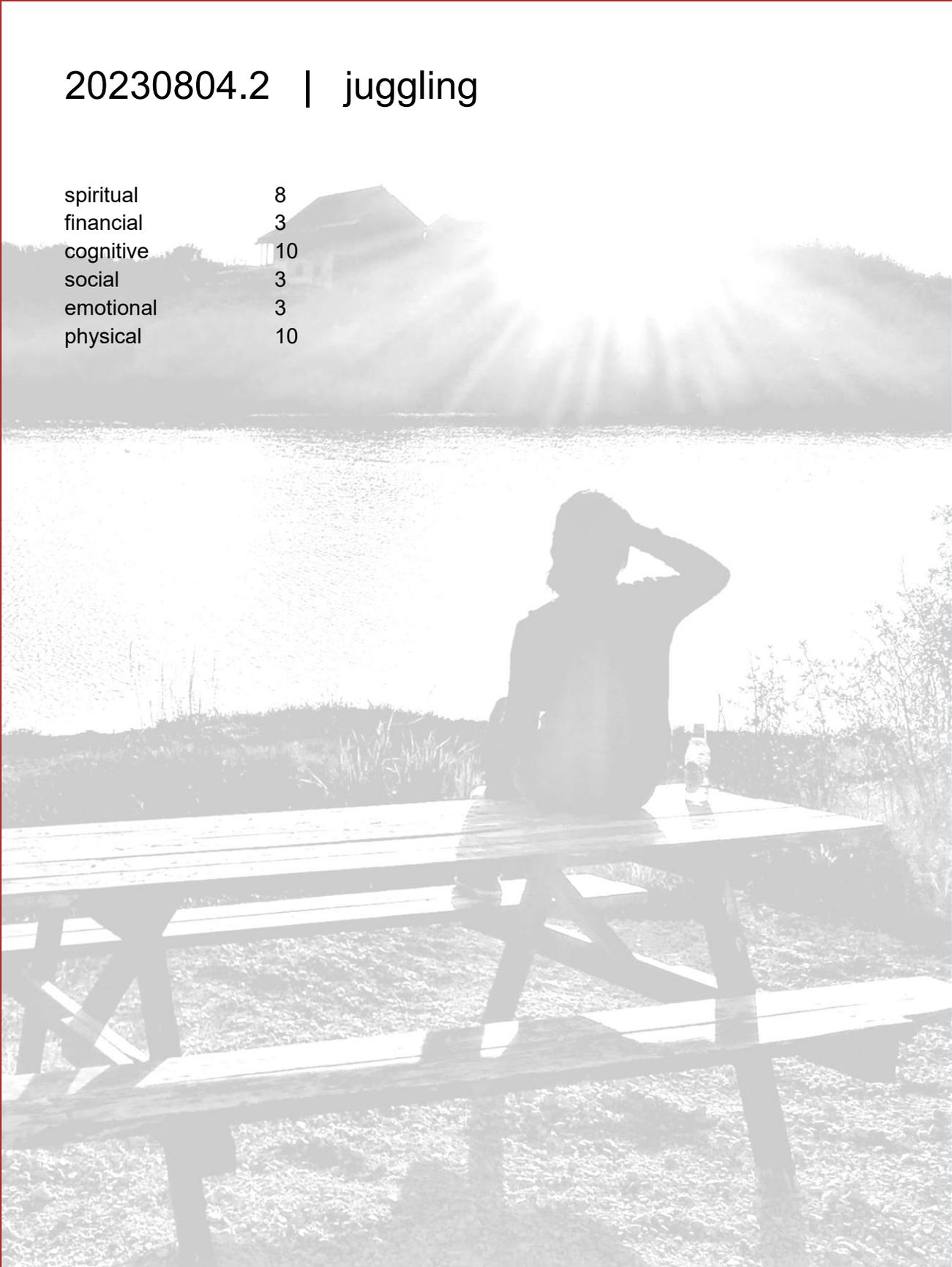
how i manage failure

is the test



20230804.2 | juggling

spiritual	8
financial	3
cognitive	10
social	3
emotional	3
physical	10



20230804.3 | held too long

a breath
is life

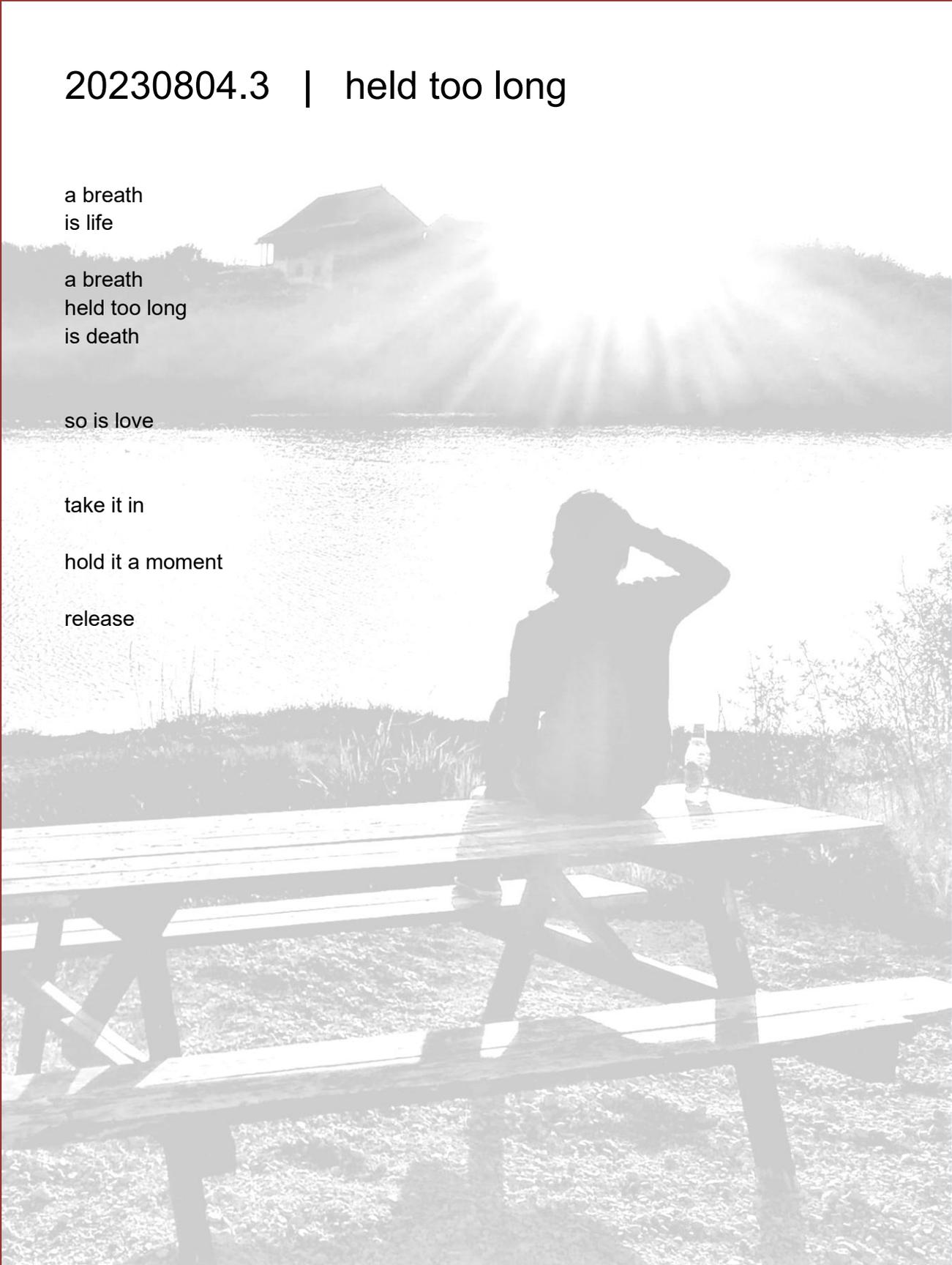
a breath
held too long
is death

so is love

take it in

hold it a moment

release



20230807.1 | journey's reward

i push my wheelbarrow
through the fields of feminine flowers

i push my wheelbarrow
to the edge of
In the Mowing

i push my wheelbarrow
to the road's end
to the canyon's edge

i push my wheelbarrow
to the tattered end
of my usefulness

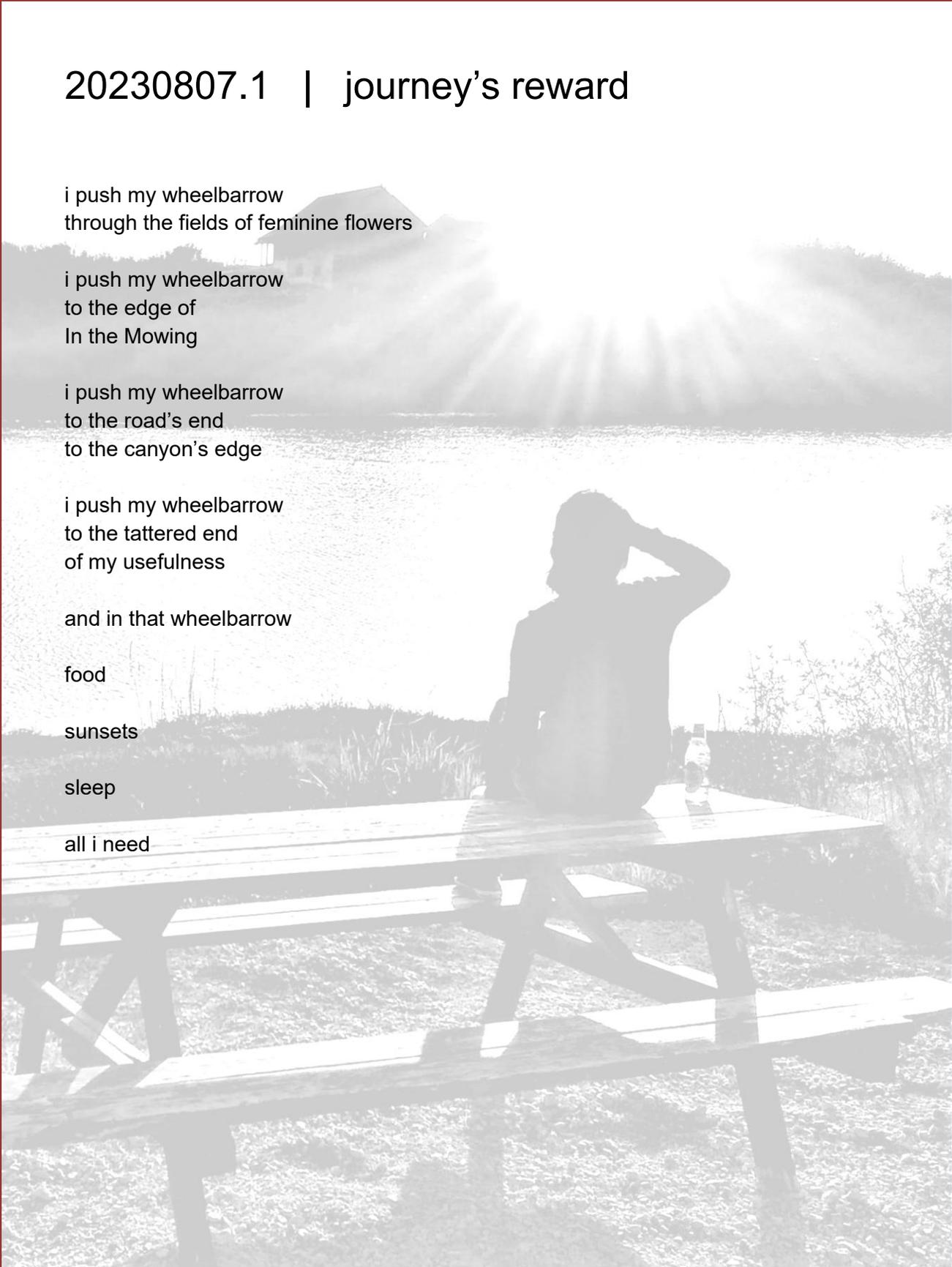
and in that wheelbarrow

food

sunsets

sleep

all i need



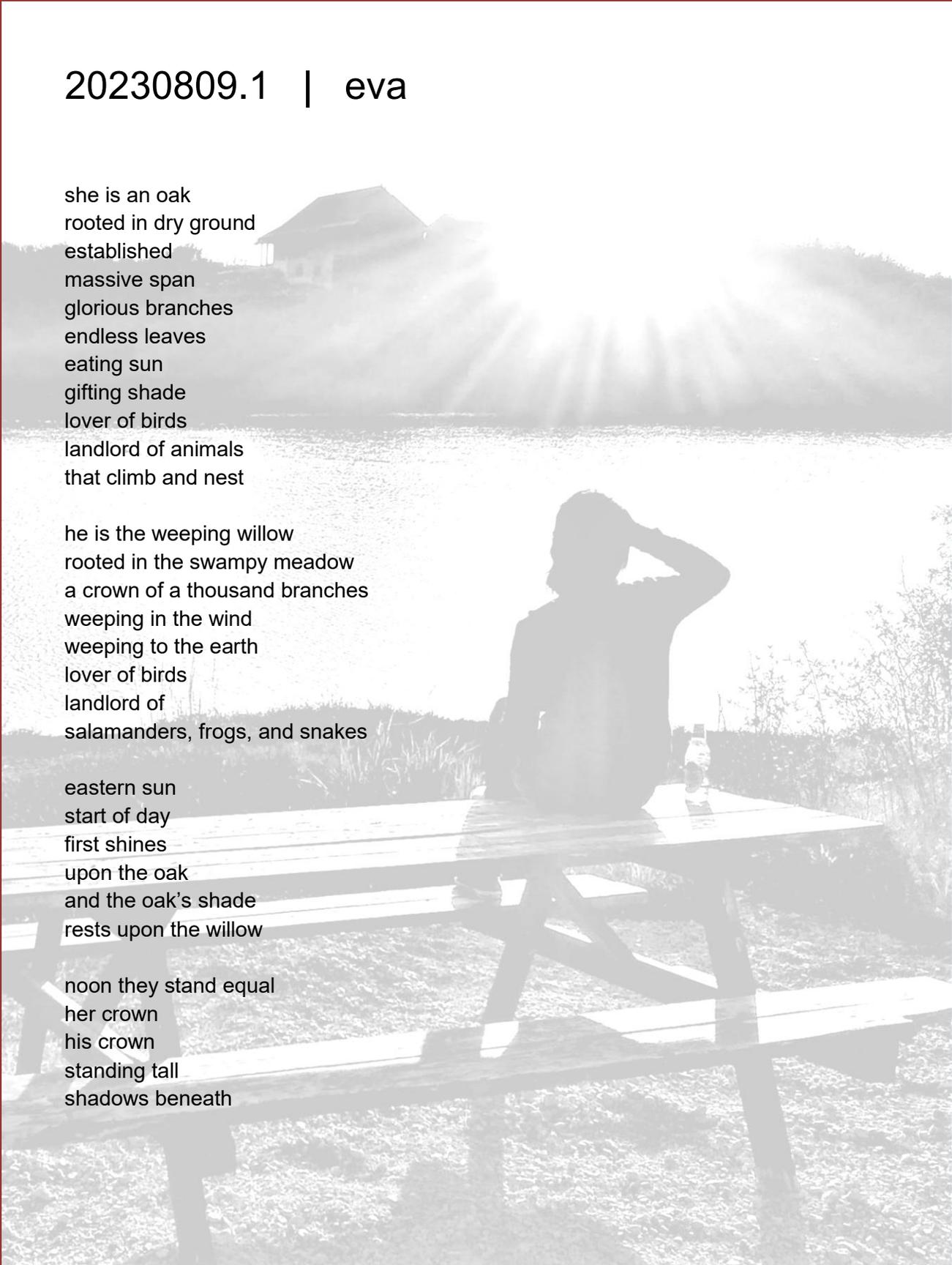
20230809.1 | eva

she is an oak
rooted in dry ground
established
massive span
glorious branches
endless leaves
eating sun
gifting shade
lover of birds
landlord of animals
that climb and nest

he is the weeping willow
rooted in the swampy meadow
a crown of a thousand branches
weeping in the wind
weeping to the earth
lover of birds
landlord of
salamanders, frogs, and snakes

eastern sun
start of day
first shines
upon the oak
and the oak's shade
rests upon the willow

noon they stand equal
her crown
his crown
standing tall
shadows beneath



western sun
end of day
now shines
upon the willow
and the willow's shade
rests upon the oak

they share the same meadow
the same sun
the same breeze
the same rain
the same snow

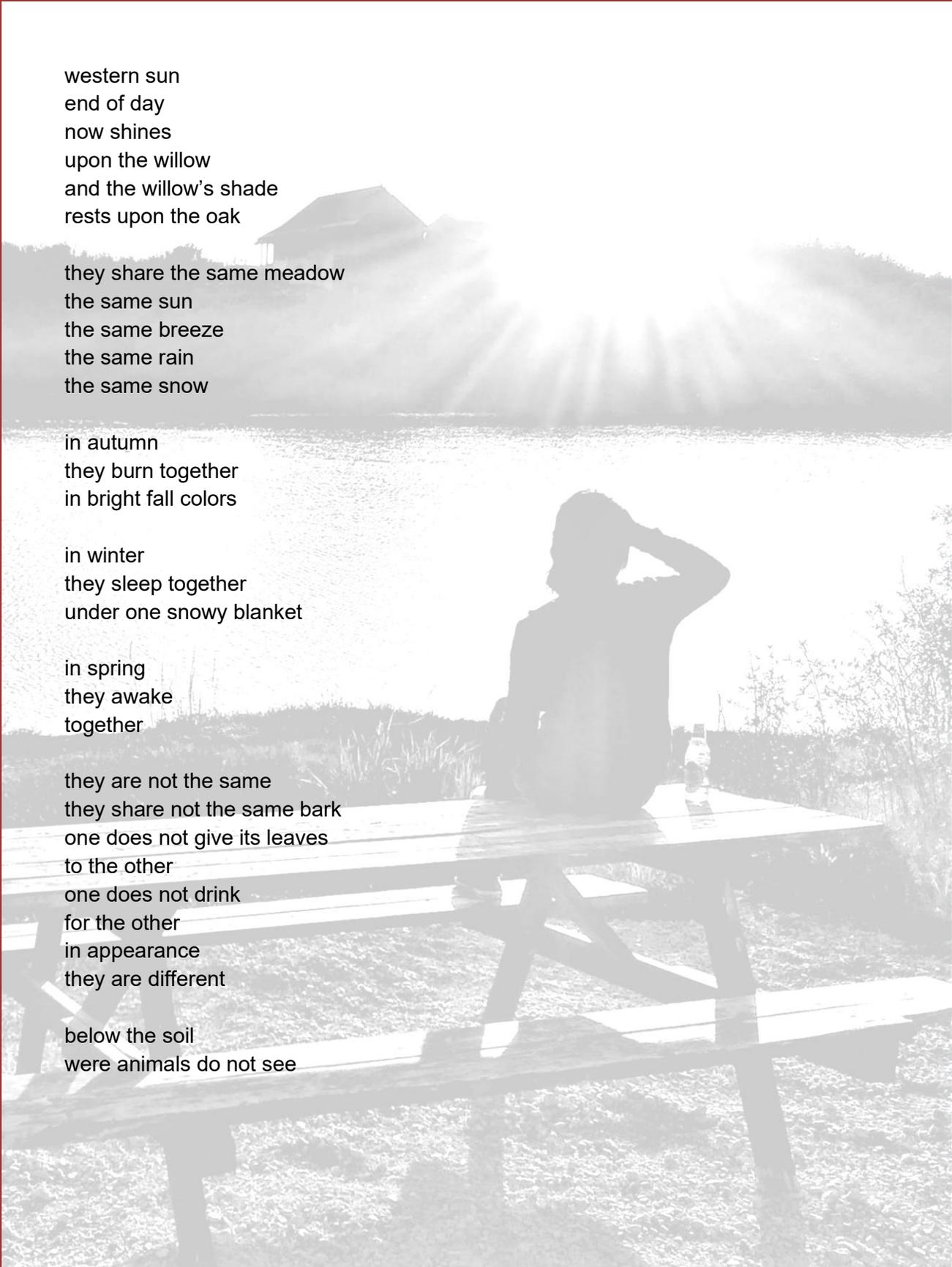
in autumn
they burn together
in bright fall colors

in winter
they sleep together
under one snowy blanket

in spring
they awake
together

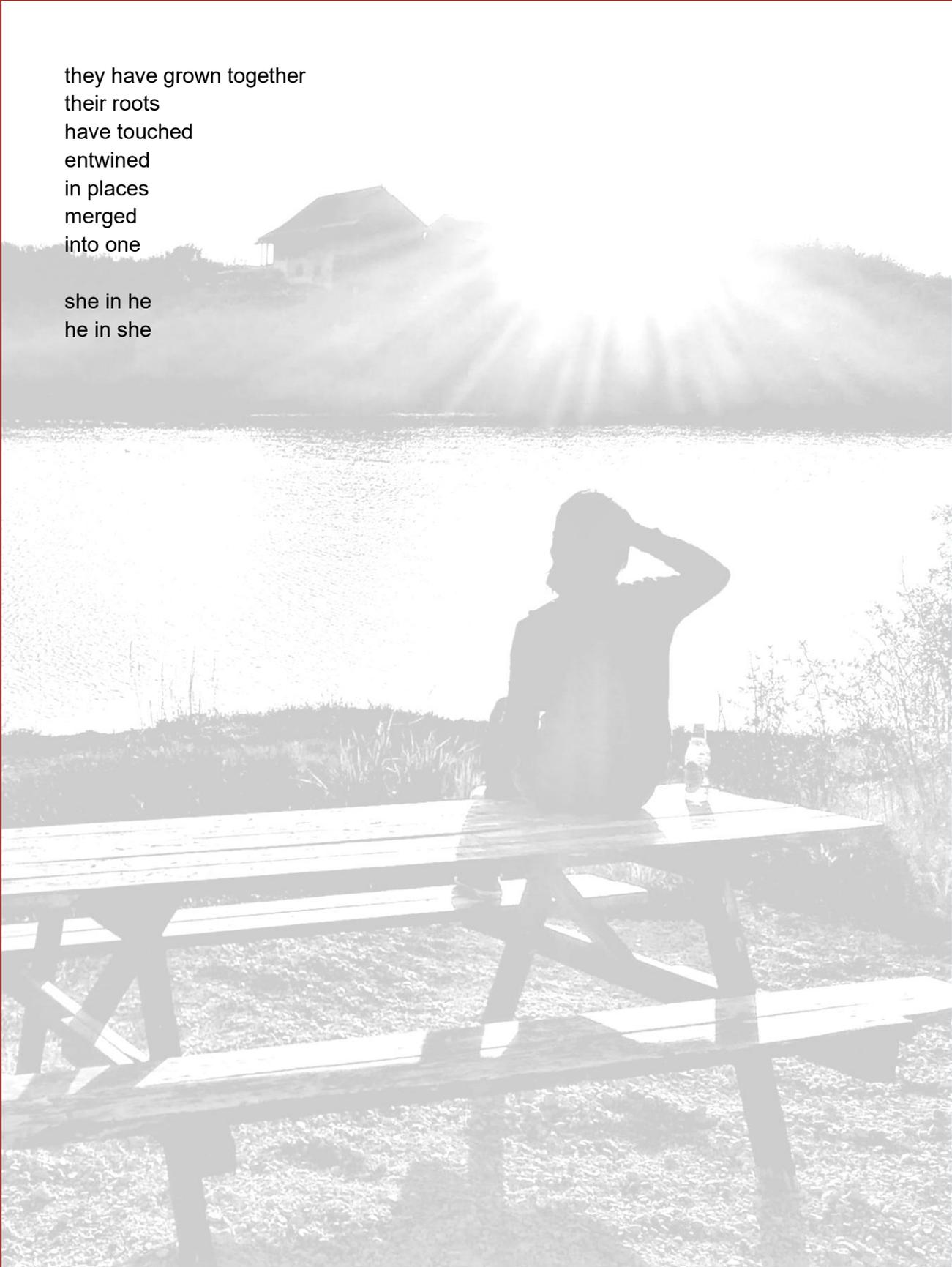
they are not the same
they share not the same bark
one does not give its leaves
to the other
one does not drink
for the other
in appearance
they are different

below the soil
were animals do not see



they have grown together
their roots
have touched
entwined
in places
merged
into one

she in he
he in she



20230809.2 | wise people

single people go through life looking for
their person

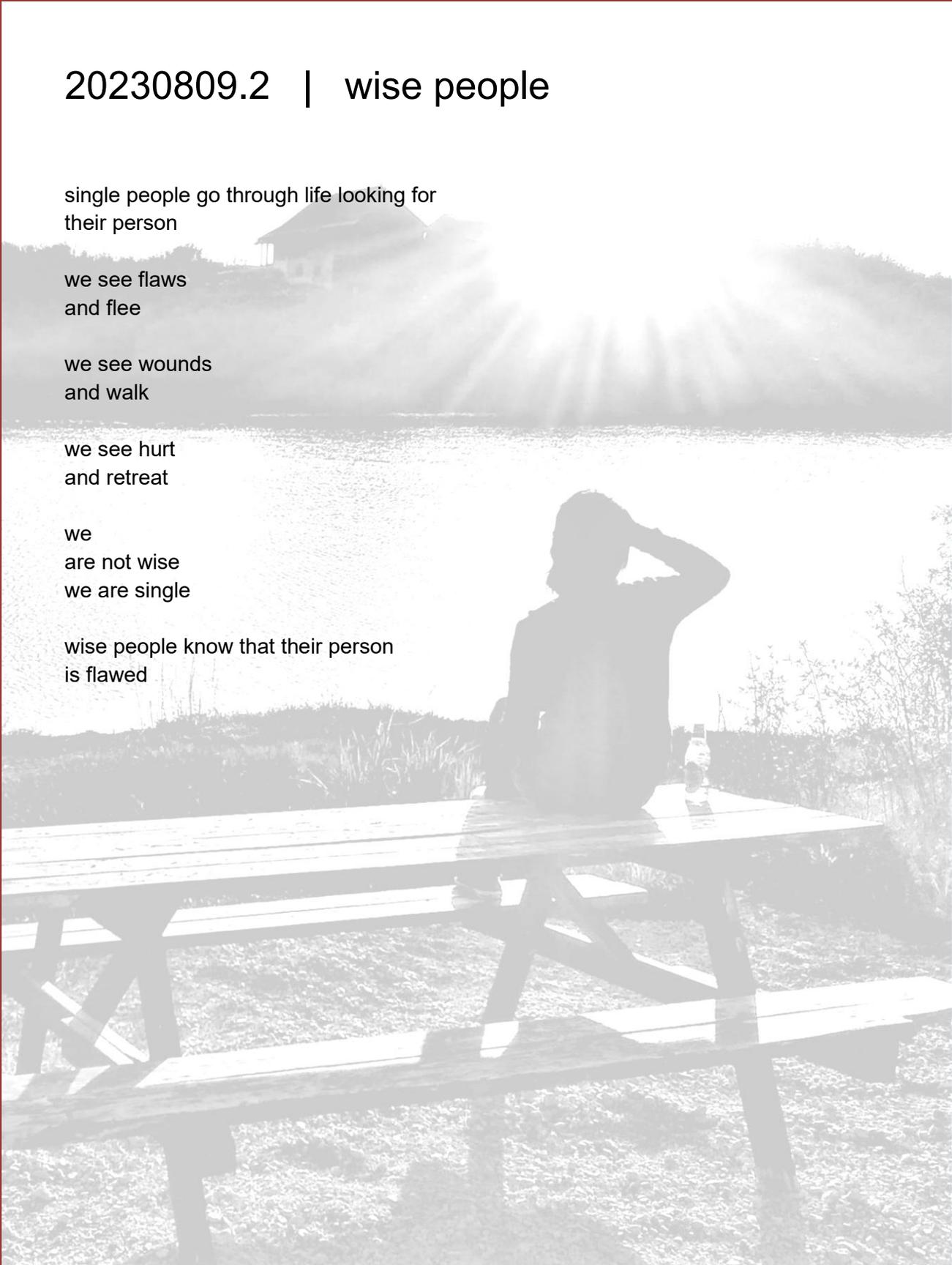
we see flaws
and flee

we see wounds
and walk

we see hurt
and retreat

we
are not wise
we are single

wise people know that their person
is flawed

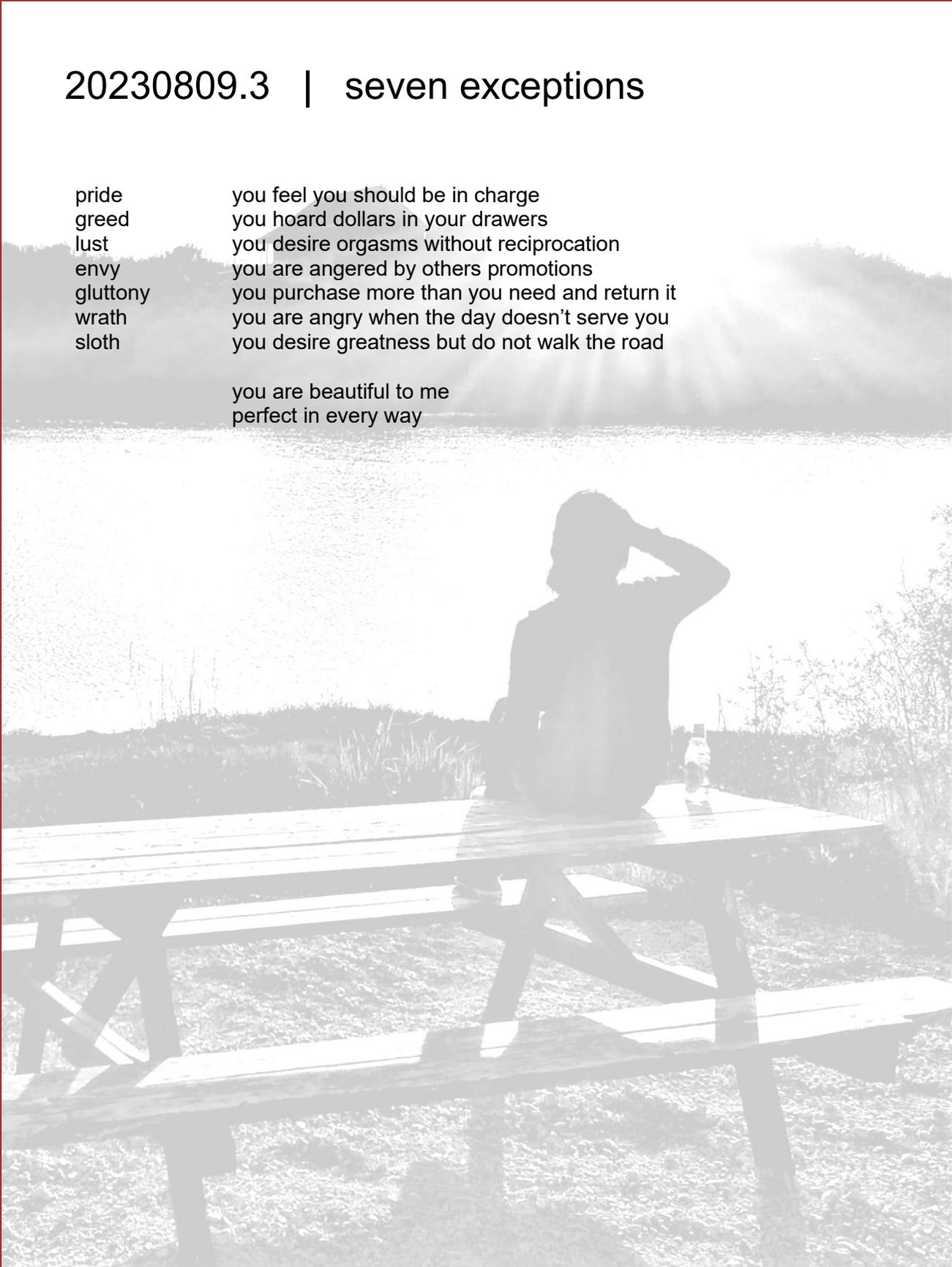


20230809.3 | seven exceptions

pride
greed
lust
envy
gluttony
wrath
sloth

you feel you should be in charge
you hoard dollars in your drawers
you desire orgasms without reciprocation
you are angered by others promotions
you purchase more than you need and return it
you are angry when the day doesn't serve you
you desire greatness but do not walk the road

you are beautiful to me
perfect in every way



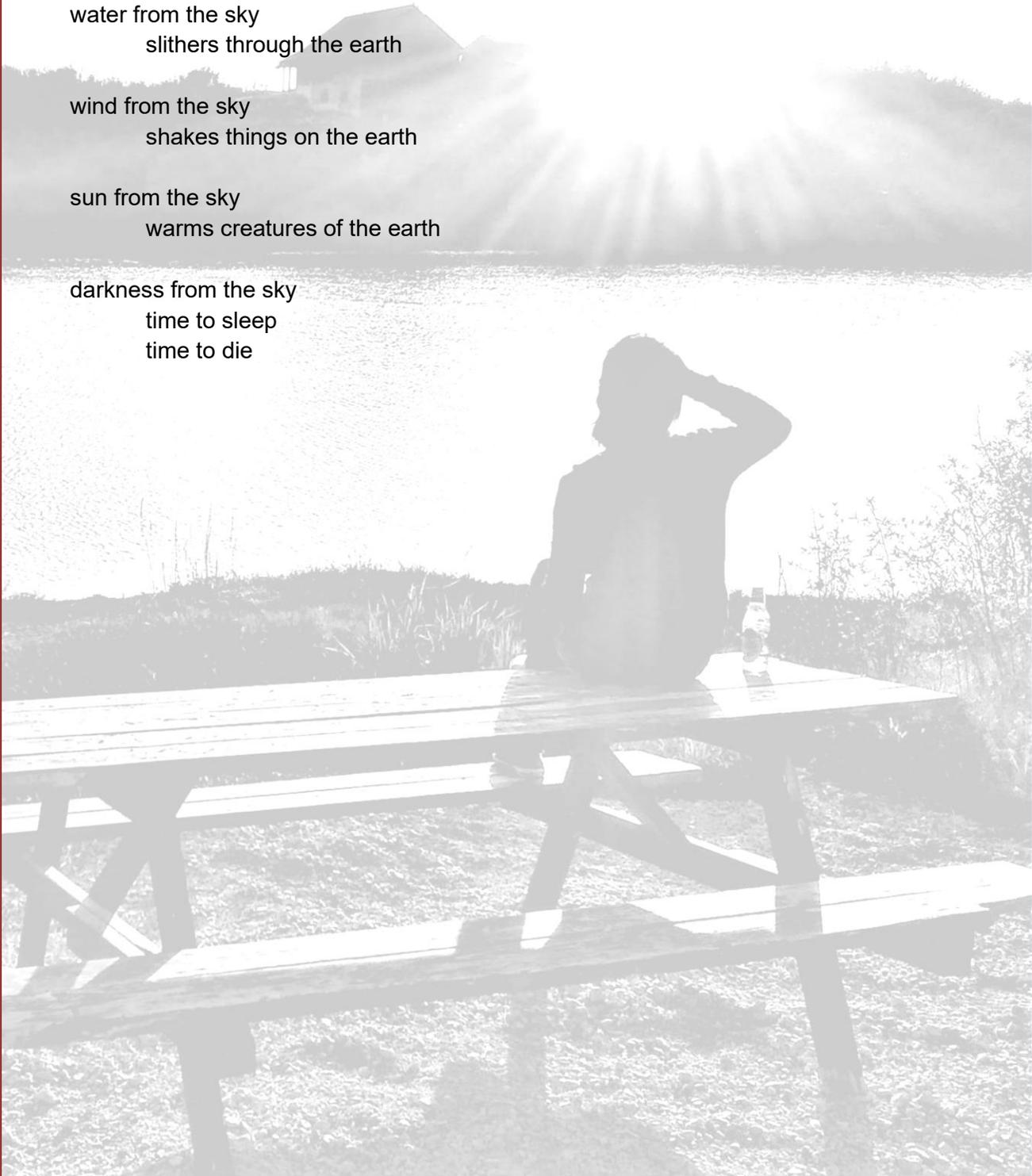
20230809.4 | heaven sent

water from the sky
slithers through the earth

wind from the sky
shakes things on the earth

sun from the sky
warms creatures of the earth

darkness from the sky
time to sleep
time to die



20230810.1 | unwanted waters

the pain is less

therefore

i have less to say

less to write

less to feel

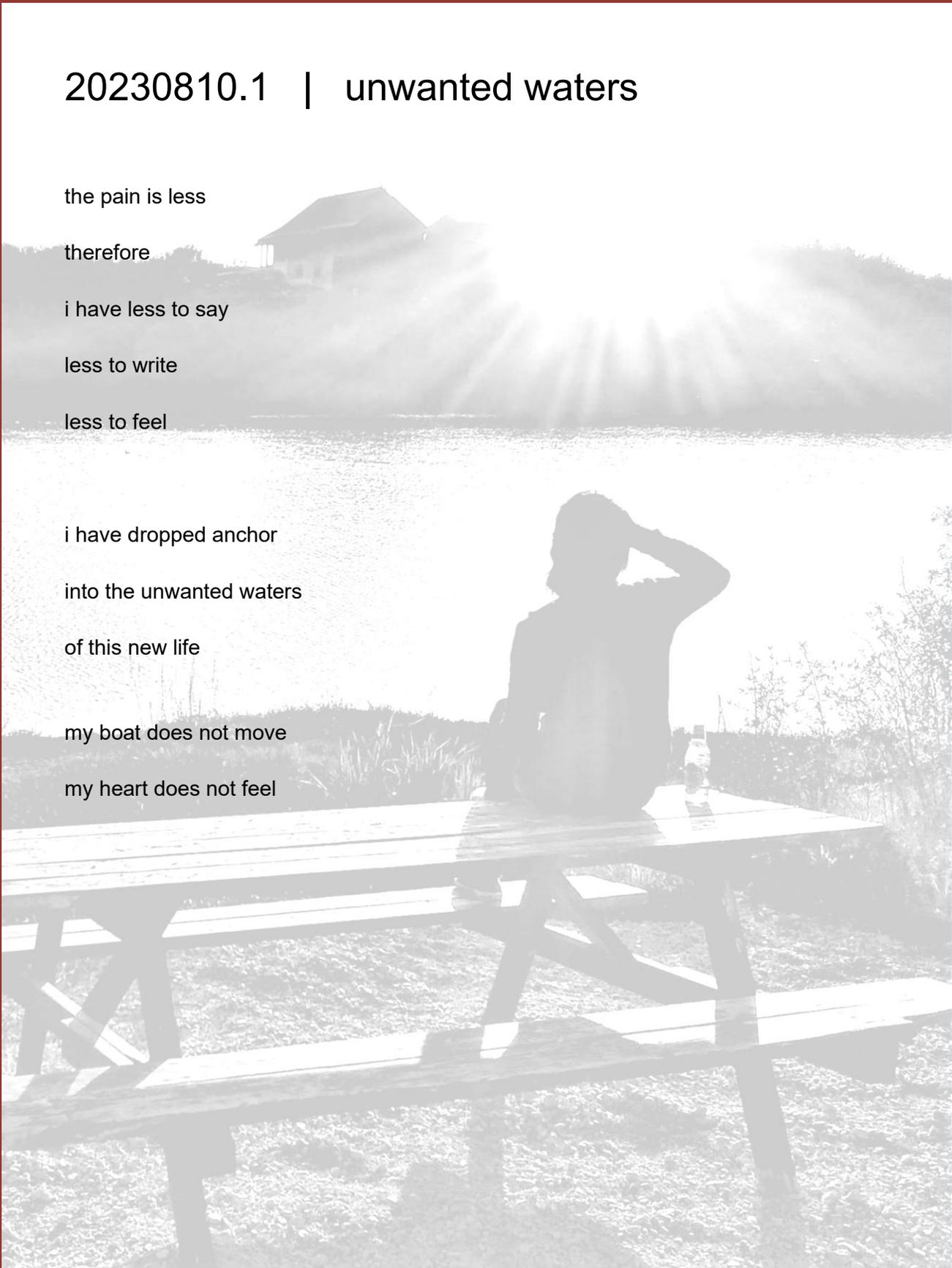
i have dropped anchor

into the unwanted waters

of this new life

my boat does not move

my heart does not feel



20230810.2 | or a solo

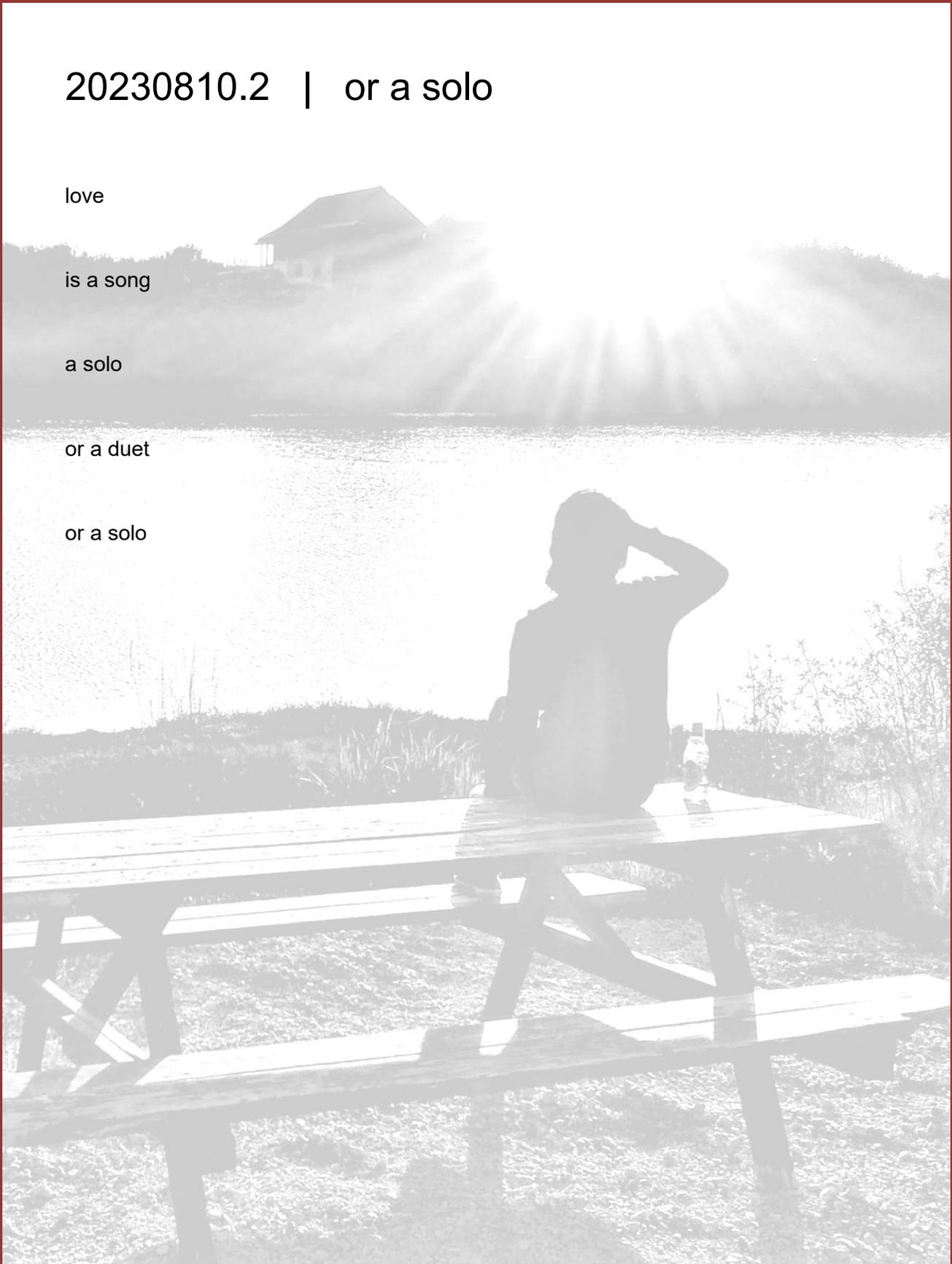
love

is a song

a solo

or a duet

or a solo



20230810.3 | as you please

collette
was the spanish-american war

lisa
world war i

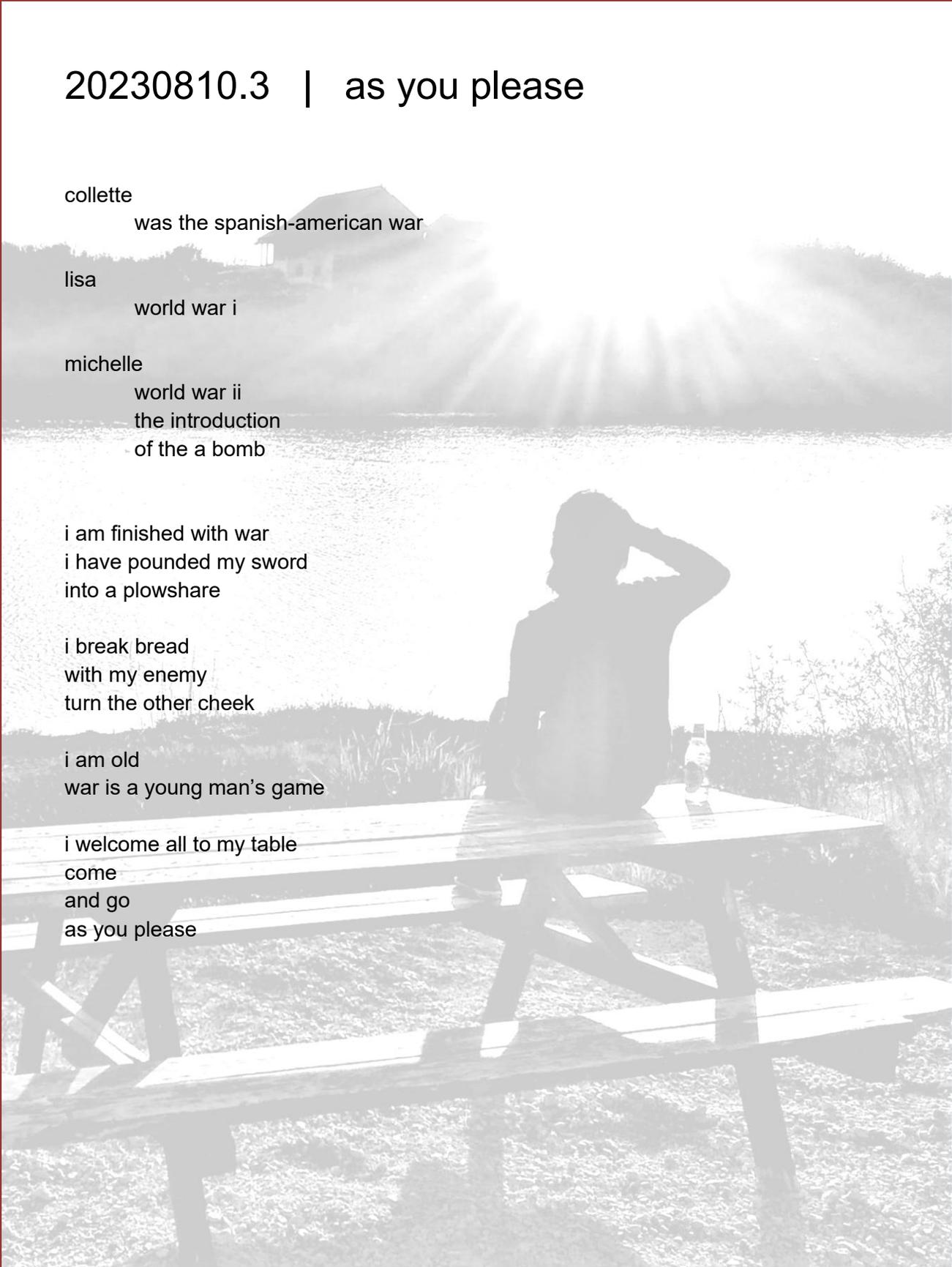
michelle
world war ii
the introduction
of the a bomb

i am finished with war
i have pounded my sword
into a plowshare

i break bread
with my enemy
turn the other cheek

i am old
war is a young man's game

i welcome all to my table
come
and go
as you please



20230815.1 | the unlived story

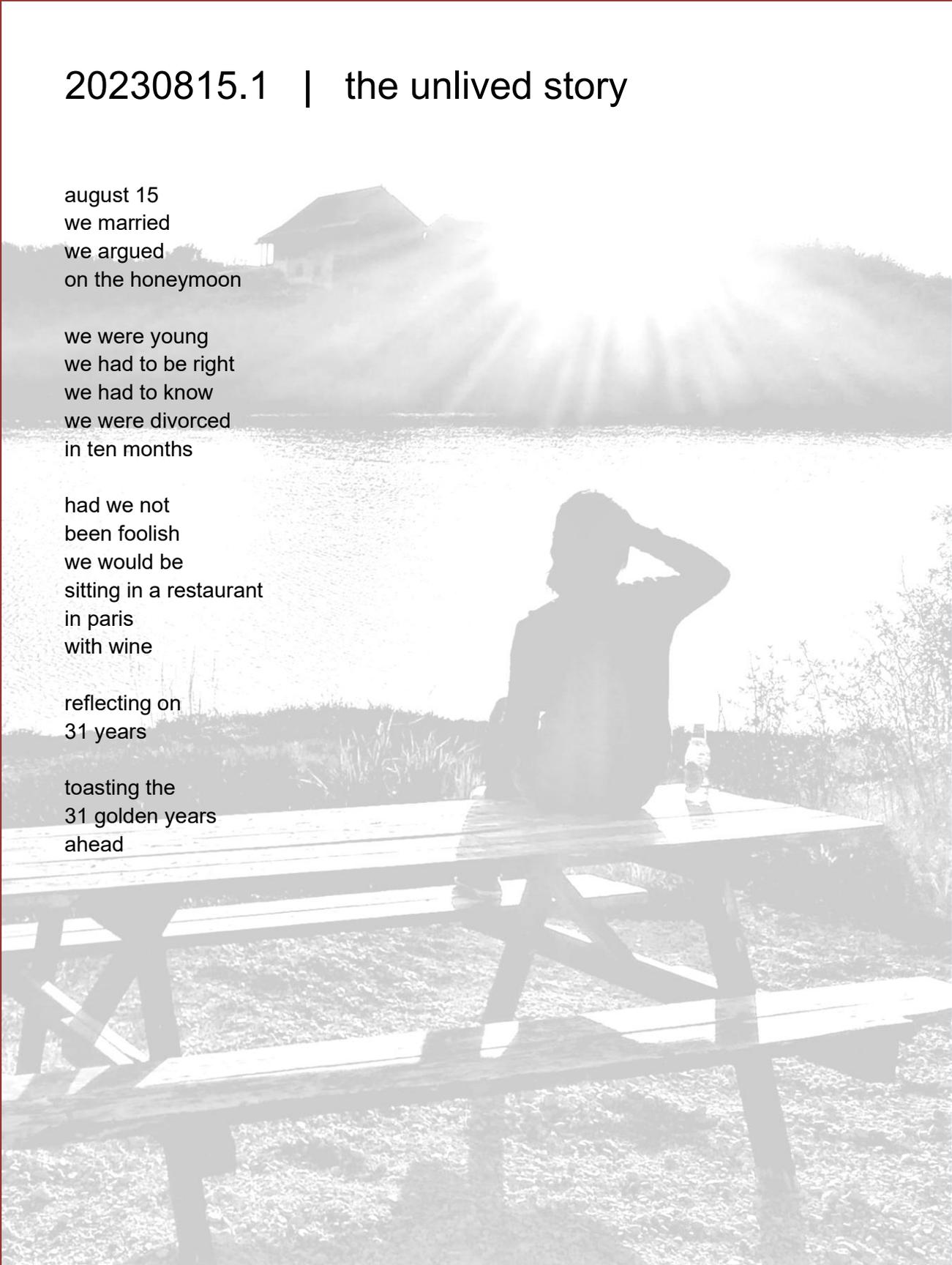
august 15
we married
we argued
on the honeymoon

we were young
we had to be right
we had to know
we were divorced
in ten months

had we not
been foolish
we would be
sitting in a restaurant
in paris
with wine

reflecting on
31 years

toasting the
31 golden years
ahead



20230815.2 | time

when i was young
i fancied myself a poet
but all i could write
was i wanted to fuck women
but women didn't want to fuck me

now
years on my frame
i have held lovers
i have held my children
i have held jobs of no regard
and jobs of great title
i have owned lands
and sold them
i have won big
and i have lost bigger

and now
thousands of faces and voices
reside between my ears

thousands of prayers
have tethered me to heaven
a thousand sorrows
have driven me to push
through the crowd
and reach with desperate hope
that i might touch
his garment

when i open this book
there are a million things
i should tell you
a million words
i should share

20230817.1 | stardust

i am clay
walking on clay

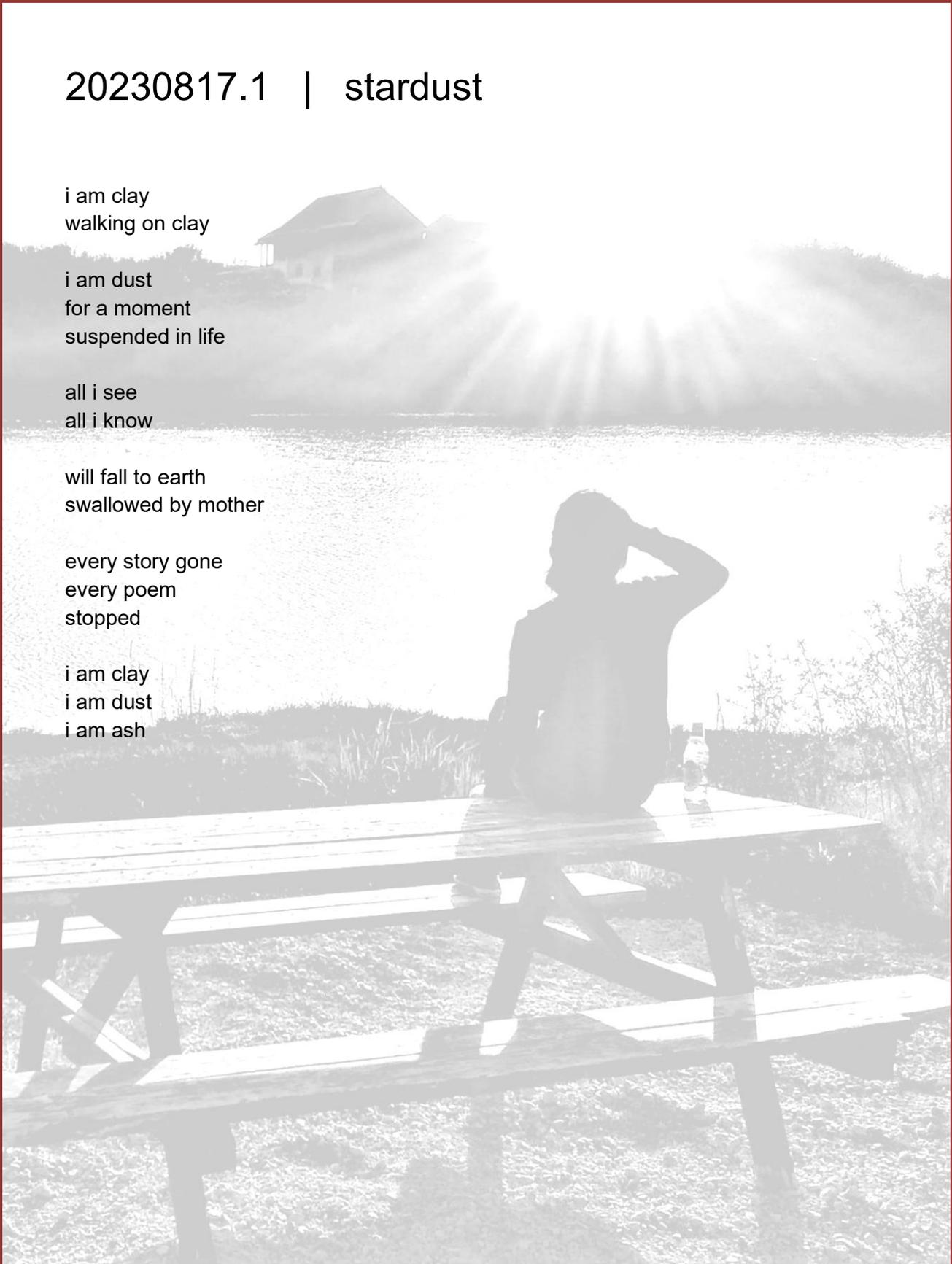
i am dust
for a moment
suspended in life

all i see
all i know

will fall to earth
swallowed by mother

every story gone
every poem
stopped

i am clay
i am dust
i am ash



20230818.1 | love times four

every breath i take
are four more breaths
every heartbeat
add four more

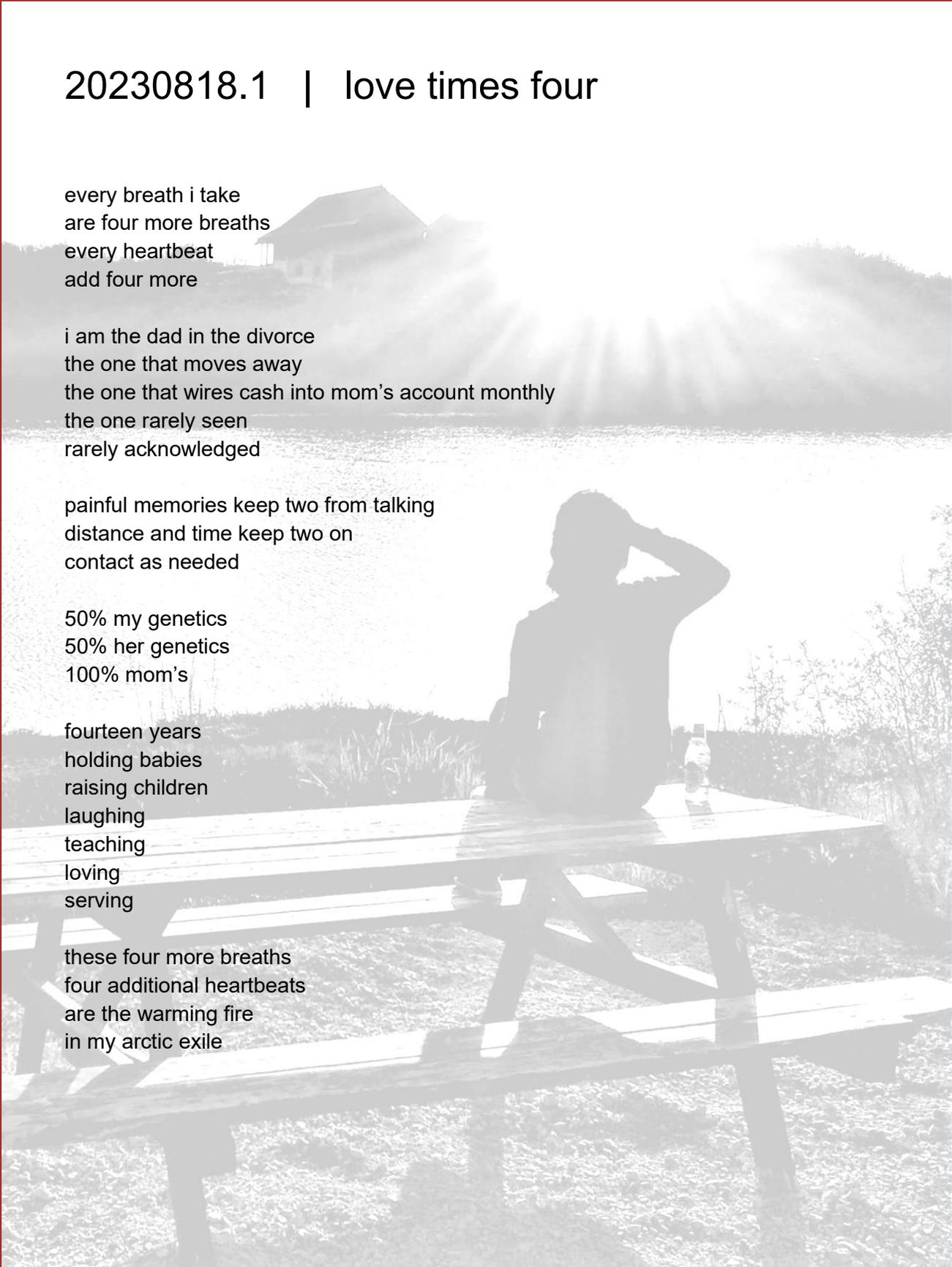
i am the dad in the divorce
the one that moves away
the one that wires cash into mom's account monthly
the one rarely seen
rarely acknowledged

painful memories keep two from talking
distance and time keep two on
contact as needed

50% my genetics
50% her genetics
100% mom's

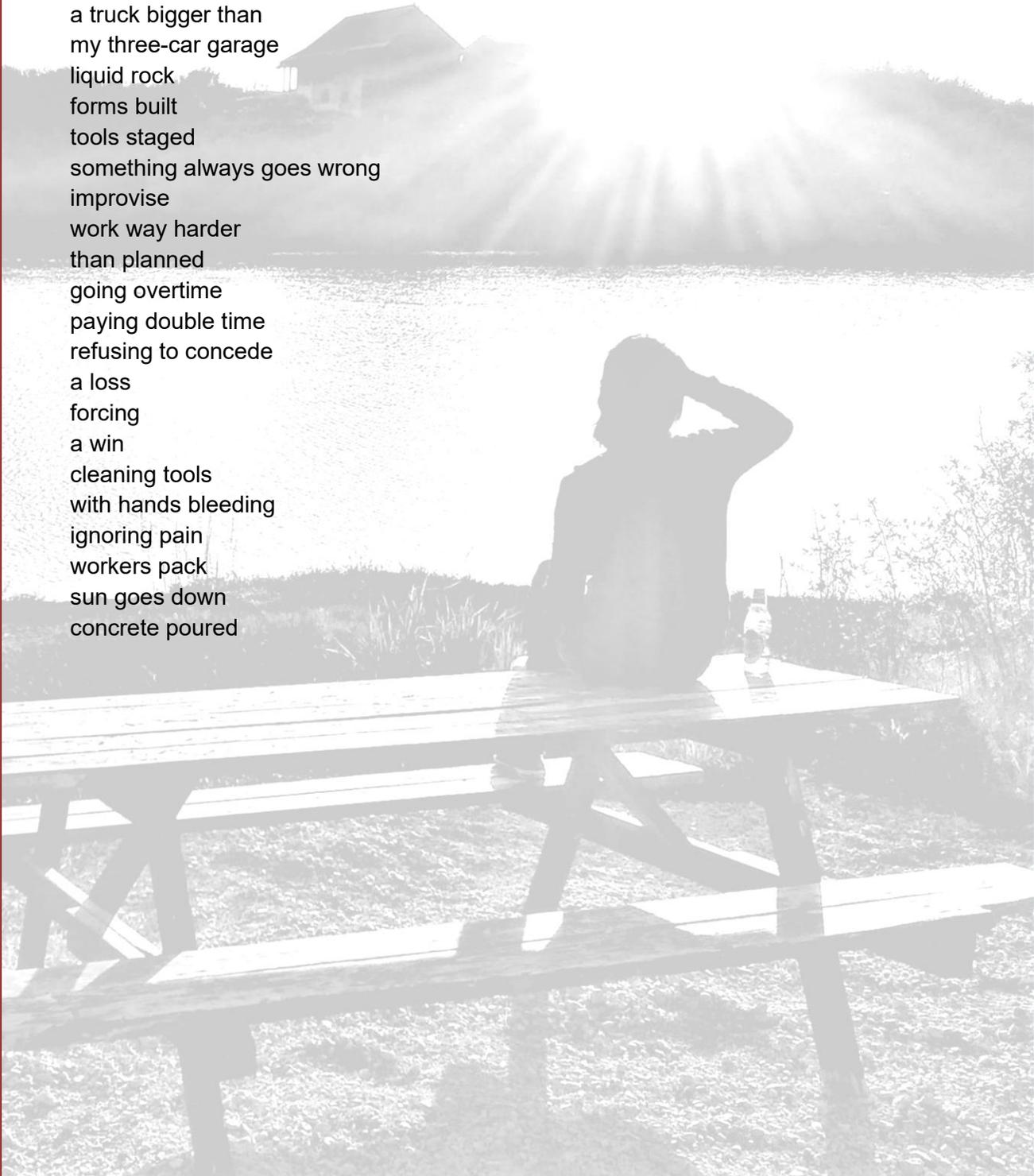
fourteen years
holding babies
raising children
laughing
teaching
loving
serving

these four more breaths
four additional heartbeats
are the warming fire
in my arctic exile



20230831.1 | concrete poured

a truck bigger than
my three-car garage
liquid rock
forms built
tools staged
something always goes wrong
improvise
work way harder
than planned
going overtime
paying double time
refusing to concede
a loss
forcing
a win
cleaning tools
with hands bleeding
ignoring pain
workers pack
sun goes down
concrete poured



20230905.1 | promises not kept

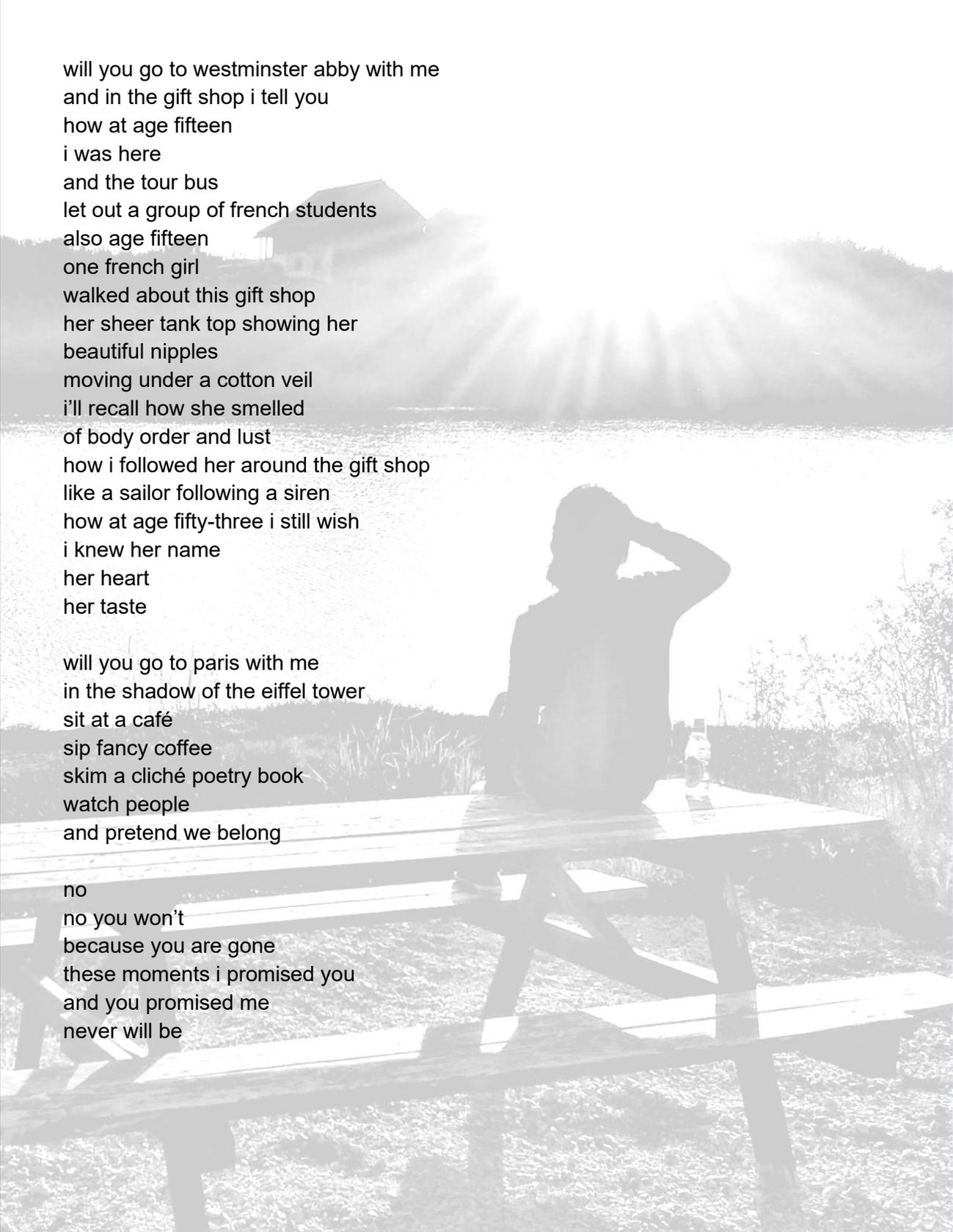
will you go to england with me
will you walk the quiet paths
of sherwood forest
and climb the cliff trails
overlooking robinhood's bay

will you go to inveraray with me
tour the castle and listen to
me bragging my half-campbell blood

will you go to grafham with me
and we will stand outside melrose
the house my grandfather built
with his own hands
laboring over fourteen years

i will share how
at age fifteen
i was brought here to visit him
but by this time
he was a giant man
in a giant bed
with a white beard
unable to speak
unable to move
and when he passed
the house was sold
will you stand outside the stranger's house
and hear my stories of old

will you walk the farm roads
meet the caretakers
and pet the horses
worth a million pounds
will you watch the sunset with me
where grandpa did

A person is sitting at a wooden picnic table outdoors, looking out over a body of water. The person is silhouetted against the bright light of the sun, which is low on the horizon, creating a lens flare effect. The background shows a line of trees and a building in the distance. The overall mood is nostalgic and reflective.

will you go to westminster abby with me
and in the gift shop i tell you
how at age fifteen
i was here
and the tour bus
let out a group of french students
also age fifteen
one french girl
walked about this gift shop
her sheer tank top showing her
beautiful nipples
moving under a cotton veil
i'll recall how she smelled
of body order and lust
how i followed her around the gift shop
like a sailor following a siren
how at age fifty-three i still wish
i knew her name
her heart
her taste

will you go to paris with me
in the shadow of the eiffel tower
sit at a café
sip fancy coffee
skim a cliché poetry book
watch people
and pretend we belong

no
no you won't
because you are gone
these moments i promised you
and you promised me
never will be

20230910.1 | the journey ends alone

i have come a long way
to stand in a field
with no one in sight

two lovers
collapsed in each other's arms
sweat cooling heated bodies
flesh to flesh
breath to breath
kiss to kiss

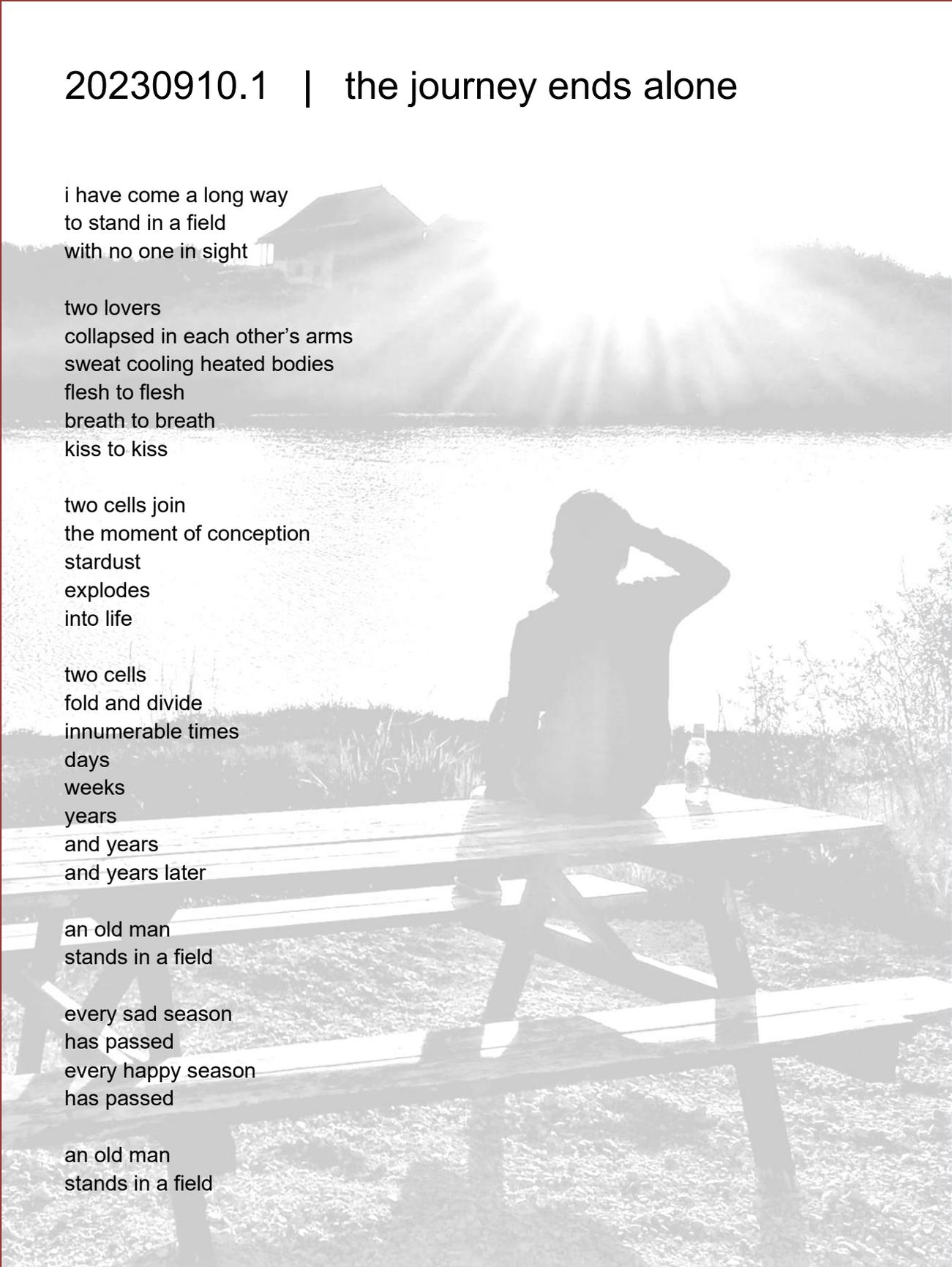
two cells join
the moment of conception
stardust
explodes
into life

two cells
fold and divide
innumerable times
days
weeks
years
and years
and years later

an old man
stands in a field

every sad season
has passed
every happy season
has passed

an old man
stands in a field



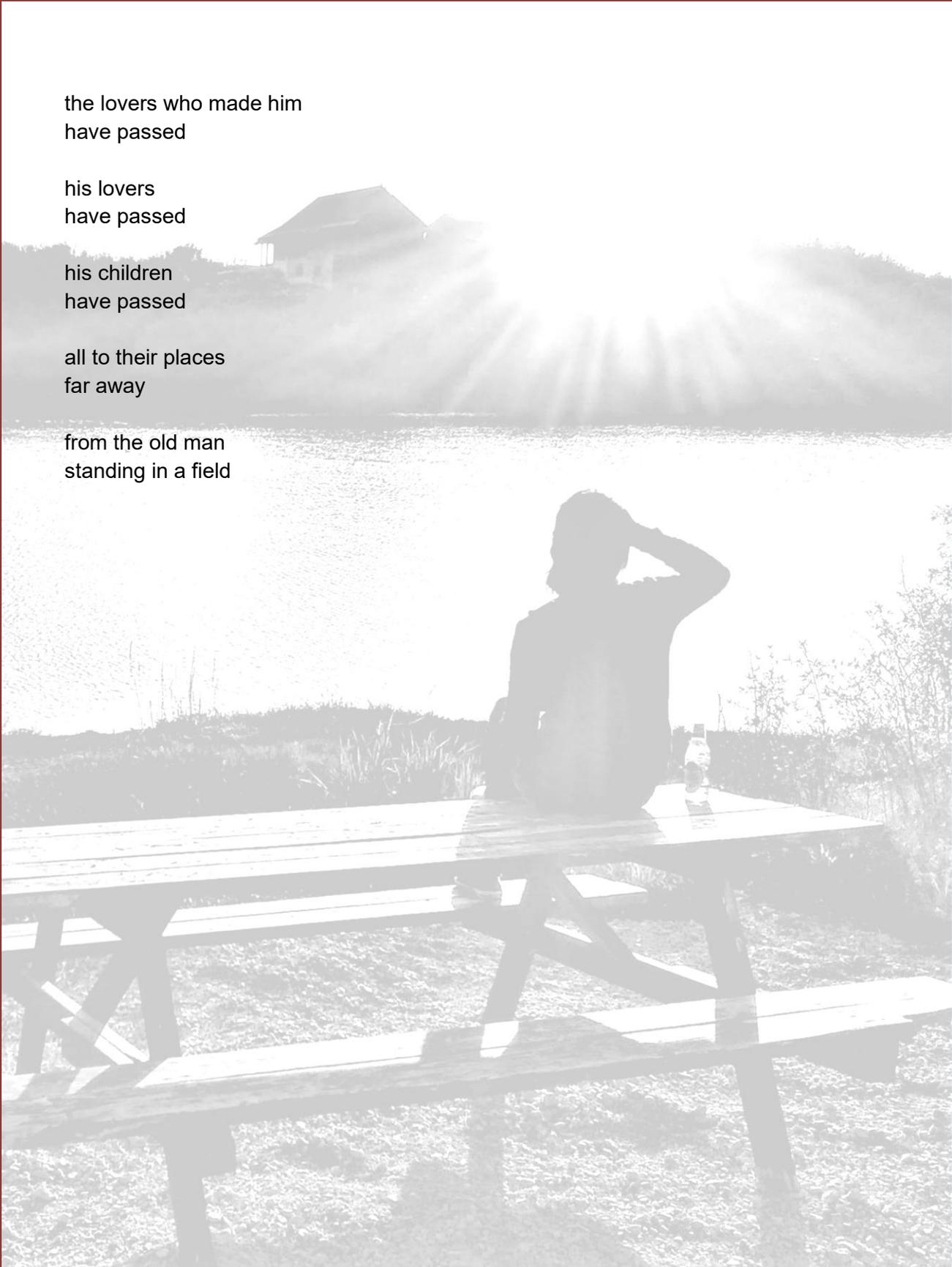
the lovers who made him
have passed

his lovers
have passed

his children
have passed

all to their places
far away

from the old man
standing in a field



20230910.2 | flying in the storm

hawk
alone
flying in
the storm

literal
and
metaphorical



20230912.1 | the cricket's song

crickets roll their song
rolling waves
rocking
side to side
washing
the bowl
of the holler

frogs croaking
loud and deep
late spring to early summer
hundreds hunkered in the marshy meadow
calling for a date
a chaos so loud
a signal lost
a chance encounter
a successful mate

grasshoppers sing a
shorter song
high summer
a cracking noise
a machine gun spatter
like cicadas from the south
flew where they don't belong
where they couldn't live
high in the rockies

crickets rule the nocturnal sonnet
bodies blacker than night
hidden out of sight
before the frog is thawed
before the grasshoppers hatch
sings the cricket's song

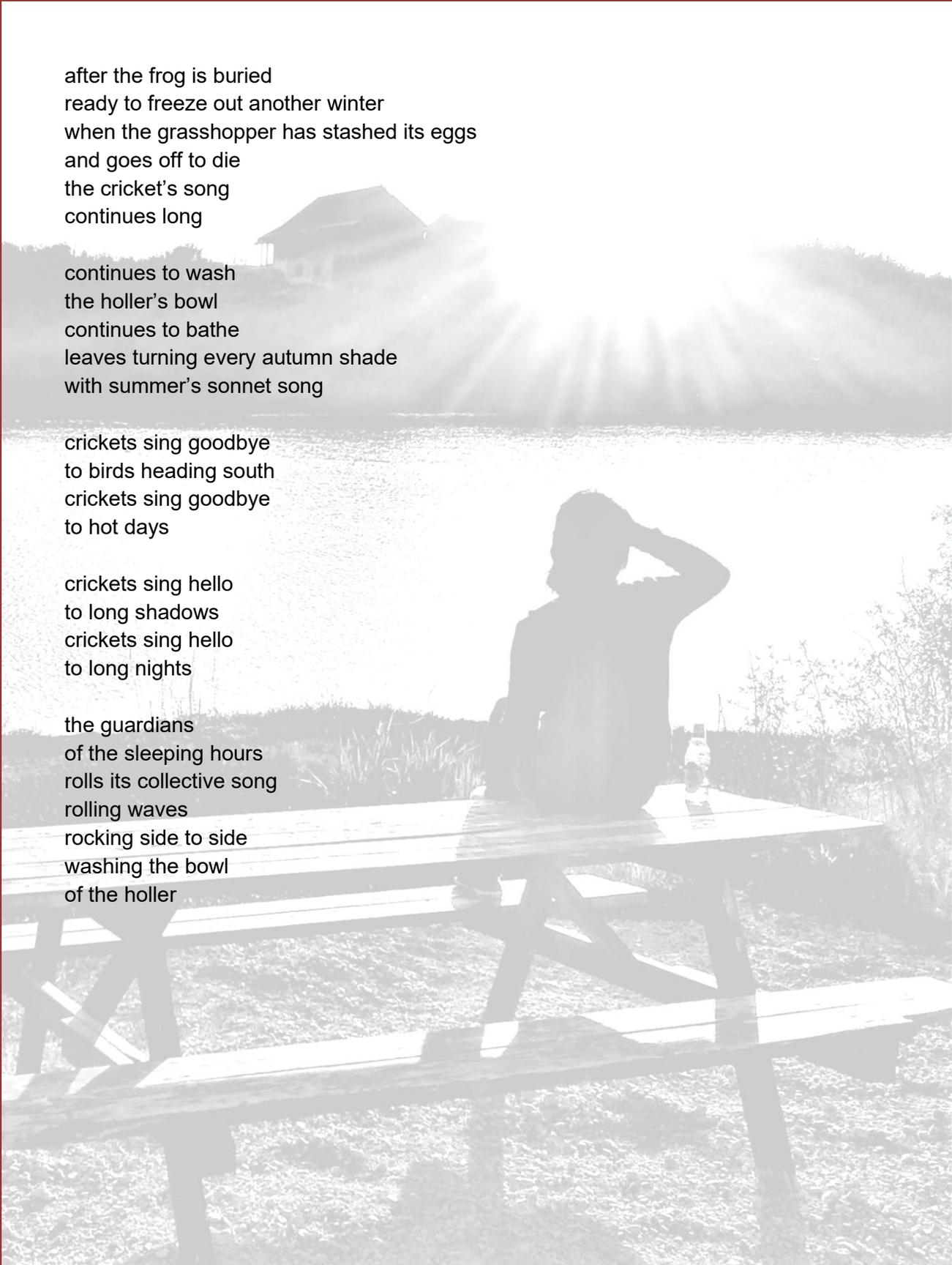
after the frog is buried
ready to freeze out another winter
when the grasshopper has stashed its eggs
and goes off to die
the cricket's song
continues long

continues to wash
the holler's bowl
continues to bathe
leaves turning every autumn shade
with summer's sonnet song

crickets sing goodbye
to birds heading south
crickets sing goodbye
to hot days

crickets sing hello
to long shadows
crickets sing hello
to long nights

the guardians
of the sleeping hours
rolls its collective song
rolling waves
rocking side to side
washing the bowl
of the holler



20230912.2 | curtain call

summer's
last
sound

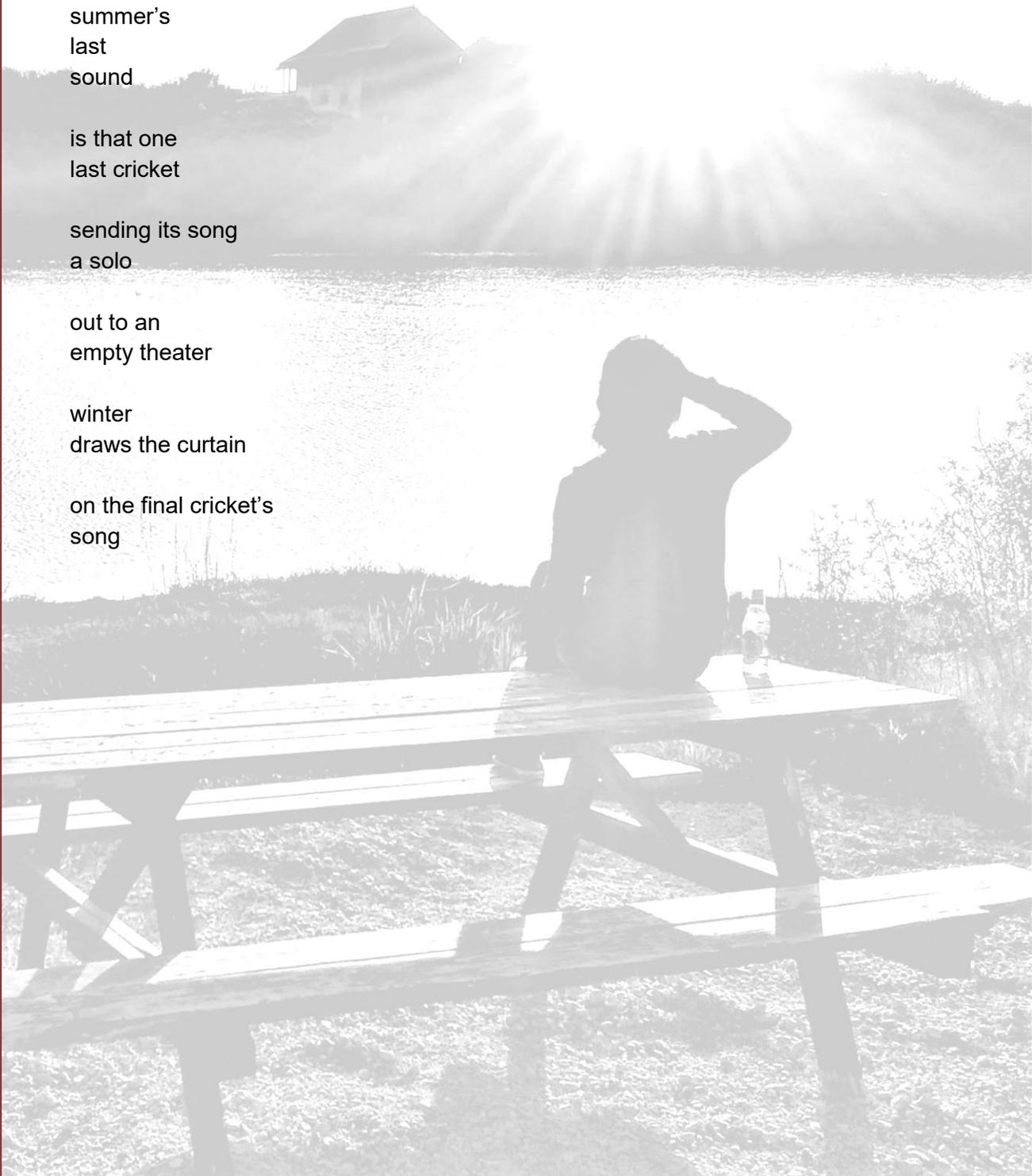
is that one
last cricket

sending its song
a solo

out to an
empty theater

winter
draws the curtain

on the final cricket's
song

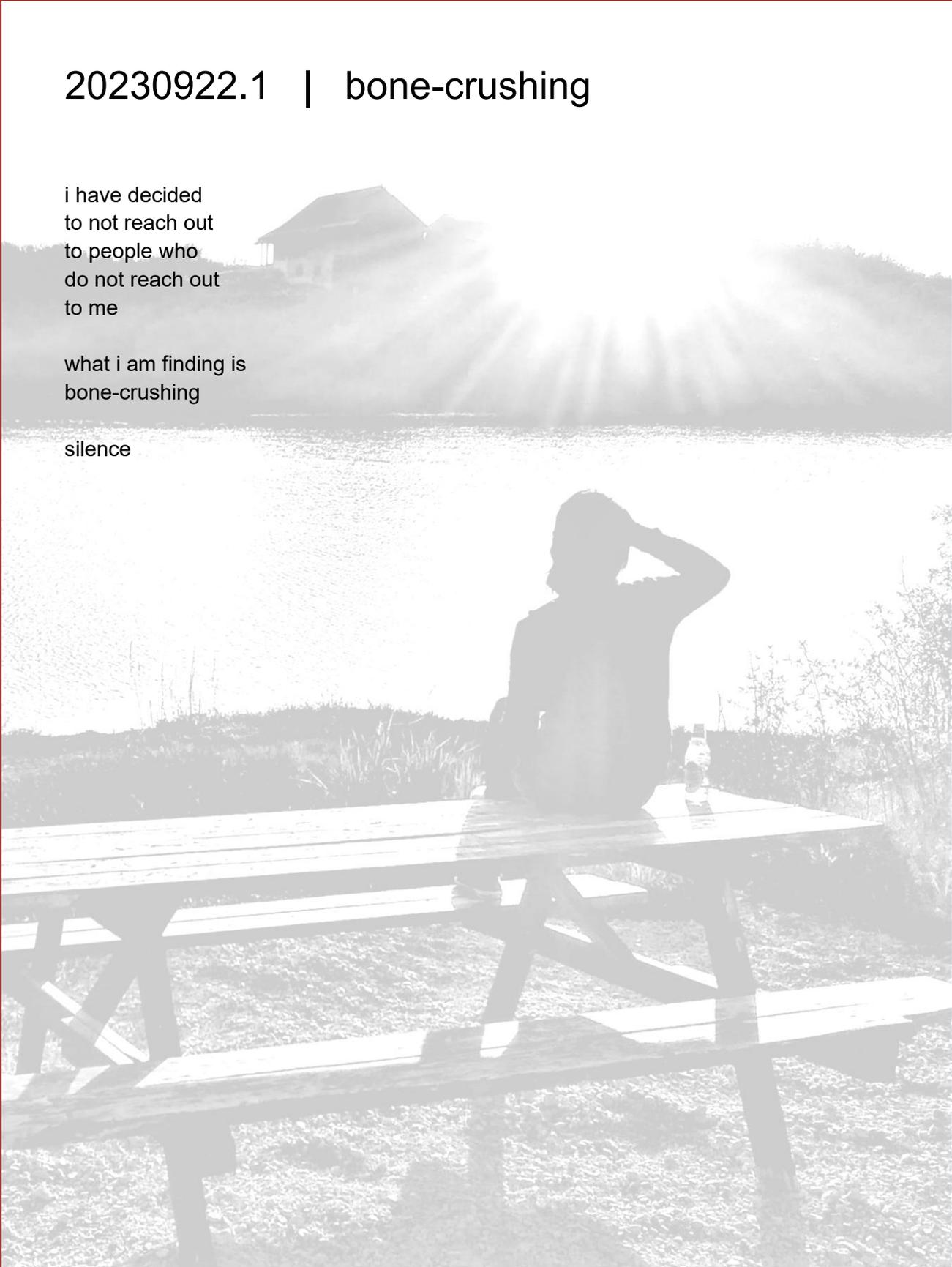


20230922.1 | bone-crushing

i have decided
to not reach out
to people who
do not reach out
to me

what i am finding is
bone-crushing

silence



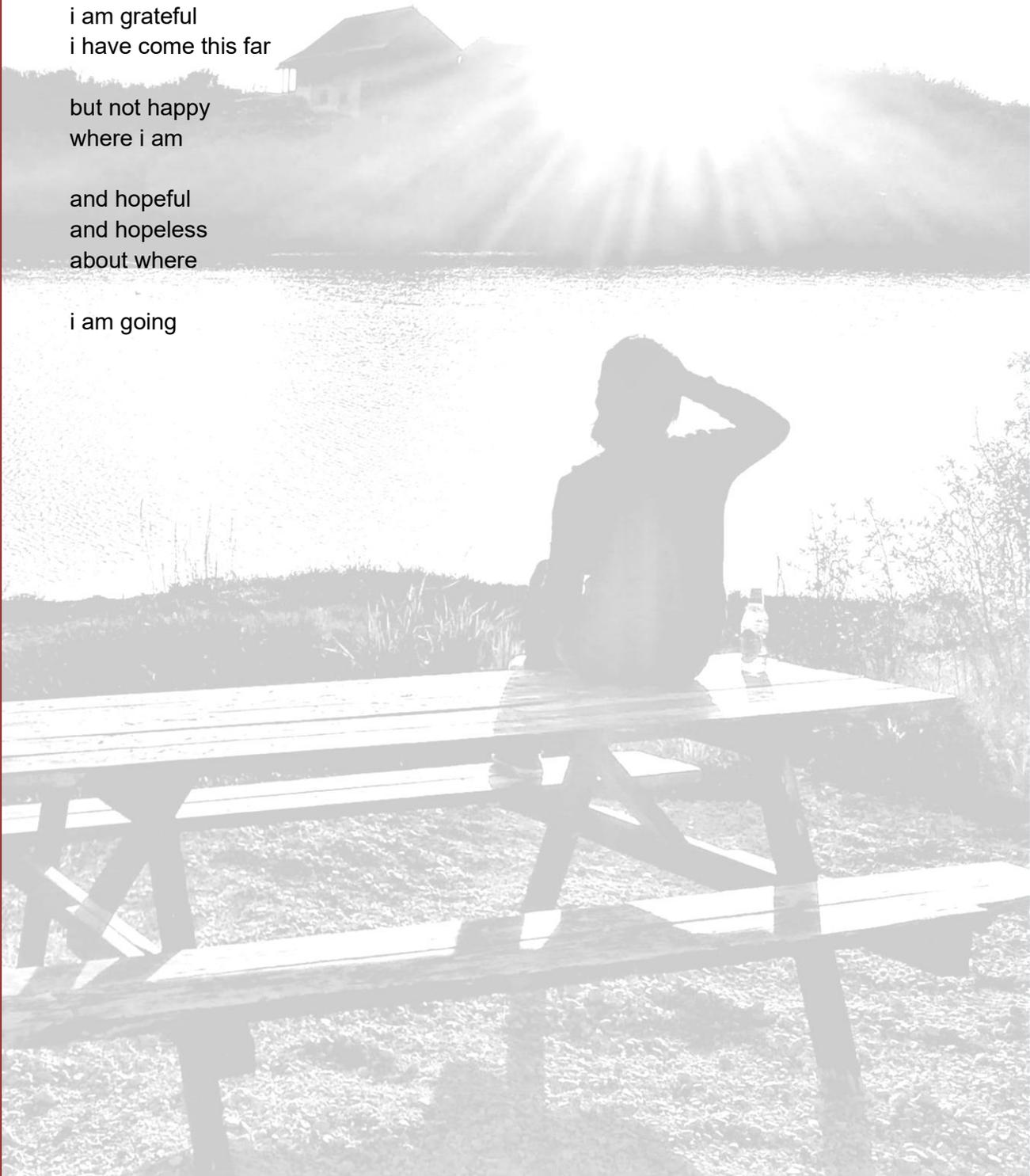
20230922.2 | discontent

i am grateful
i have come this far

but not happy
where i am

and hopeful
and hopeless
about where

i am going



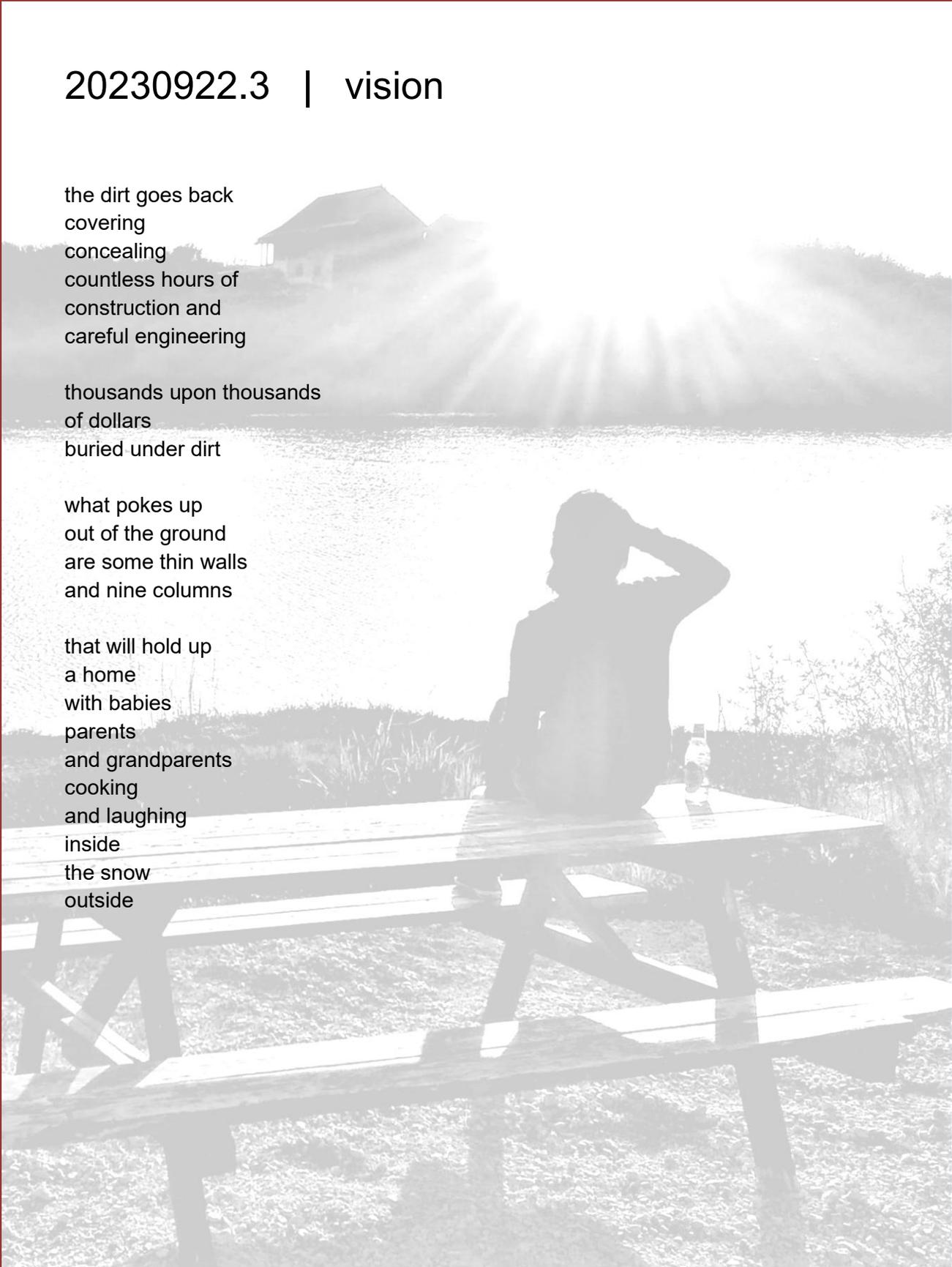
20230922.3 | vision

the dirt goes back
covering
concealing
countless hours of
construction and
careful engineering

thousands upon thousands
of dollars
buried under dirt

what pokes up
out of the ground
are some thin walls
and nine columns

that will hold up
a home
with babies
parents
and grandparents
cooking
and laughing
inside
the snow
outside



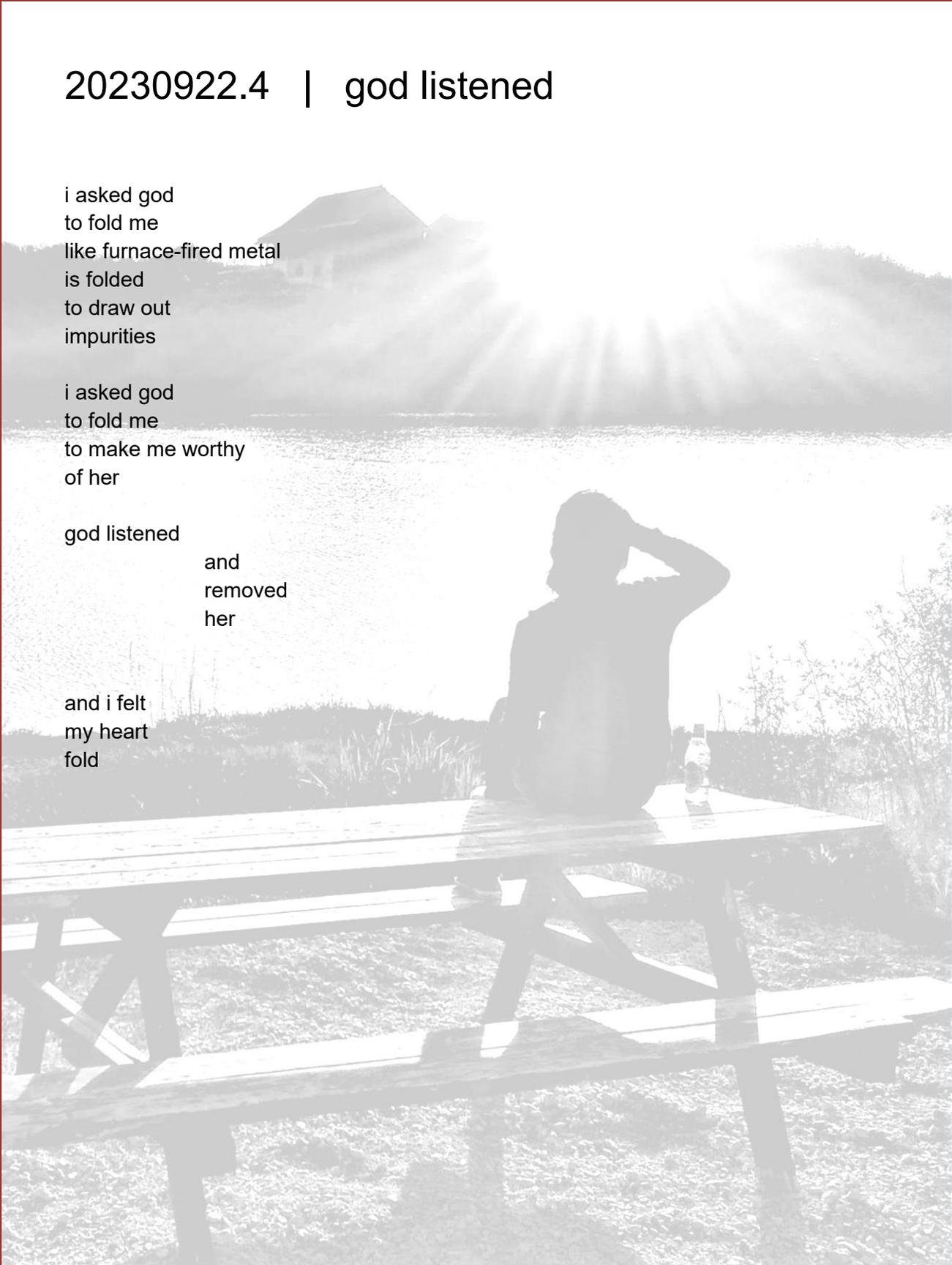
20230922.4 | god listened

i asked god
to fold me
like furnace-fired metal
is folded
to draw out
impurities

i asked god
to fold me
to make me worthy
of her

god listened
and
removed
her

and i felt
my heart
fold



20230922.5 | over time

there are two leaves
pressed in this book

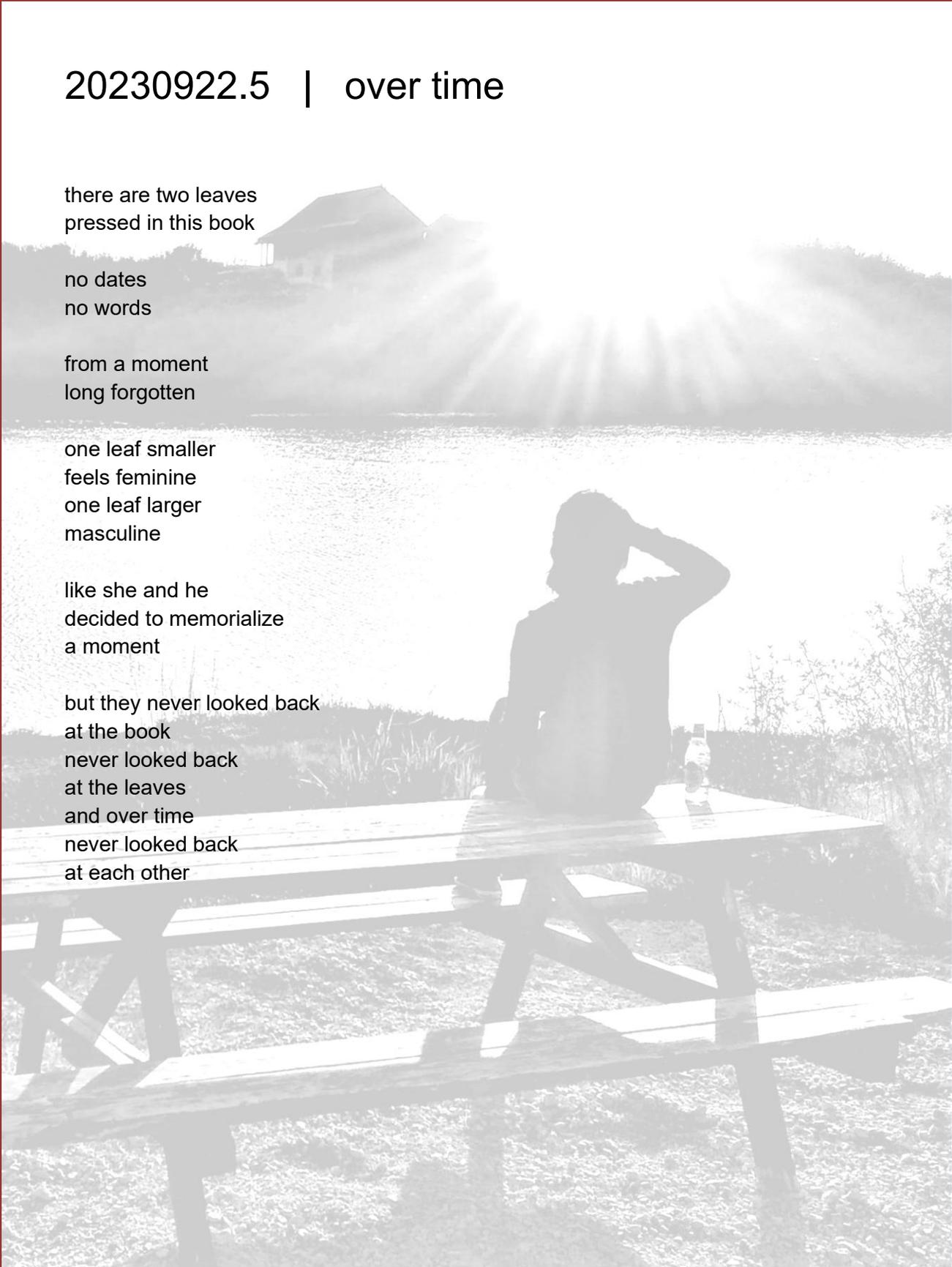
no dates
no words

from a moment
long forgotten

one leaf smaller
feels feminine
one leaf larger
masculine

like she and he
decided to memorialize
a moment

but they never looked back
at the book
never looked back
at the leaves
and over time
never looked back
at each other



20230928.1 | the nature of things

a rodent made a home
in my rv's ac unit
he sleeps during the day
and works when i want to sleep
he's been there two weeks
my home is starting to smell
like his home
like a giant hamster cage

so today i fired up the generator
and ran the ac unit
the large gray squirrel
ran into the woods
i ran the ac for hours
and sprayed it with disinfectant

will he come back
it's almost his shift
we shall see

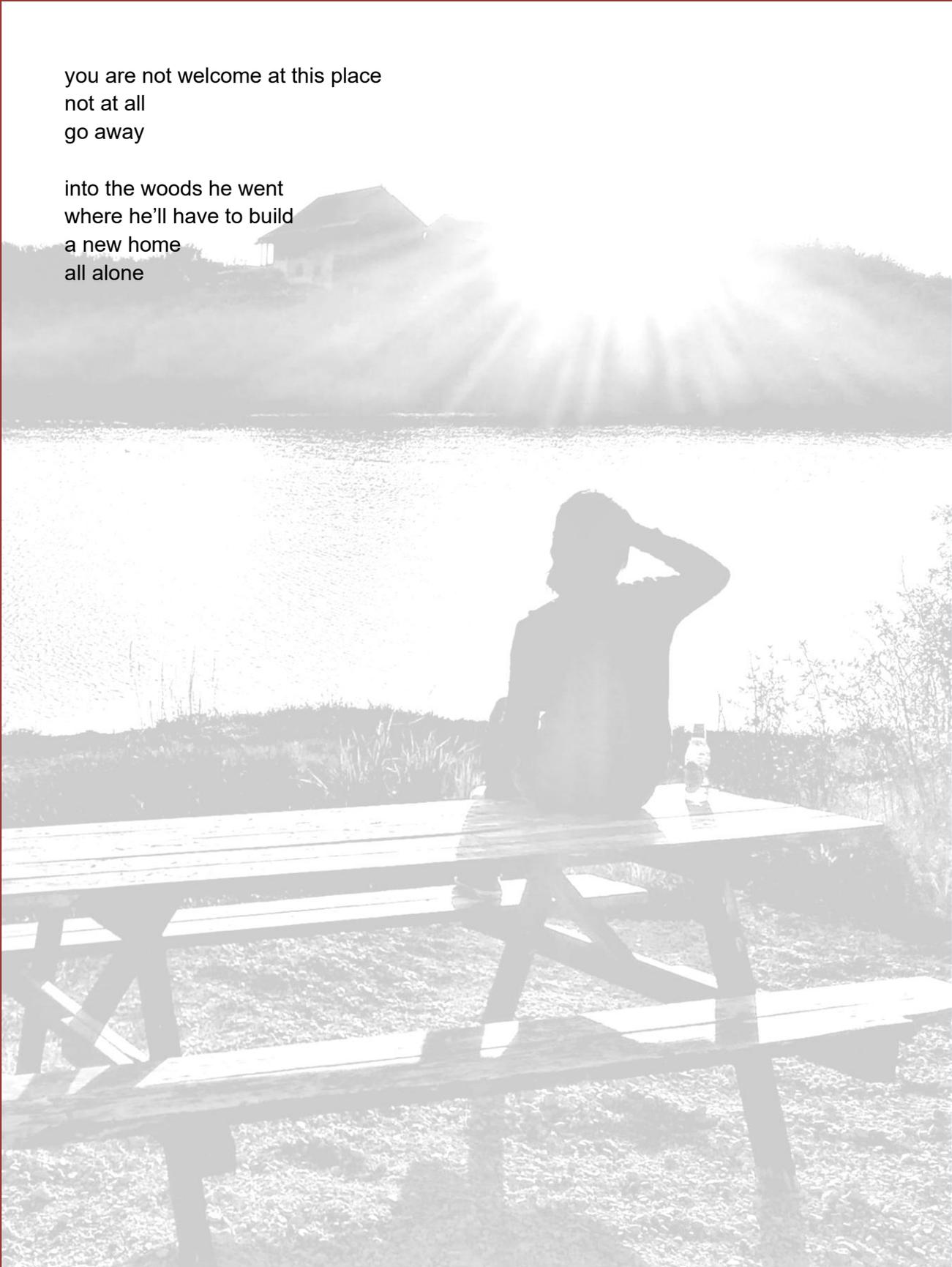
i wish he didn't smell
didn't make urine and feces
didn't bring disease

because i cut down his trees
i put a camper right where
he would normally sleep
i am building a home
with 2,700 square feet
and all he asked for
was a shell to build a nest
a place atop my place

i said
you cannot have your tree
you cannot have my tree

you are not welcome at this place
not at all
go away

into the woods he went
where he'll have to build
a new home
all alone



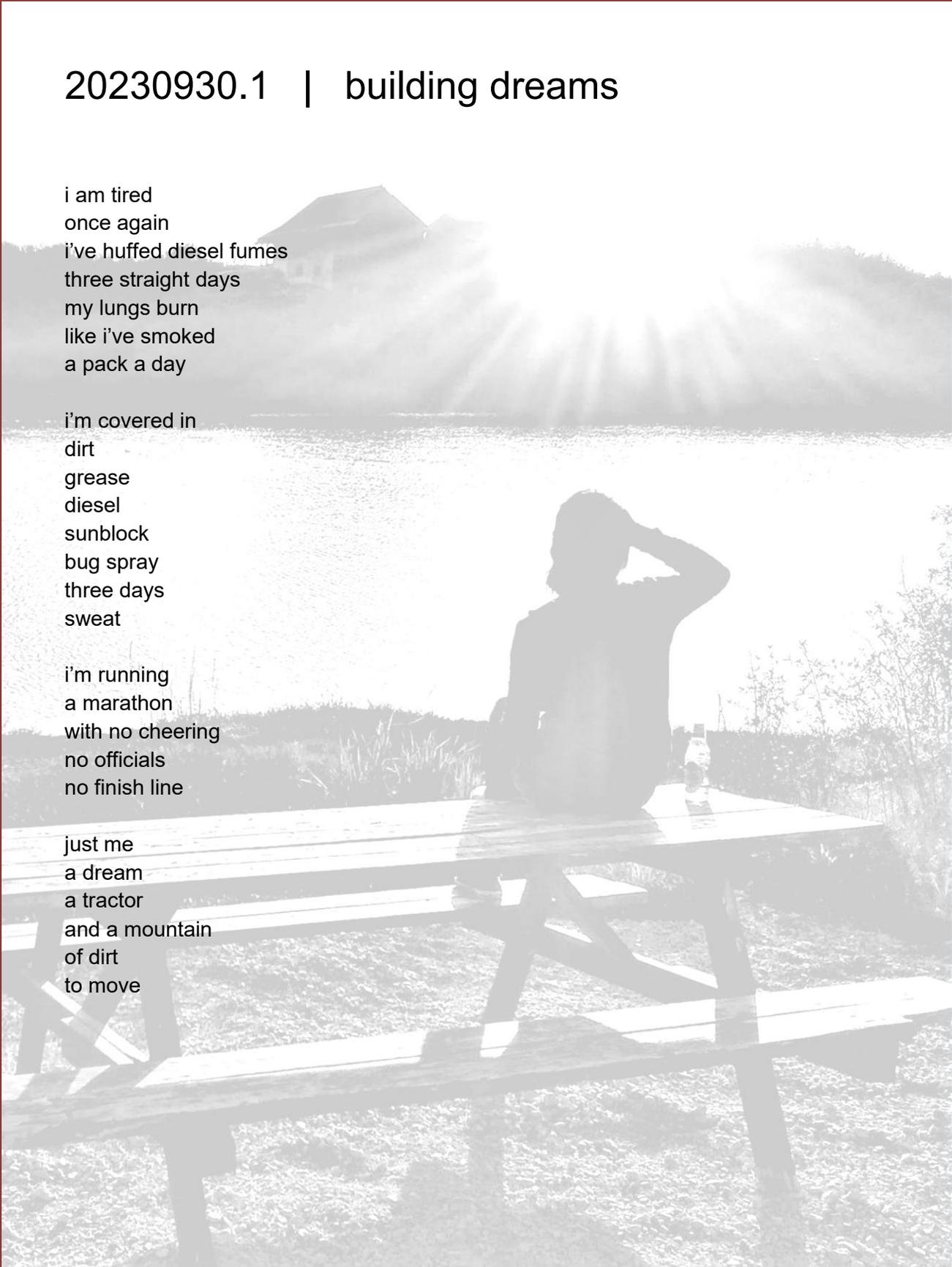
20230930.1 | building dreams

i am tired
once again
i've huffed diesel fumes
three straight days
my lungs burn
like i've smoked
a pack a day

i'm covered in
dirt
grease
diesel
sunblock
bug spray
three days
sweat

i'm running
a marathon
with no cheering
no officials
no finish line

just me
a dream
a tractor
and a mountain
of dirt
to move



20231008.1 | schrodinger's cat

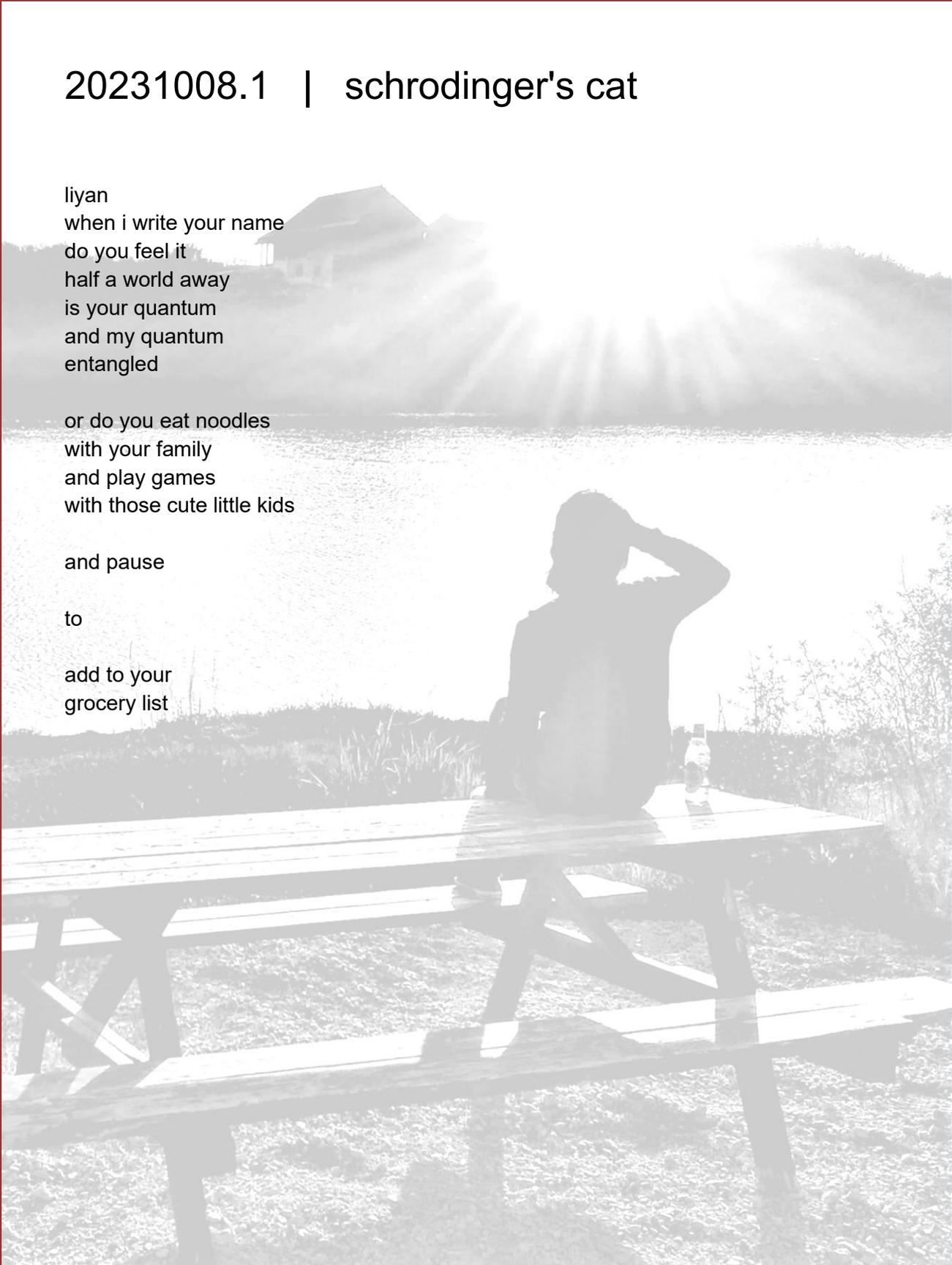
liyan
when i write your name
do you feel it
half a world away
is your quantum
and my quantum
entangled

or do you eat noodles
with your family
and play games
with those cute little kids

and pause

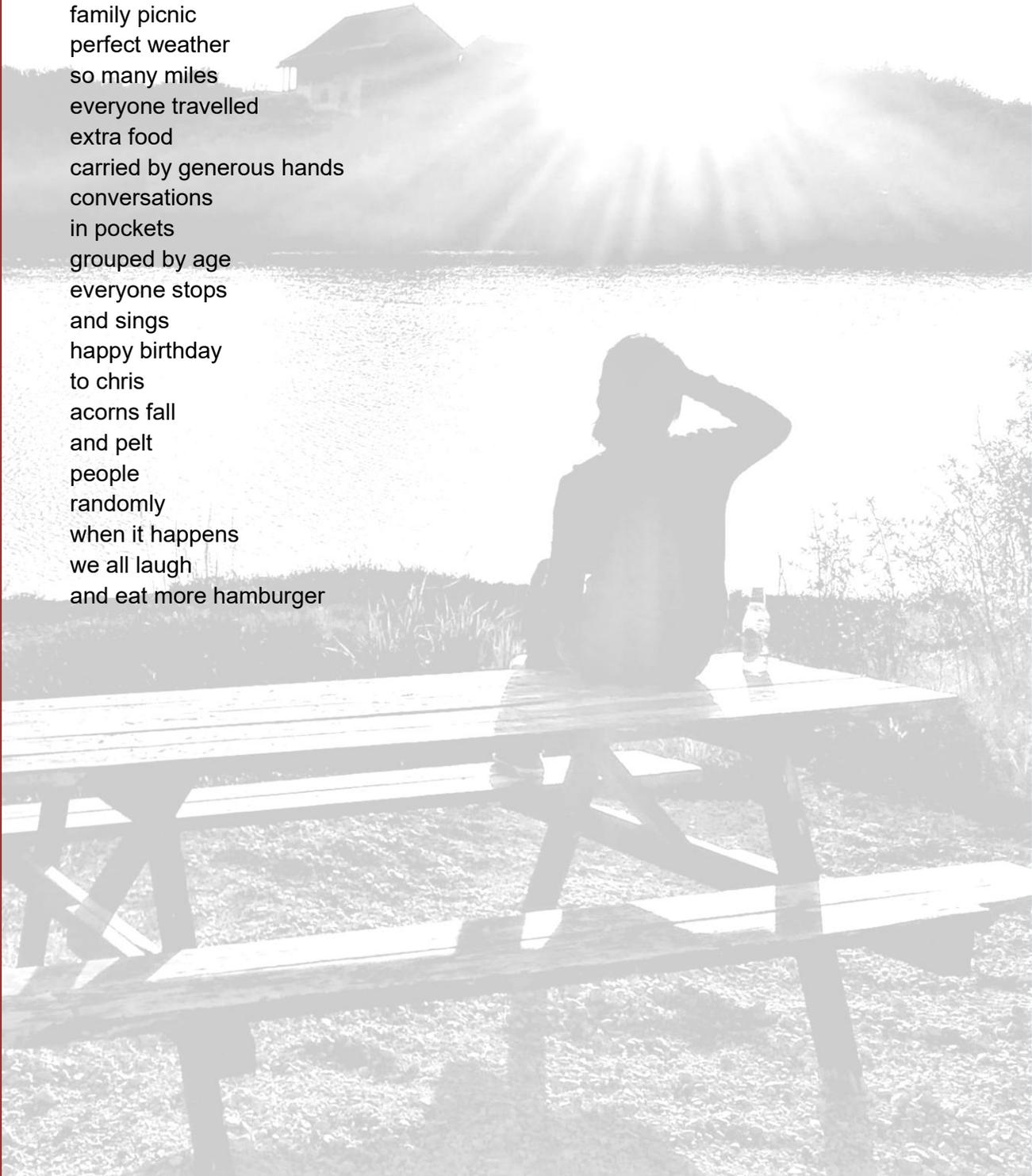
to

add to your
grocery list



20231008.2 | family picnic oct 7 2023

family picnic
perfect weather
so many miles
everyone travelled
extra food
carried by generous hands
conversations
in pockets
grouped by age
everyone stops
and sings
happy birthday
to chris
acorns fall
and pelt
people
randomly
when it happens
we all laugh
and eat more hamburger



20231015.1 | silence like skin

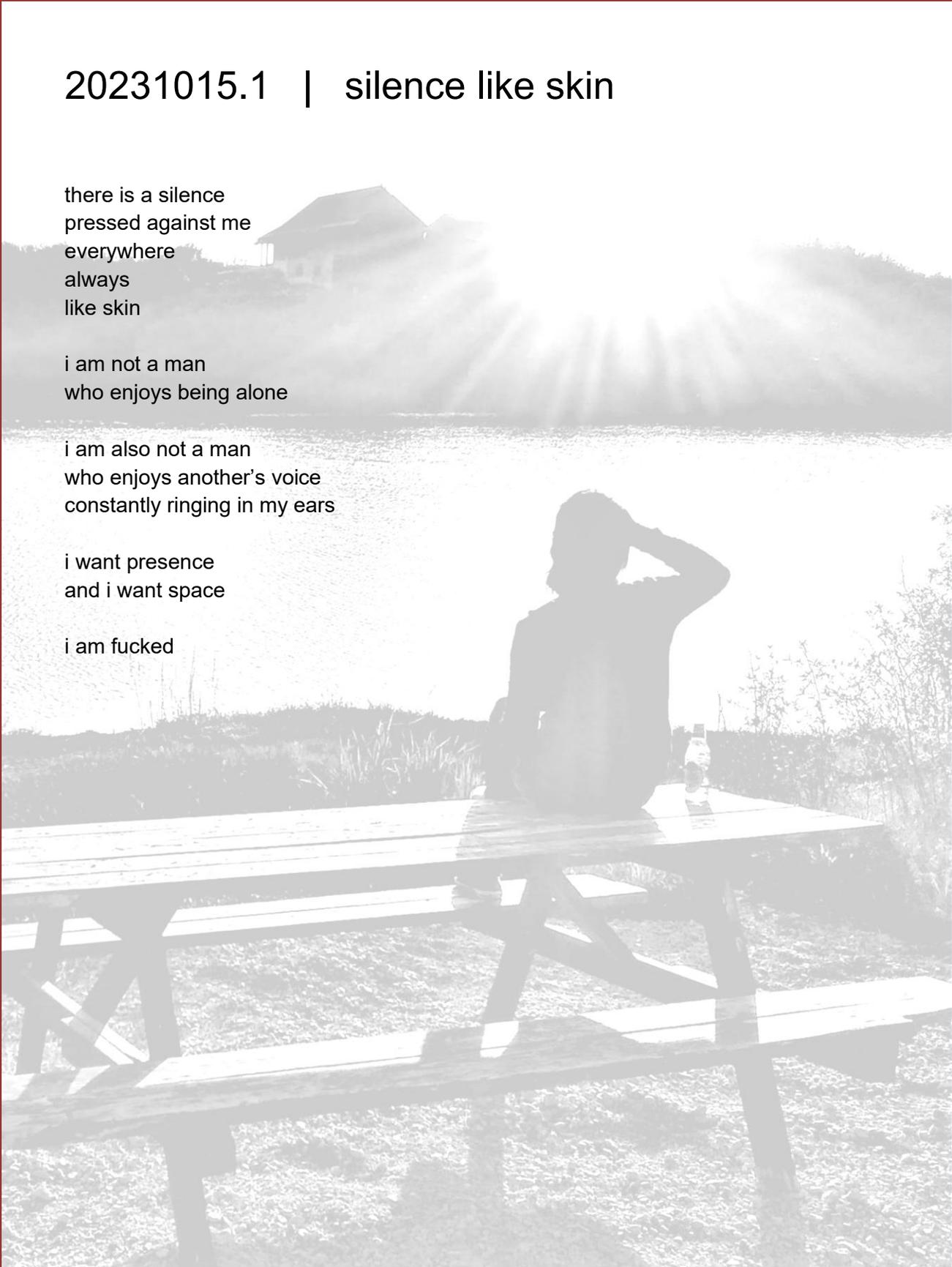
there is a silence
pressed against me
everywhere
always
like skin

i am not a man
who enjoys being alone

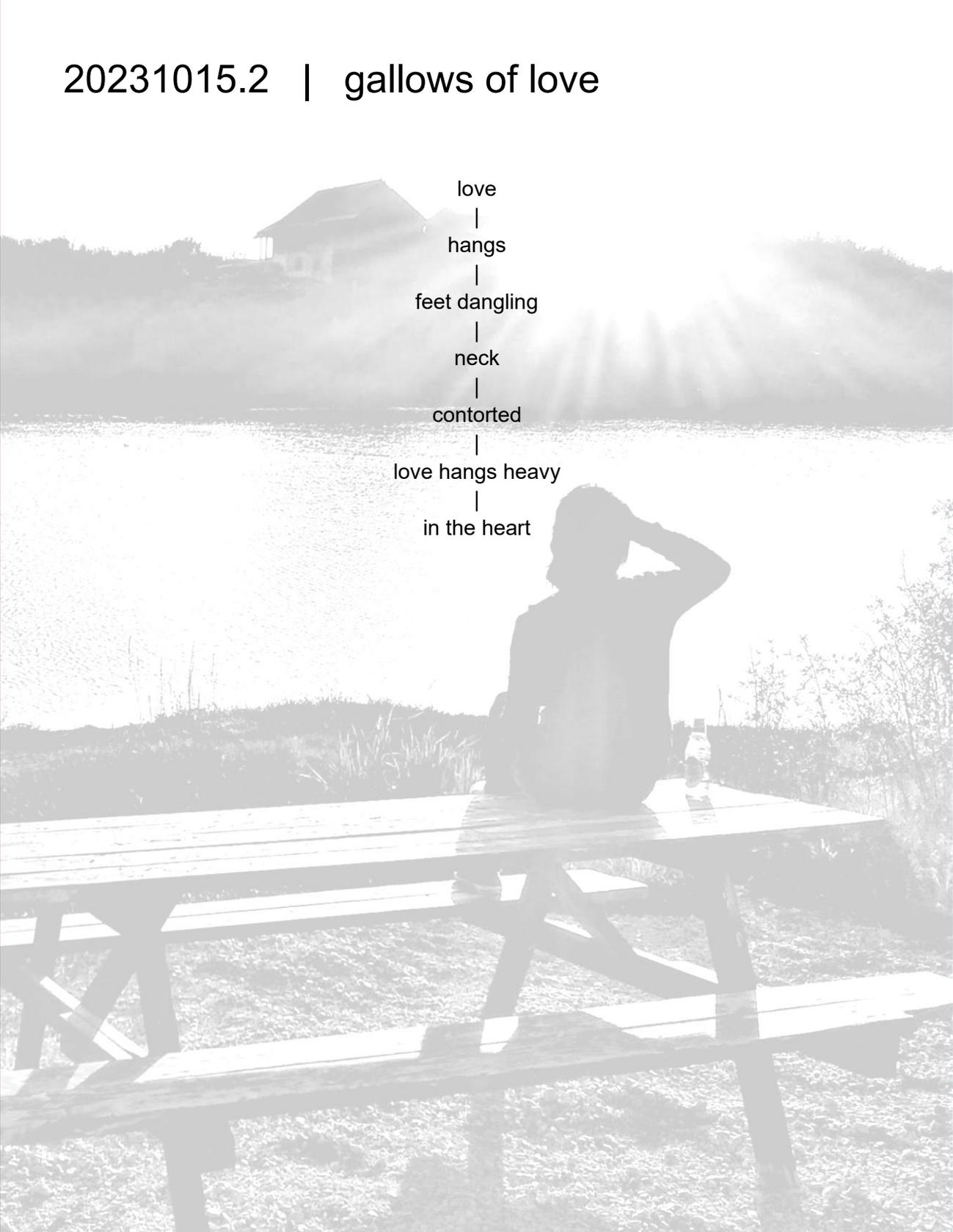
i am also not a man
who enjoys another's voice
constantly ringing in my ears

i want presence
and i want space

i am fucked



20231015.2 | gallows of love



love
|
hangs
|
feet dangling
|
neck
|
contorted
|
love hangs heavy
|
in the heart

20231015.3 | imagery of poetry

[sections quoted or adapted from other admired poets]

earthly fates

- Gary Snyder

loud omissions

- William Stafford

the chimney sweep

- W.H. Auden

the undertaker

the sanitary inspector

pause their work

for love

the wolf

- Maxine Kumin

ever pressing

lays lightly down

and sleeps

he blocks the wind raging from the south

- William Baer

leaning forward to kiss her lovely mouth

what is beautiful

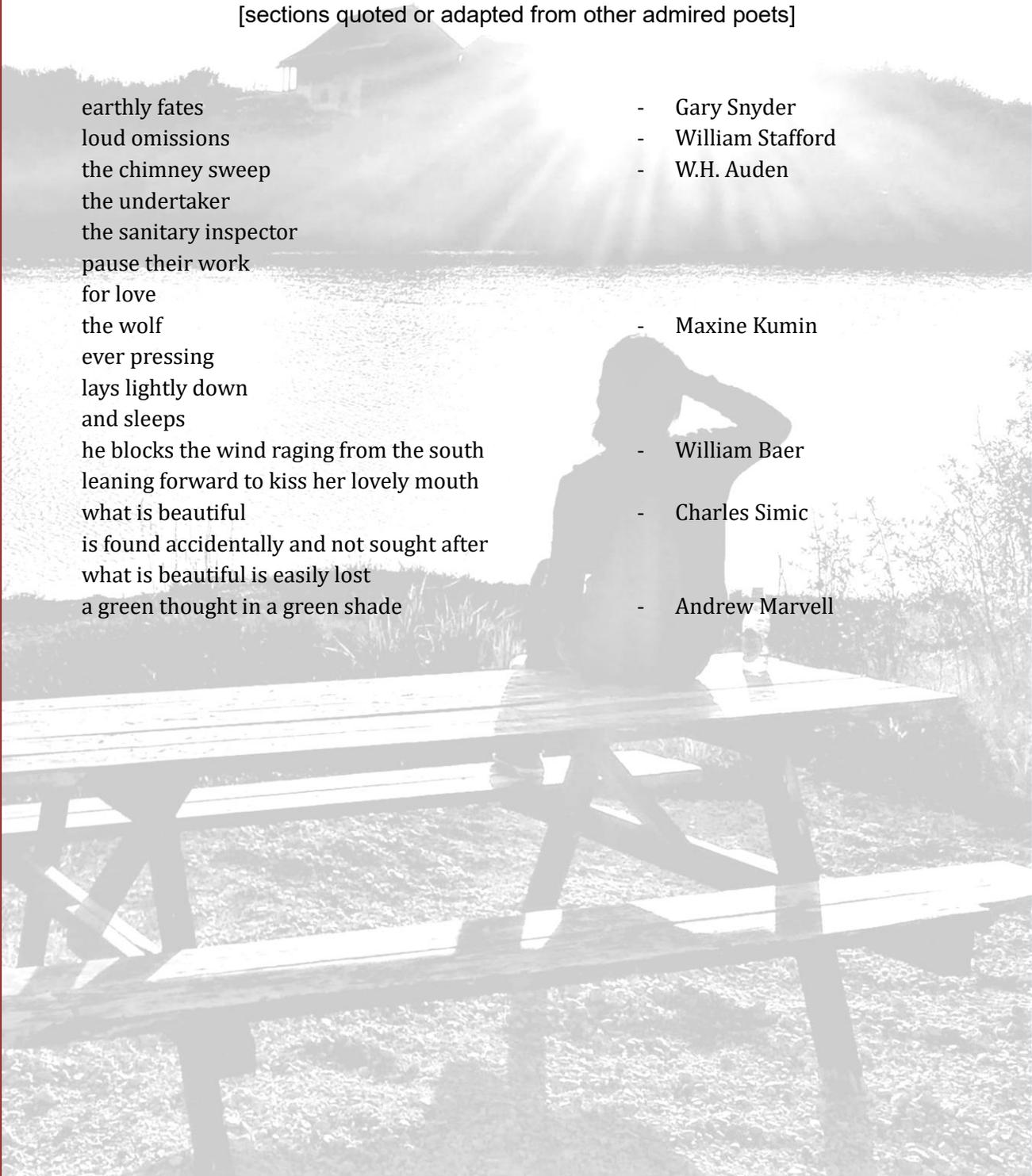
- Charles Simic

is found accidentally and not sought after

what is beautiful is easily lost

a green thought in a green shade

- Andrew Marvell



20231015.4 | winter is coming

the grasses have yellowed
and are laying sideways
on the meadow floor

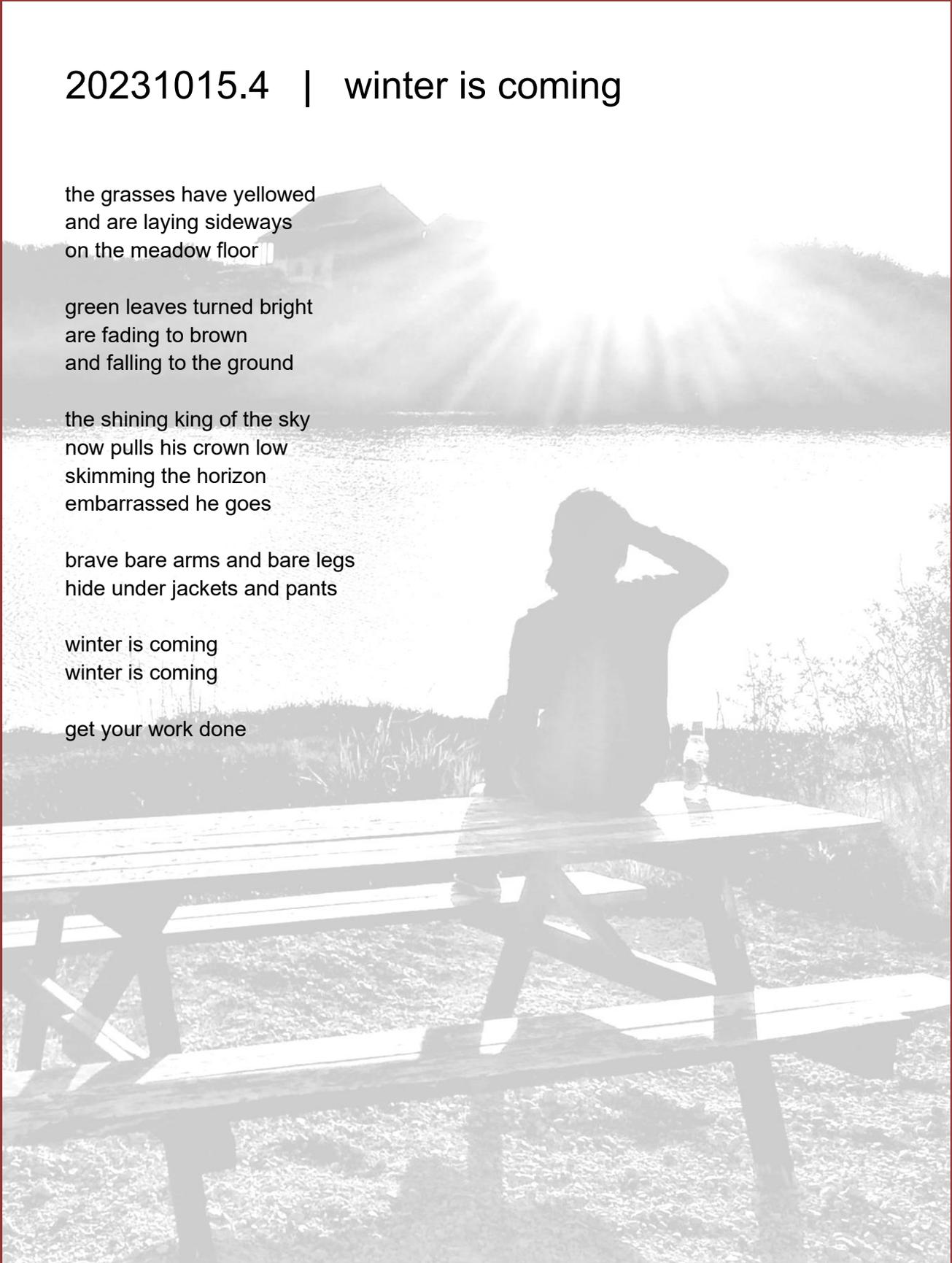
green leaves turned bright
are fading to brown
and falling to the ground

the shining king of the sky
now pulls his crown low
skimming the horizon
embarrassed he goes

brave bare arms and bare legs
hide under jackets and pants

winter is coming
winter is coming

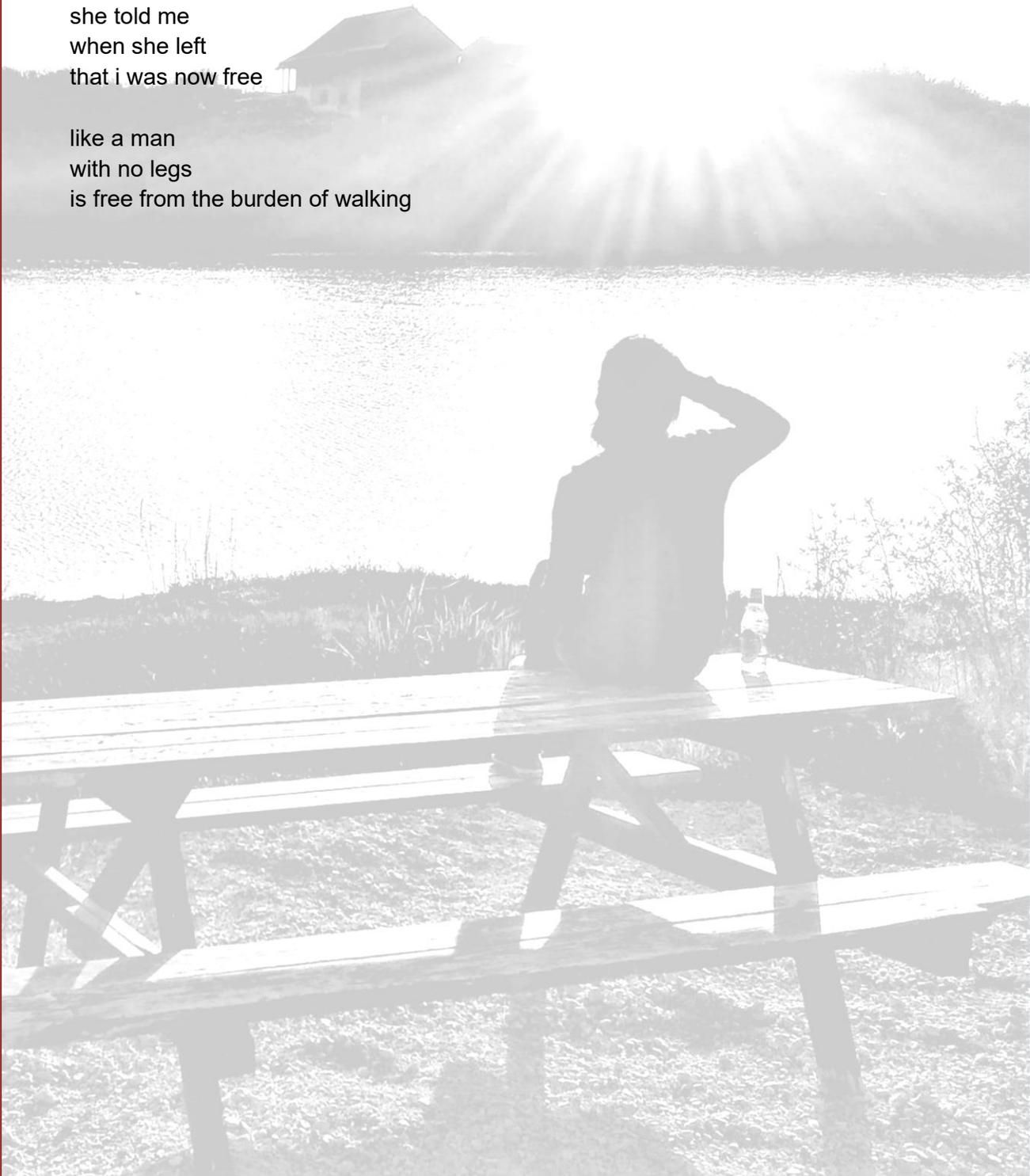
get your work done



20231015.5 | now free

she told me
when she left
that i was now free

like a man
with no legs
is free from the burden of walking



20231027.1 | inheritance is empty

"Oh, if instead she'd left to me
the thing she took into the grave! ---"

Edna St. Vincent Millay

they give the spark of life
they give the labor of love
to raise a child
they provide food
shelter
instruction

they are the emergency responders
to our heart, our health, our wallet, our panic, our pride

they pace with us
close or distant
most the decades of our life

then

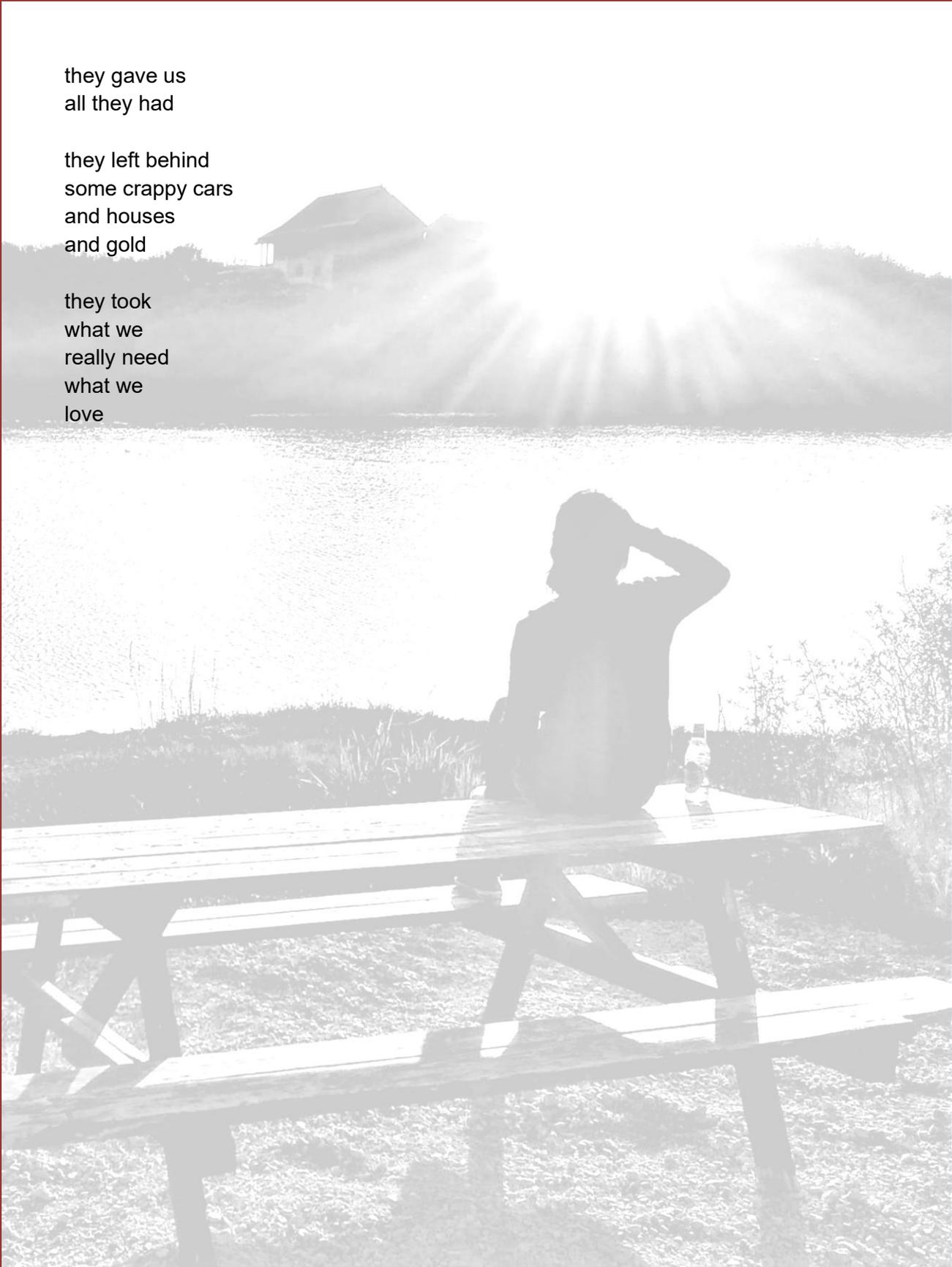
like a cold autumn evening
as the sun draws low
they pass
as wind through the trees

all that is left
is an arm not touched
frightening silence in empty ears
a swirling mind
a clenched chest
a crushed heart

they gave us
all they had

they left behind
some crappy cars
and houses
and gold

they took
what we
really need
what we
love

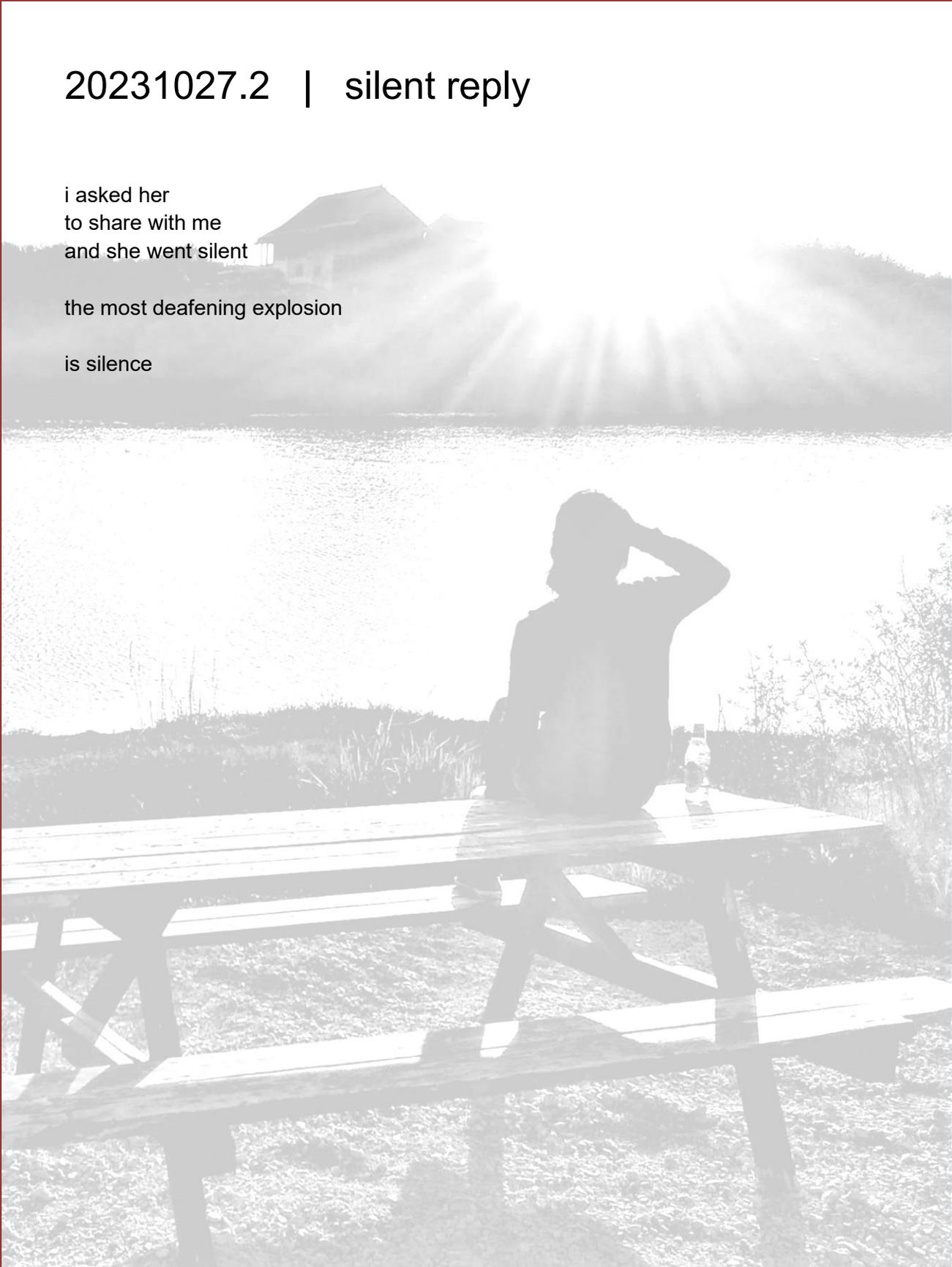


20231027.2 | silent reply

i asked her
to share with me
and she went silent

the most deafening explosion

is silence



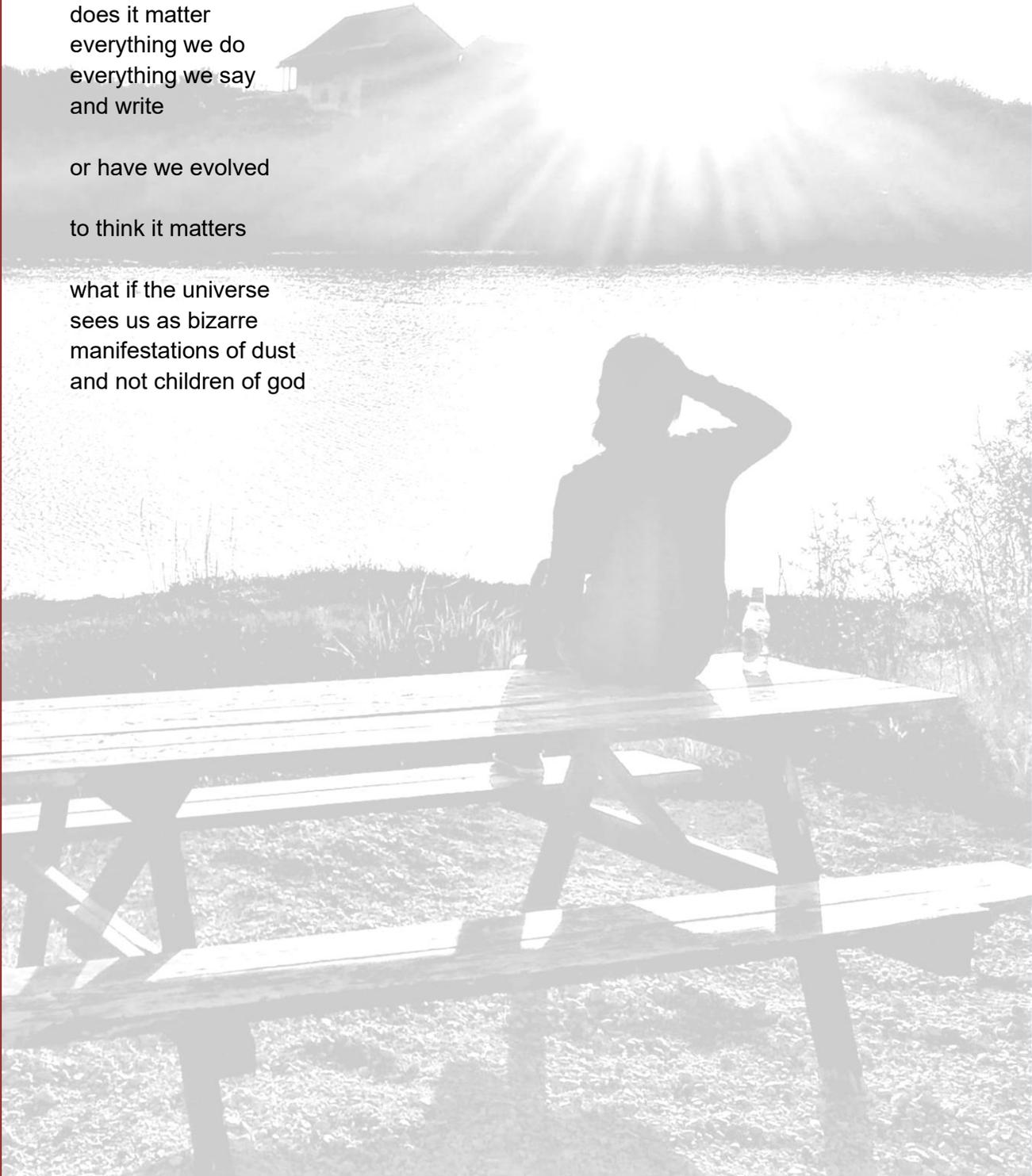
20231027.3 | what the universe sees

does it matter
everything we do
everything we say
and write

or have we evolved

to think it matters

what if the universe
sees us as bizarre
manifestations of dust
and not children of god



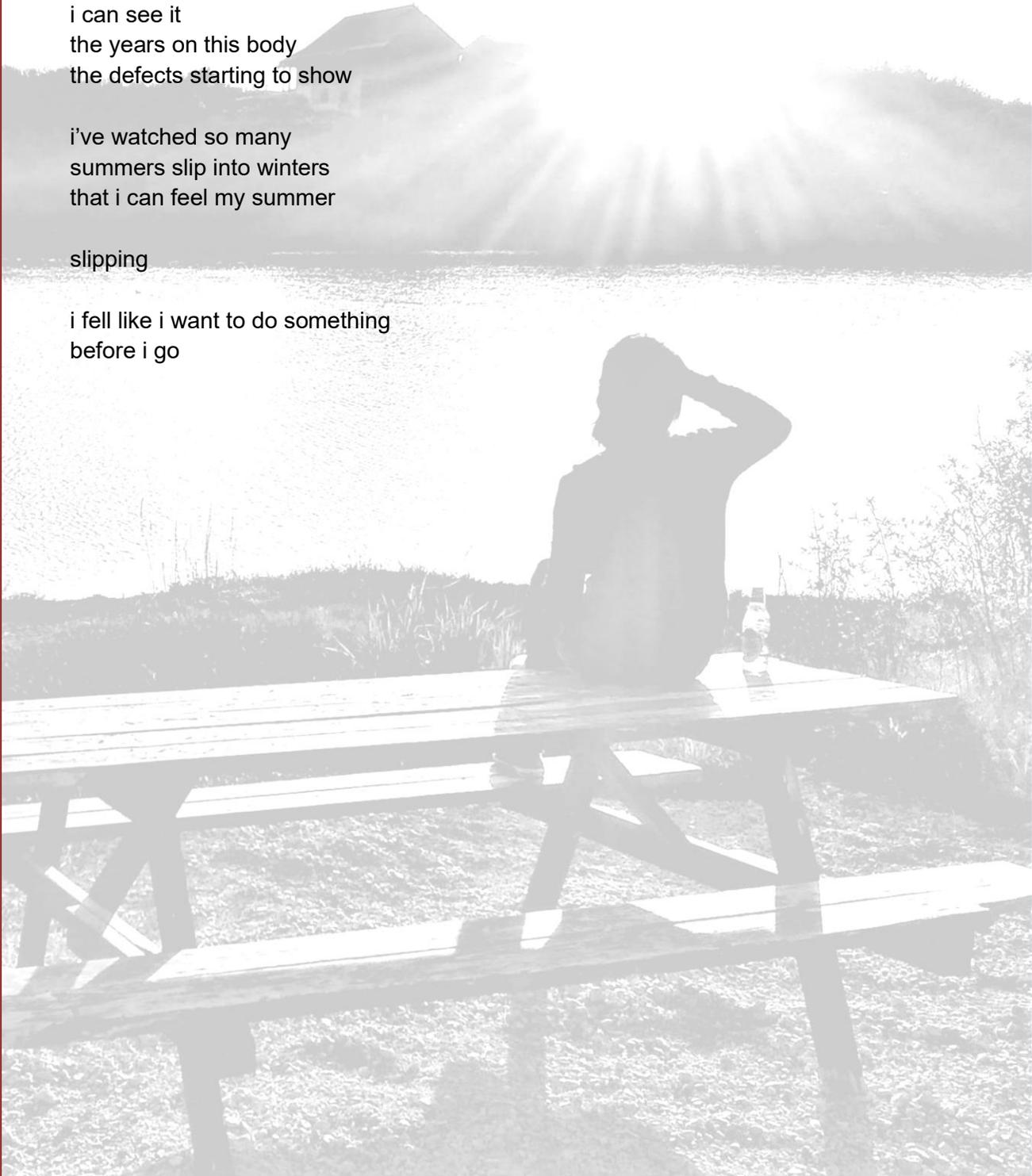
20231027.4 | before i go

i can see it
the years on this body
the defects starting to show

i've watched so many
summers slip into winters
that i can feel my summer

slipping

i fell like i want to do something
before i go



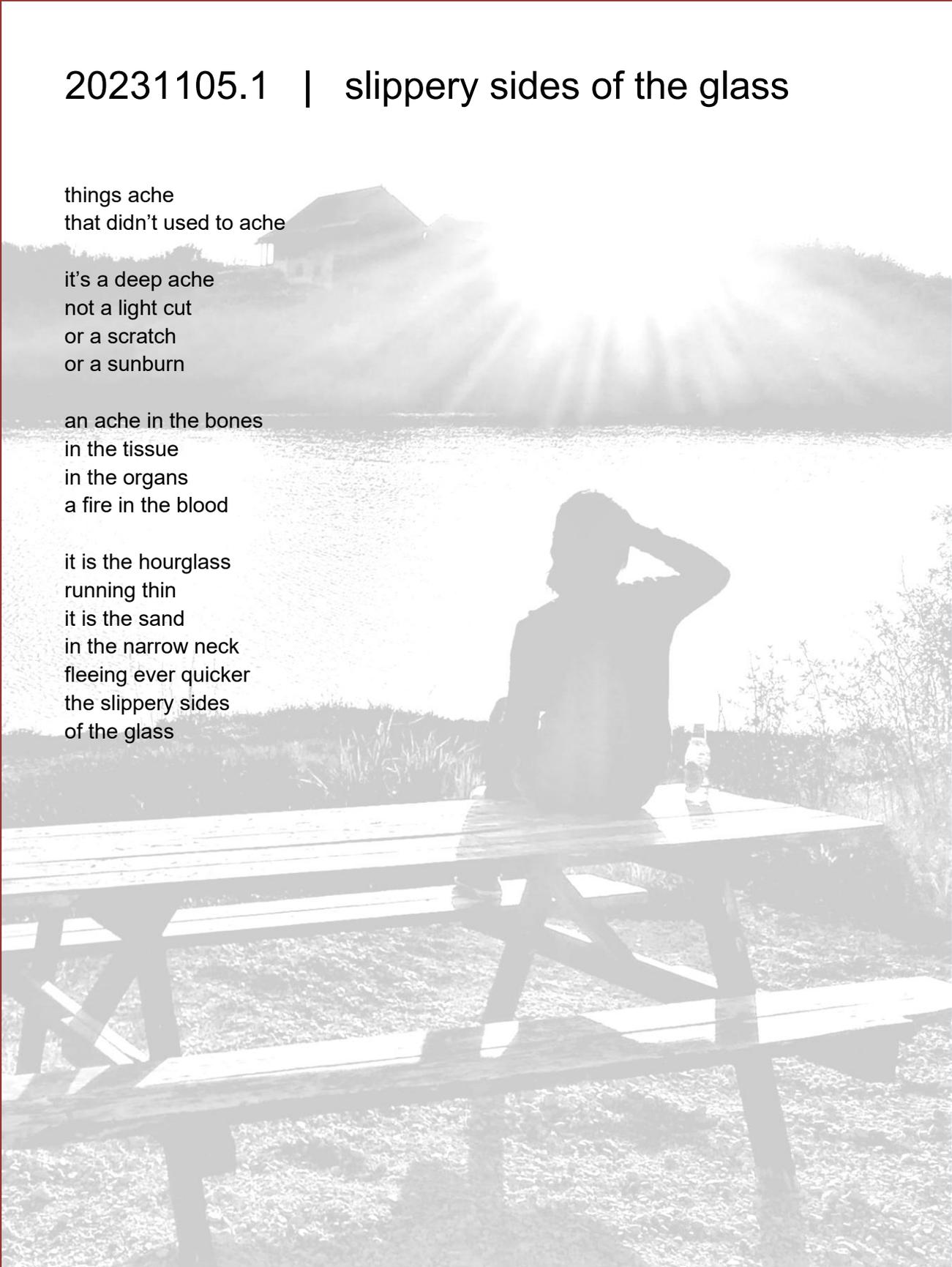
20231105.1 | slippery sides of the glass

things ache
that didn't used to ache

it's a deep ache
not a light cut
or a scratch
or a sunburn

an ache in the bones
in the tissue
in the organs
a fire in the blood

it is the hourglass
running thin
it is the sand
in the narrow neck
fleeing ever quicker
the slippery sides
of the glass



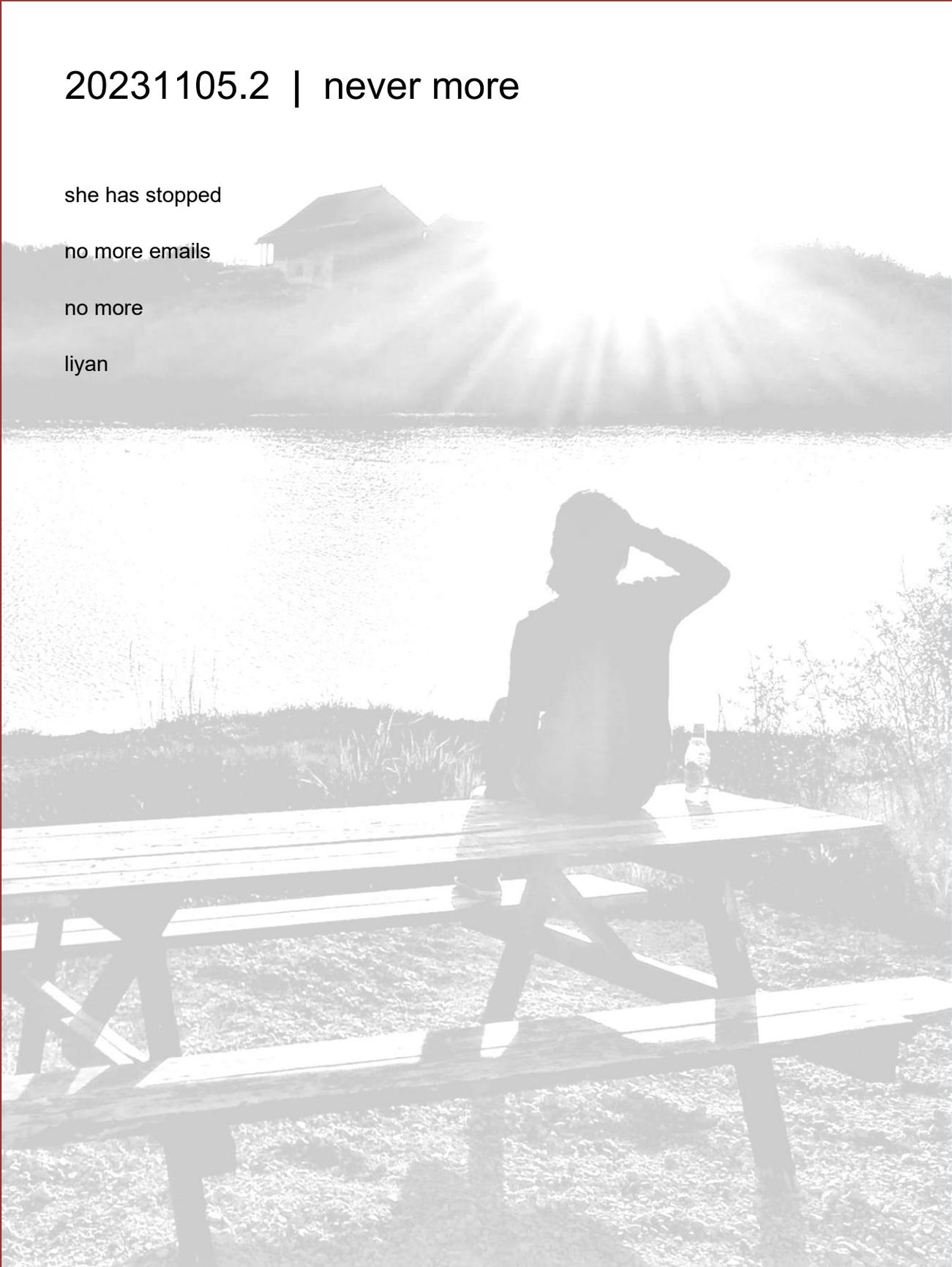
20231105.2 | never more

she has stopped

no more emails

no more

liyan



20231105.3 | wax figure

i have met a half dozen
nice women
on dating sites
in america
in utah

i have met a hundred
nice women
on dating sites
in asia

women saying hello
warm and willing
hoping

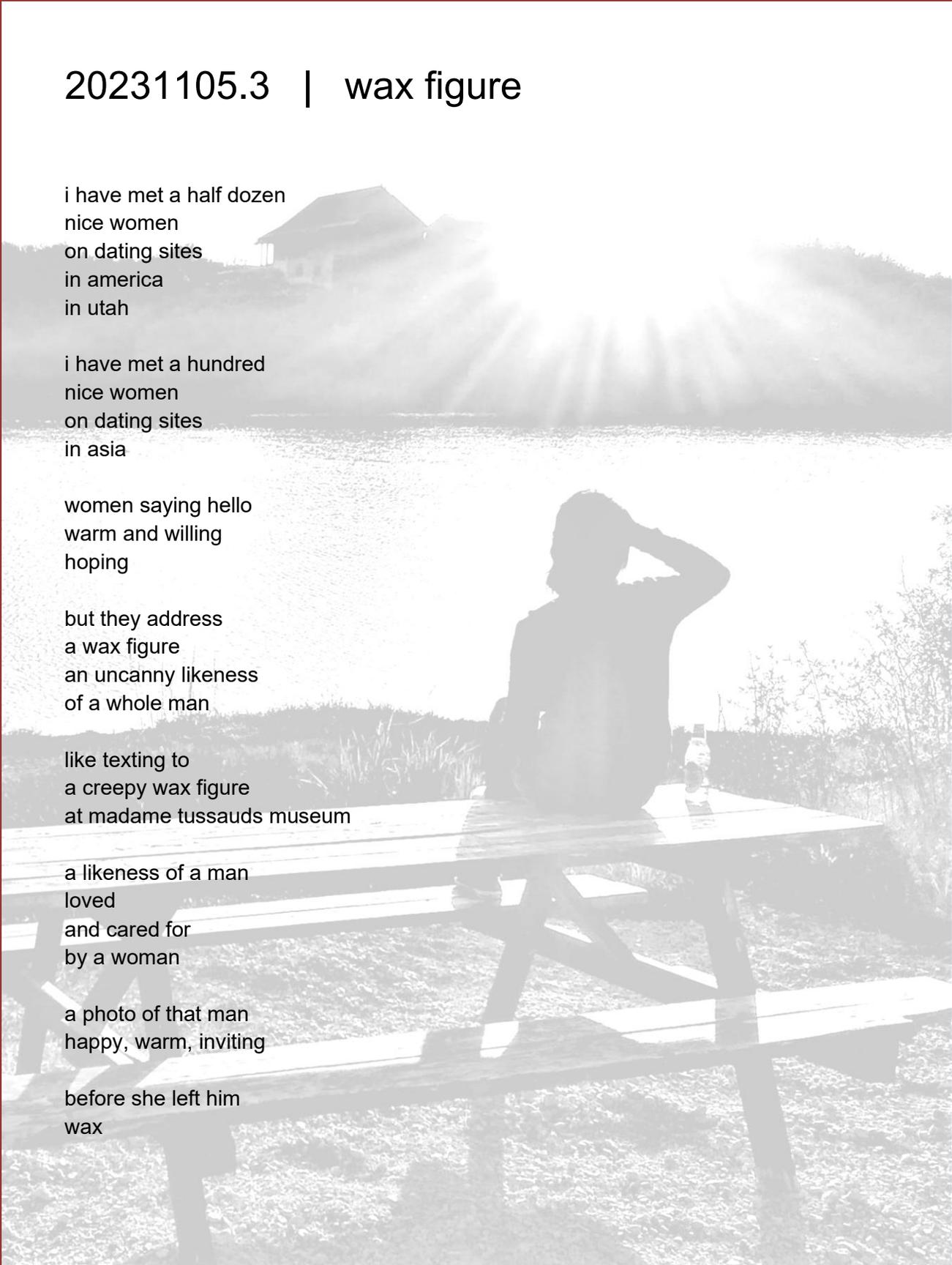
but they address
a wax figure
an uncanny likeness
of a whole man

like texting to
a creepy wax figure
at madame tussauds museum

a likeness of a man
loved
and cared for
by a woman

a photo of that man
happy, warm, inviting

before she left him
wax



20231105.4 | god in the void

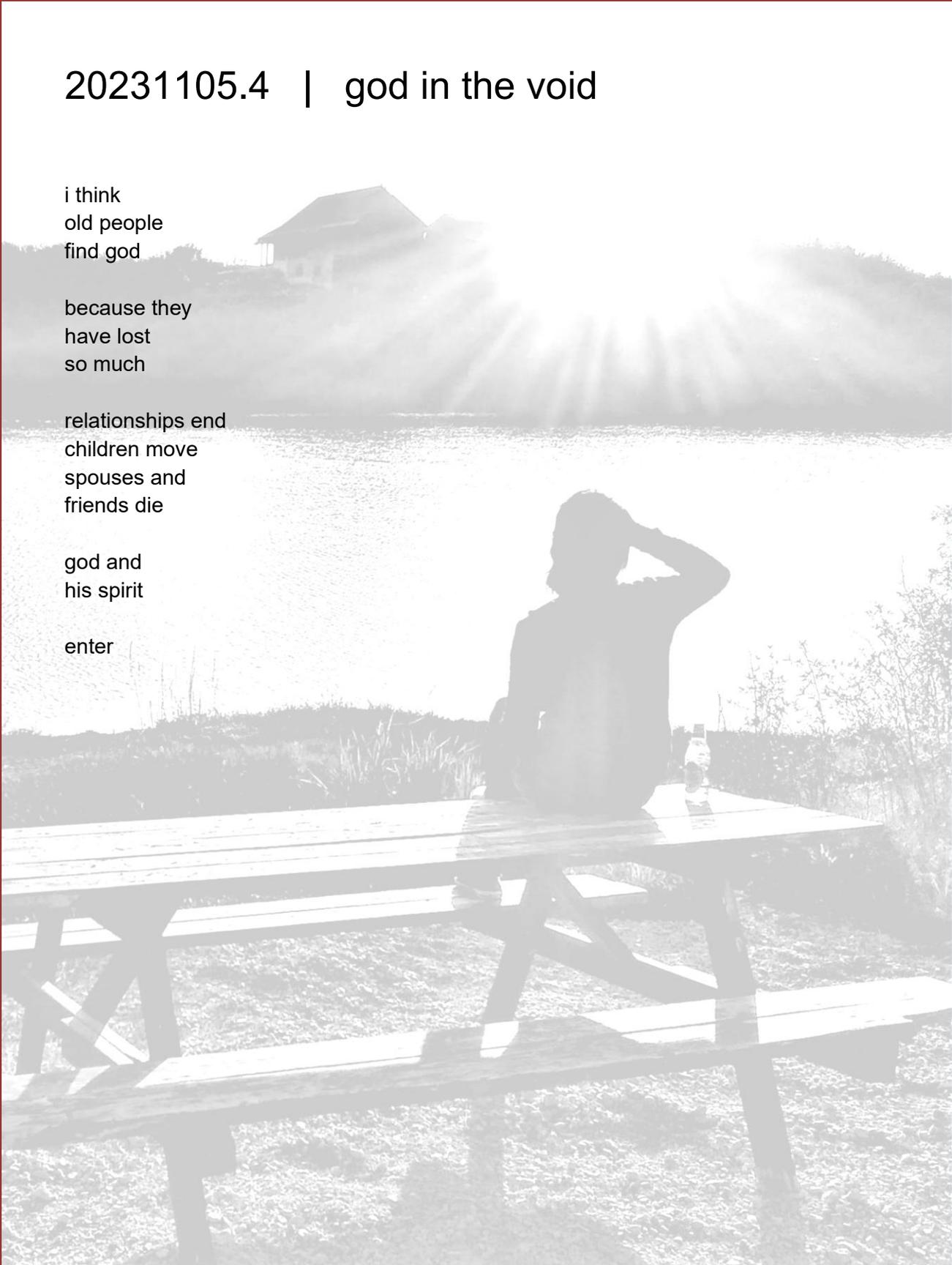
i think
old people
find god

because they
have lost
so much

relationships end
children move
spouses and
friends die

god and
his spirit

enter



20231111.1 | burying the past

i need a funeral
a day
dedicated for goodbye

i need to put it on the calendar
dread its arrival
announce it
make it public

close the house blinds
hide inside
mourning
light incense
send smoke and prayers
upward
cry
like i never knew
i could cry

the morning of that dreadful day
zombie walk into the shower
into the closet
into the car
into the chapel

sit on the front row
not a desired seat
at a funeral

stare at the polished
metal box
half open
half closed
not believing what's inside

stare at the box

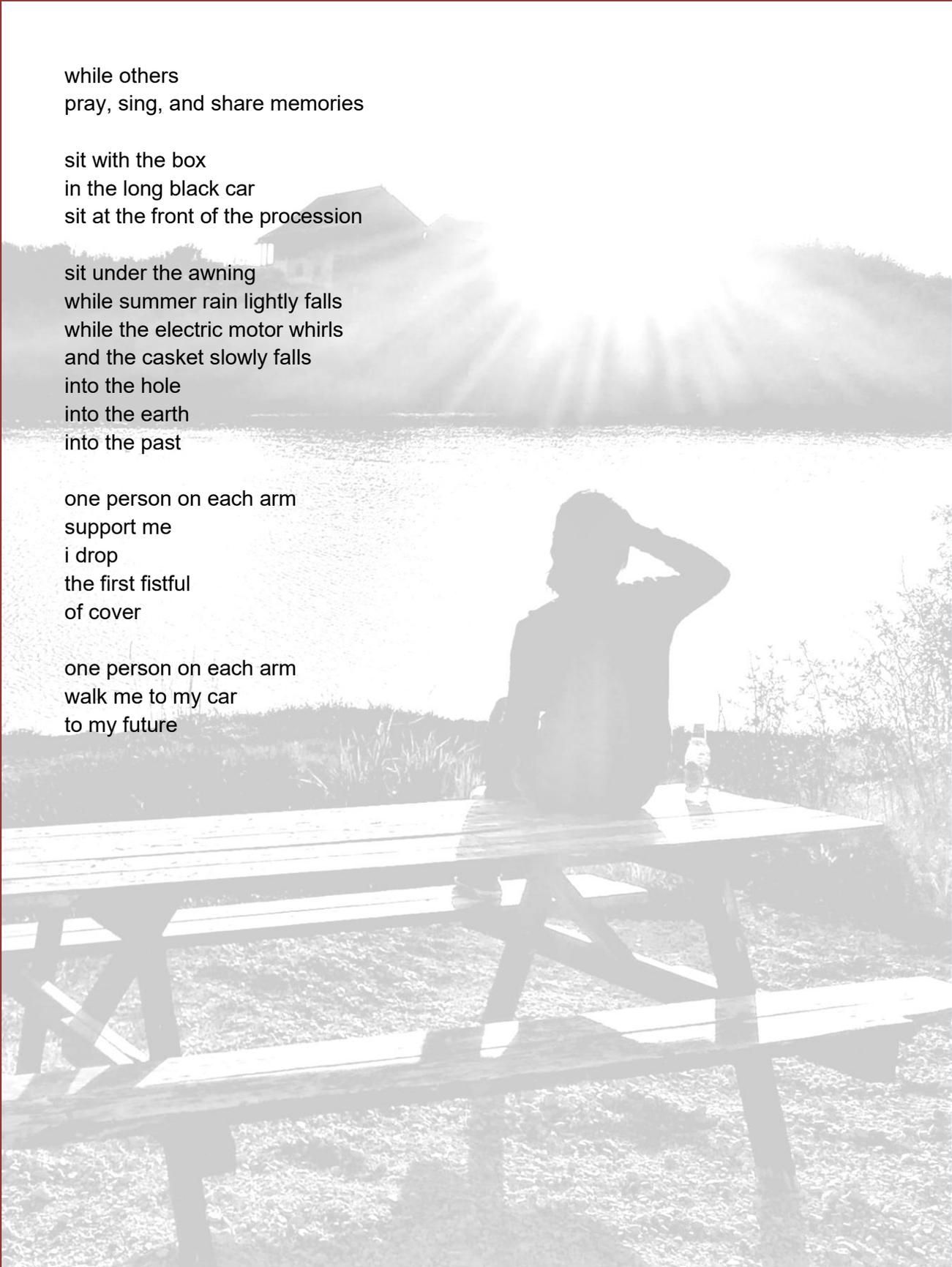
while others
pray, sing, and share memories

sit with the box
in the long black car
sit at the front of the procession

sit under the awning
while summer rain lightly falls
while the electric motor whirls
and the casket slowly falls
into the hole
into the earth
into the past

one person on each arm
support me
i drop
the first fistful
of cover

one person on each arm
walk me to my car
to my future



20231111.2 | a magical turn

people believe
because we want
a magical
turn
in our favor

we want
a pleasant
surprise

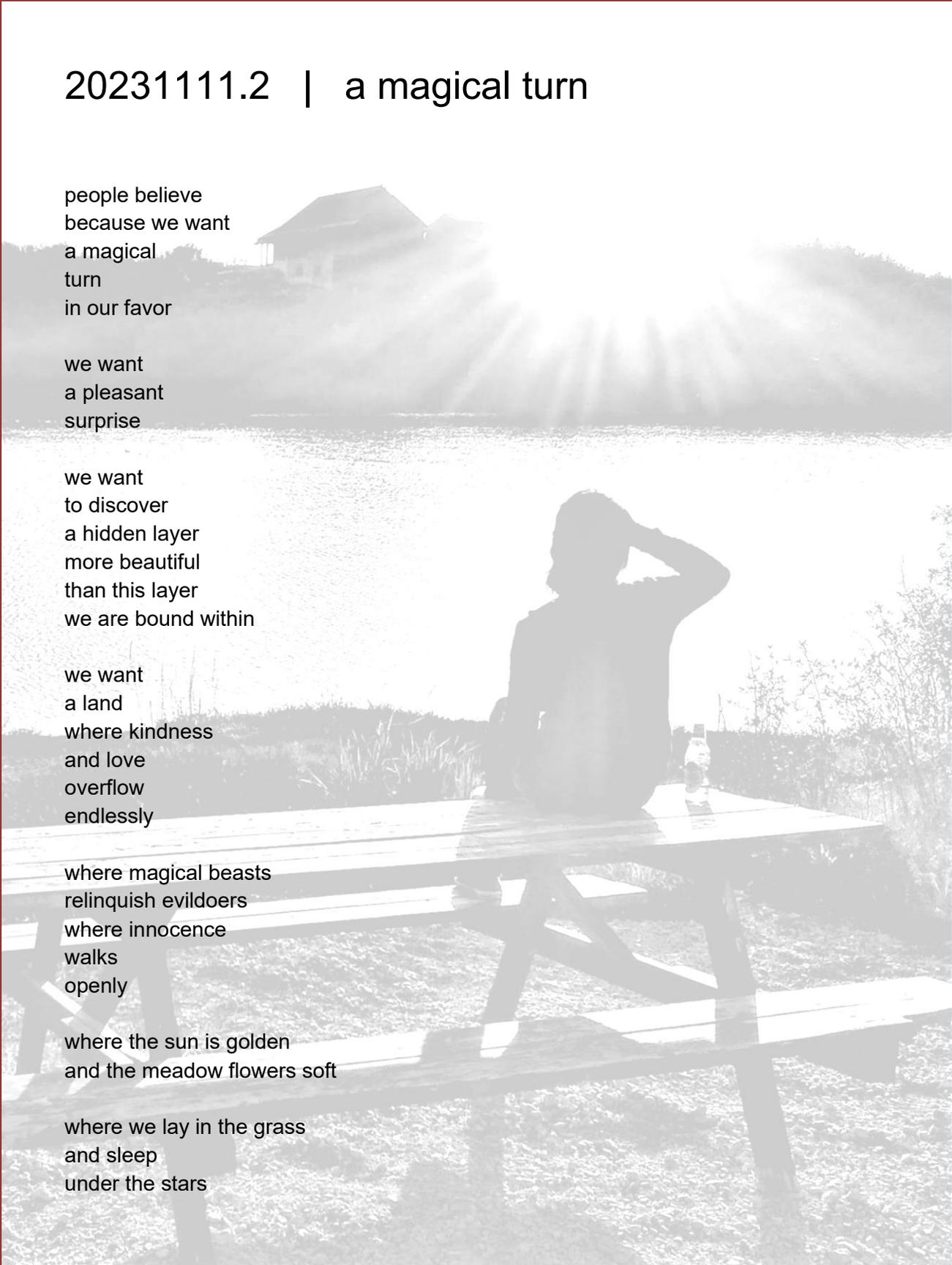
we want
to discover
a hidden layer
more beautiful
than this layer
we are bound within

we want
a land
where kindness
and love
overflow
endlessly

where magical beasts
relinquish evildoers
where innocence
walks
openly

where the sun is golden
and the meadow flowers soft

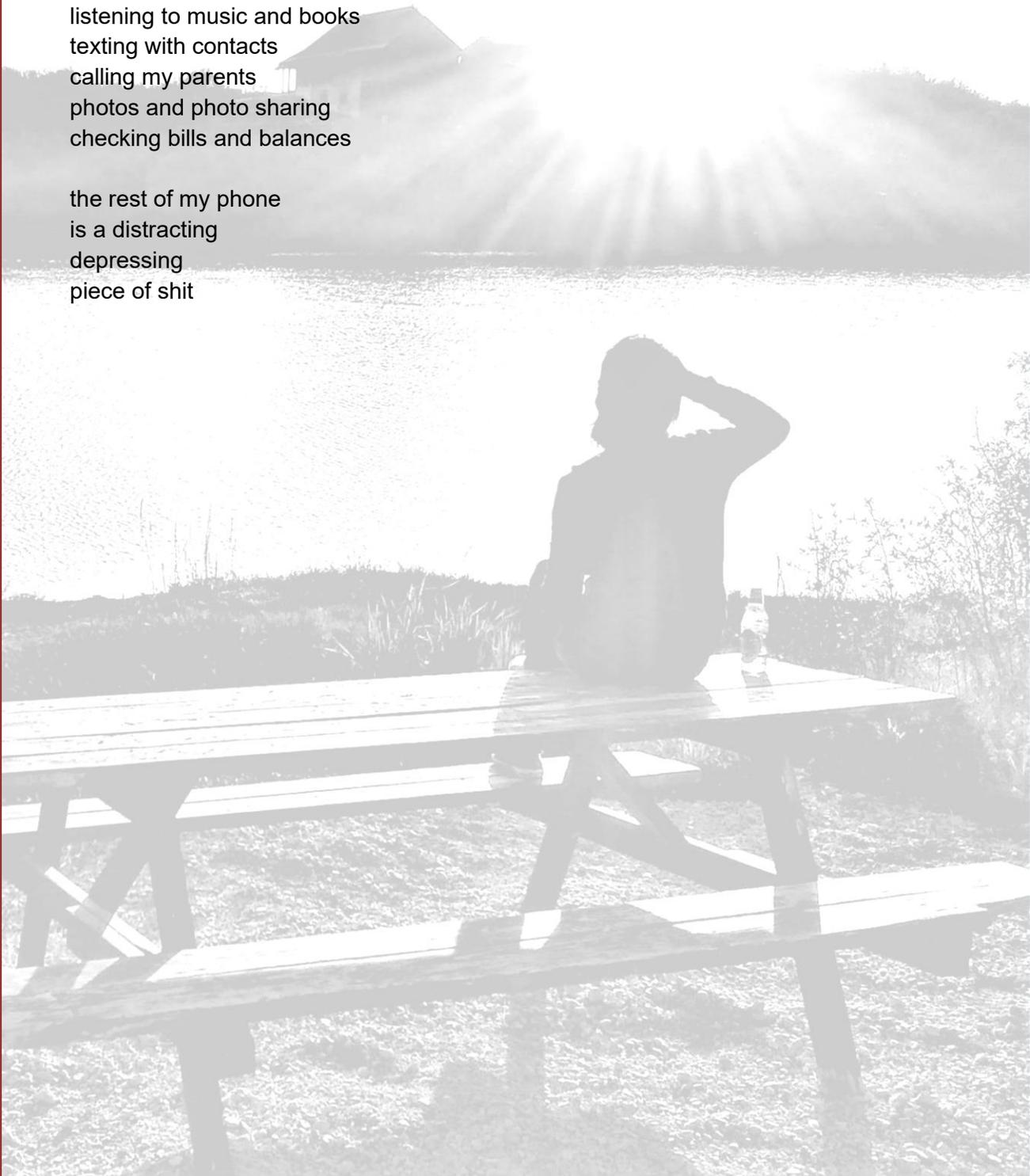
where we lay in the grass
and sleep
under the stars



20231111.3 | cell phone

listening to music and books
texting with contacts
calling my parents
photos and photo sharing
checking bills and balances

the rest of my phone
is a distracting
depressing
piece of shit

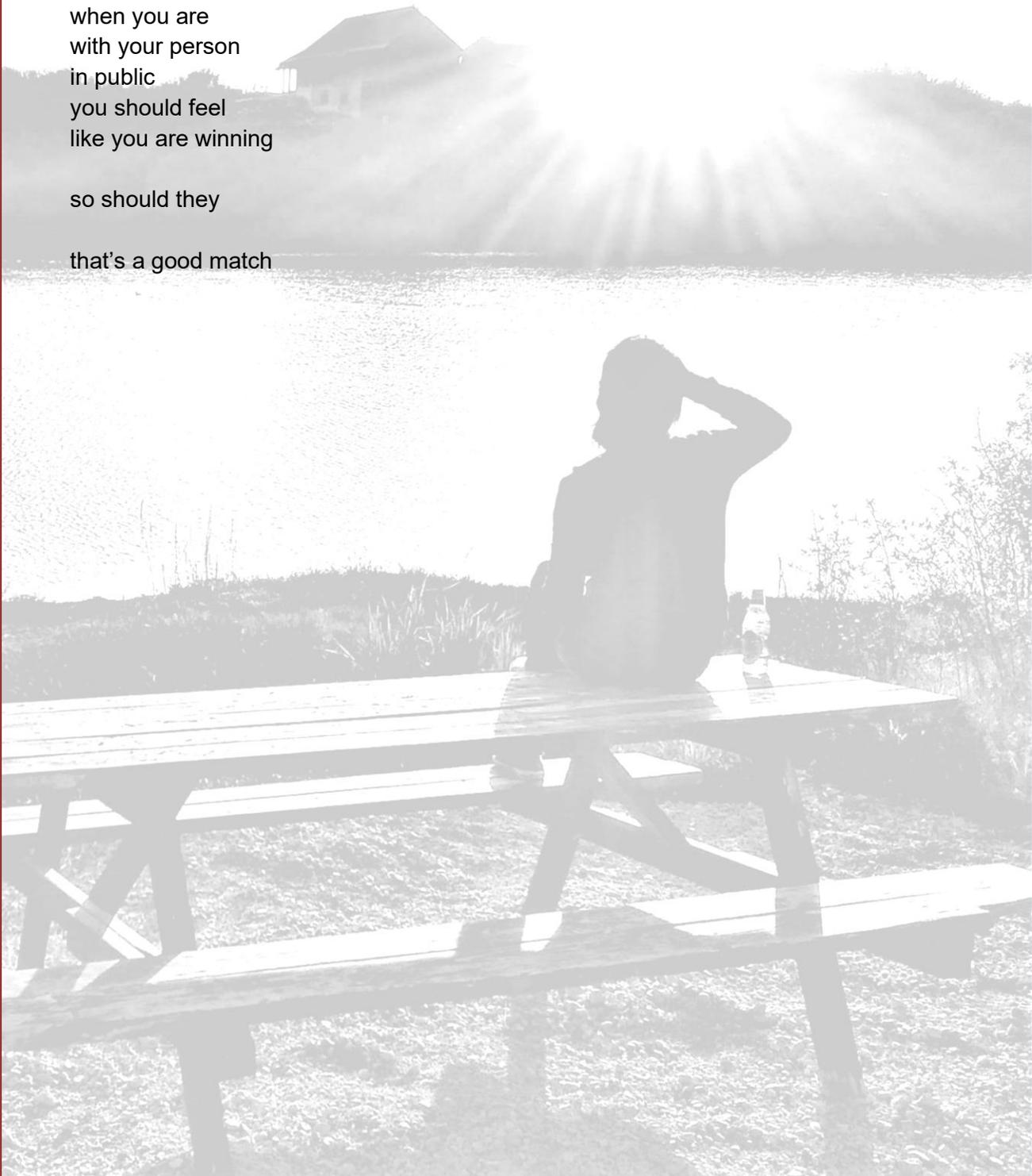


20231111.4 | good match

when you are
with your person
in public
you should feel
like you are winning

so should they

that's a good match



20231111.5 | as we sank

love

lore

soar

sore

more

moor

a warm feeling

a fake story

to fly free

to hurt deeply

adding to life

a boggy swamp

she walked back from the bathroom

in the dark

climbed into bed

pushing her front to my back

her arm and cold hand pressed

against my warm chest

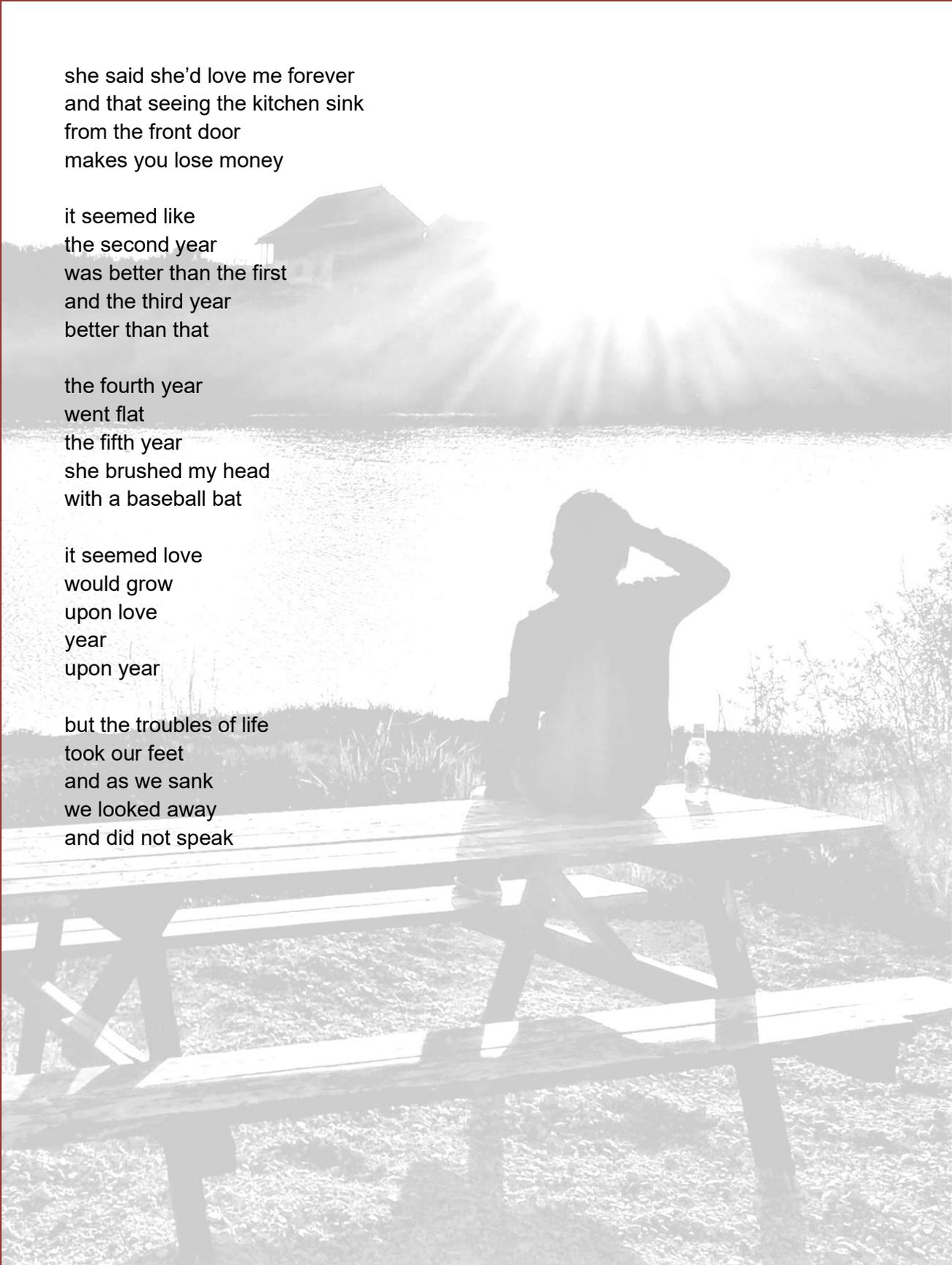
she said she'd love me forever
and that seeing the kitchen sink
from the front door
makes you lose money

it seemed like
the second year
was better than the first
and the third year
better than that

the fourth year
went flat
the fifth year
she brushed my head
with a baseball bat

it seemed love
would grow
upon love
year
upon year

but the troubles of life
took our feet
and as we sank
we looked away
and did not speak



20231116.1 | love transforms

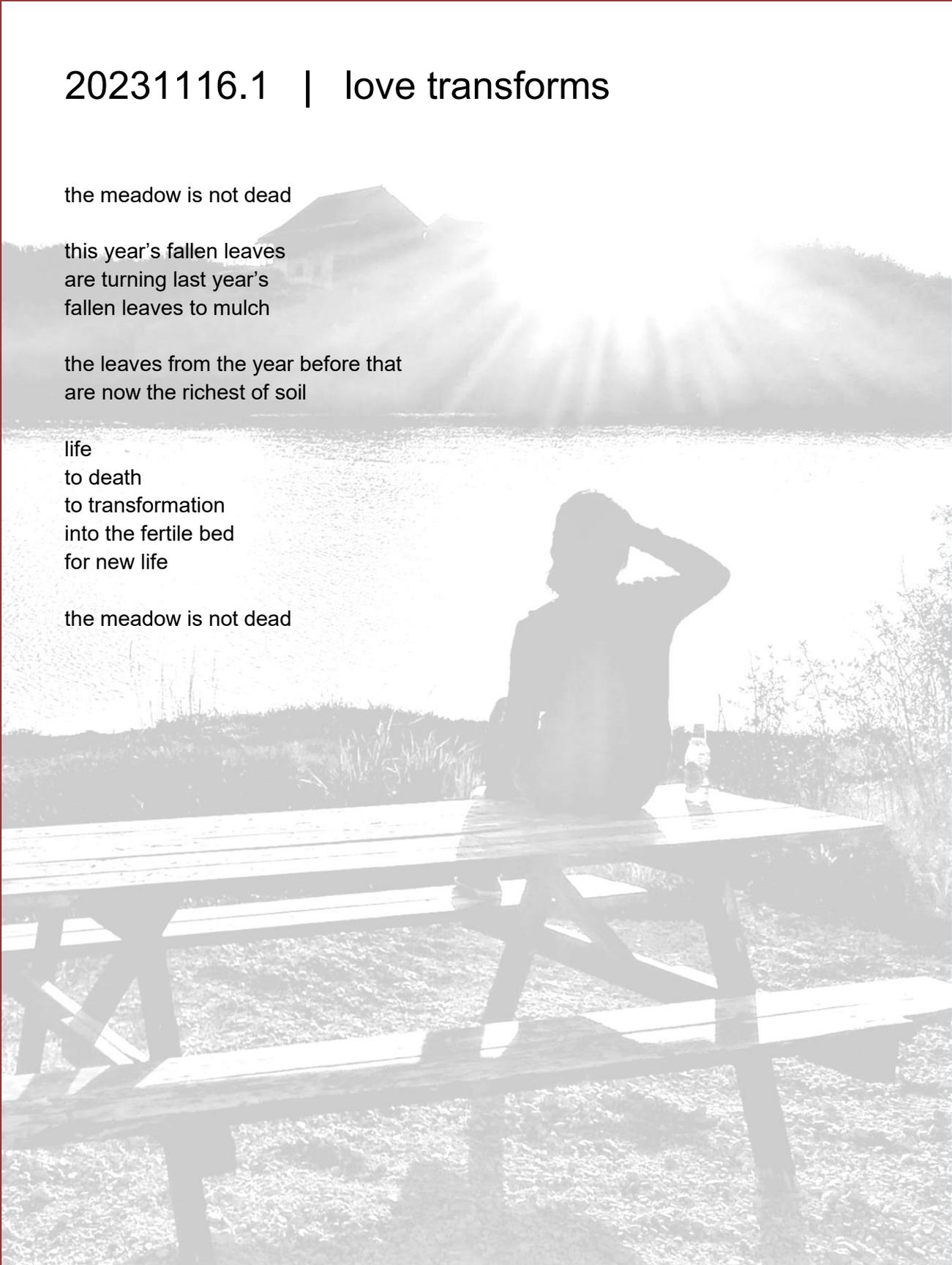
the meadow is not dead

this year's fallen leaves
are turning last year's
fallen leaves to mulch

the leaves from the year before that
are now the richest of soil

life
to death
to transformation
into the fertile bed
for new life

the meadow is not dead



20231118.1 | delusional projection

gald i
did not
know

the way it
all would
go

the curtain call
the ending of
the show

or is it
the ending of
act one

will our story
go
on

will we
keep
holding on

will we raise our voice
and sing
our song

will we make
our story
life long

Will we raise our voice
will we
sing our song

20231122.1 | into the darkness

we call into the darkness
the darkness is void
no reply
not even an echo

we reach into the darkness
and we reach
and reach
and never touch a thing

but then

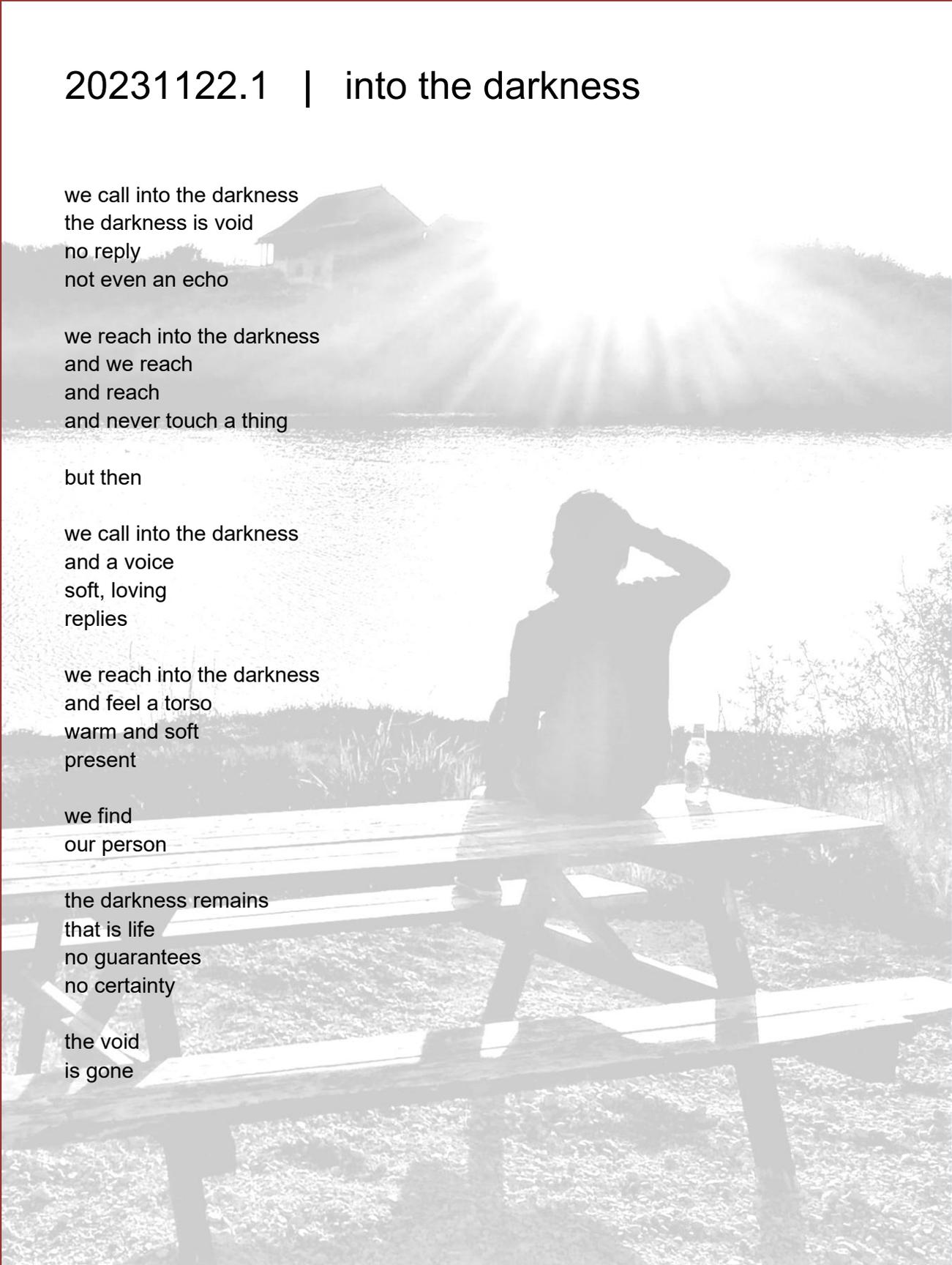
we call into the darkness
and a voice
soft, loving
replies

we reach into the darkness
and feel a torso
warm and soft
present

we find
our person

the darkness remains
that is life
no guarantees
no certainty

the void
is gone

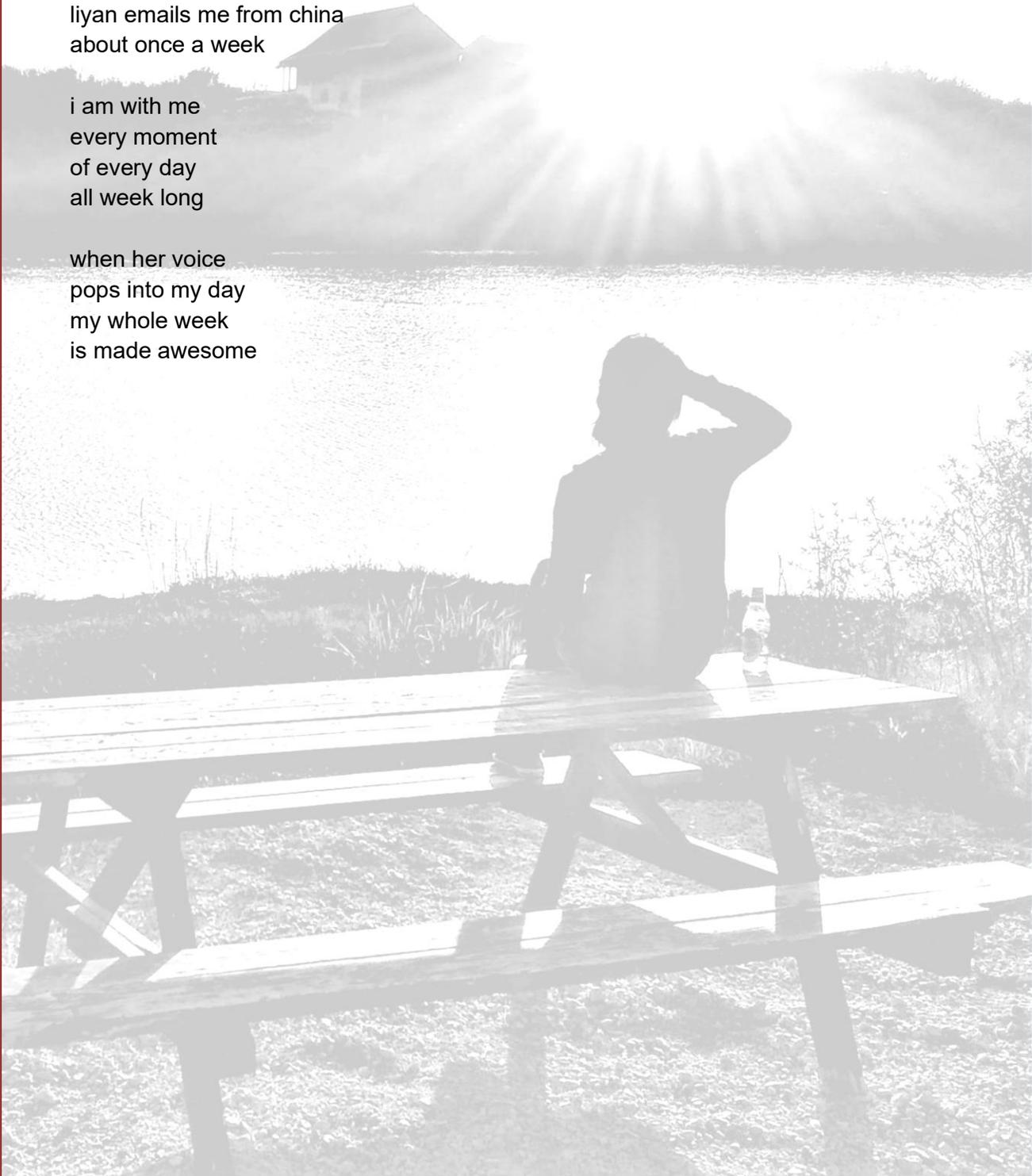


20231122.2 | a moment of sunlight

liyan emails me from china
about once a week

i am with me
every moment
of every day
all week long

when her voice
pops into my day
my whole week
is made awesome



20231122.3 | a shadow made of light

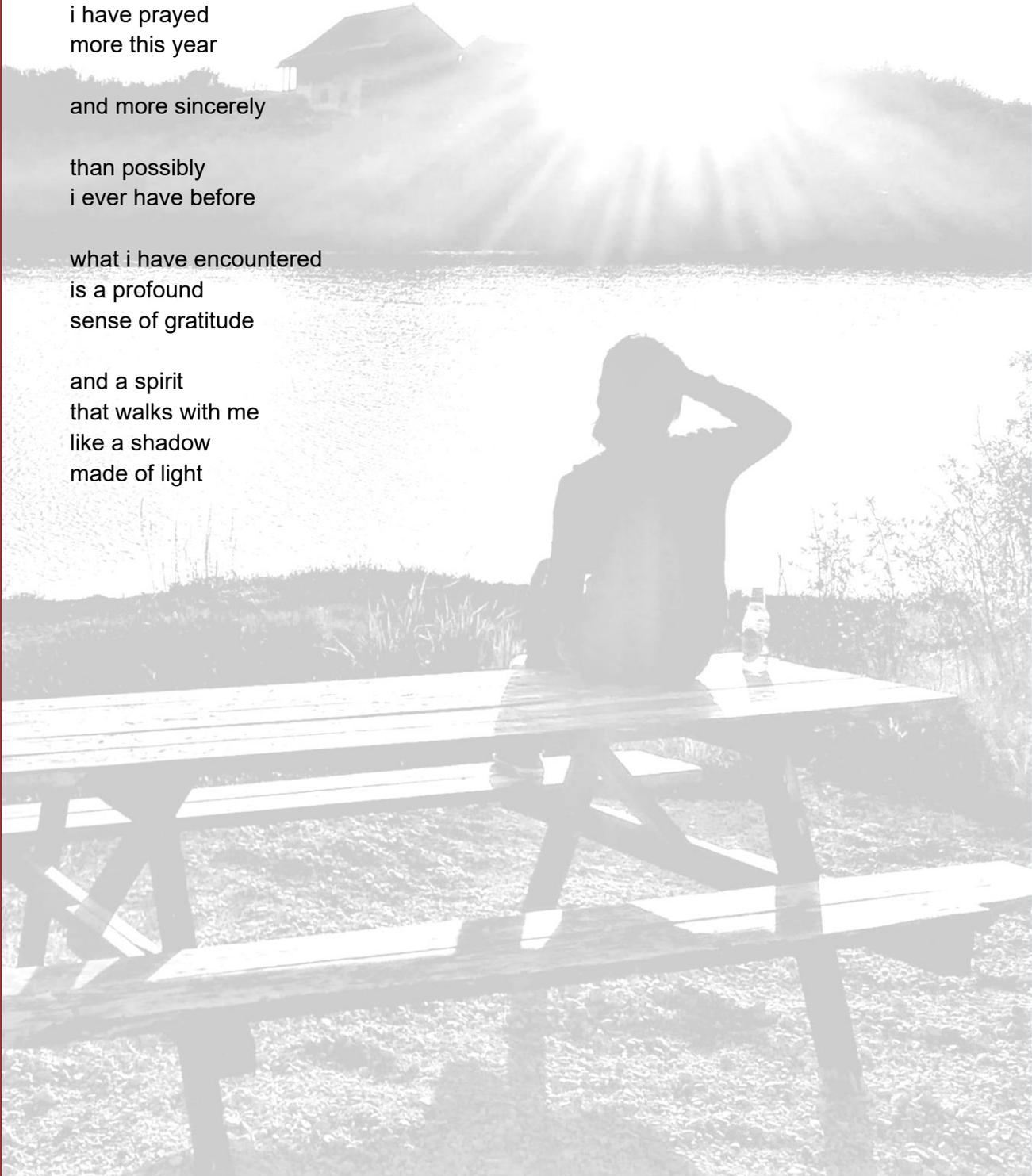
i have prayed
more this year

and more sincerely

than possibly
i ever have before

what i have encountered
is a profound
sense of gratitude

and a spirit
that walks with me
like a shadow
made of light



20231123.1 | love or eat

151 jobs applied for
137 companies covered

1 company
1 job

said yes

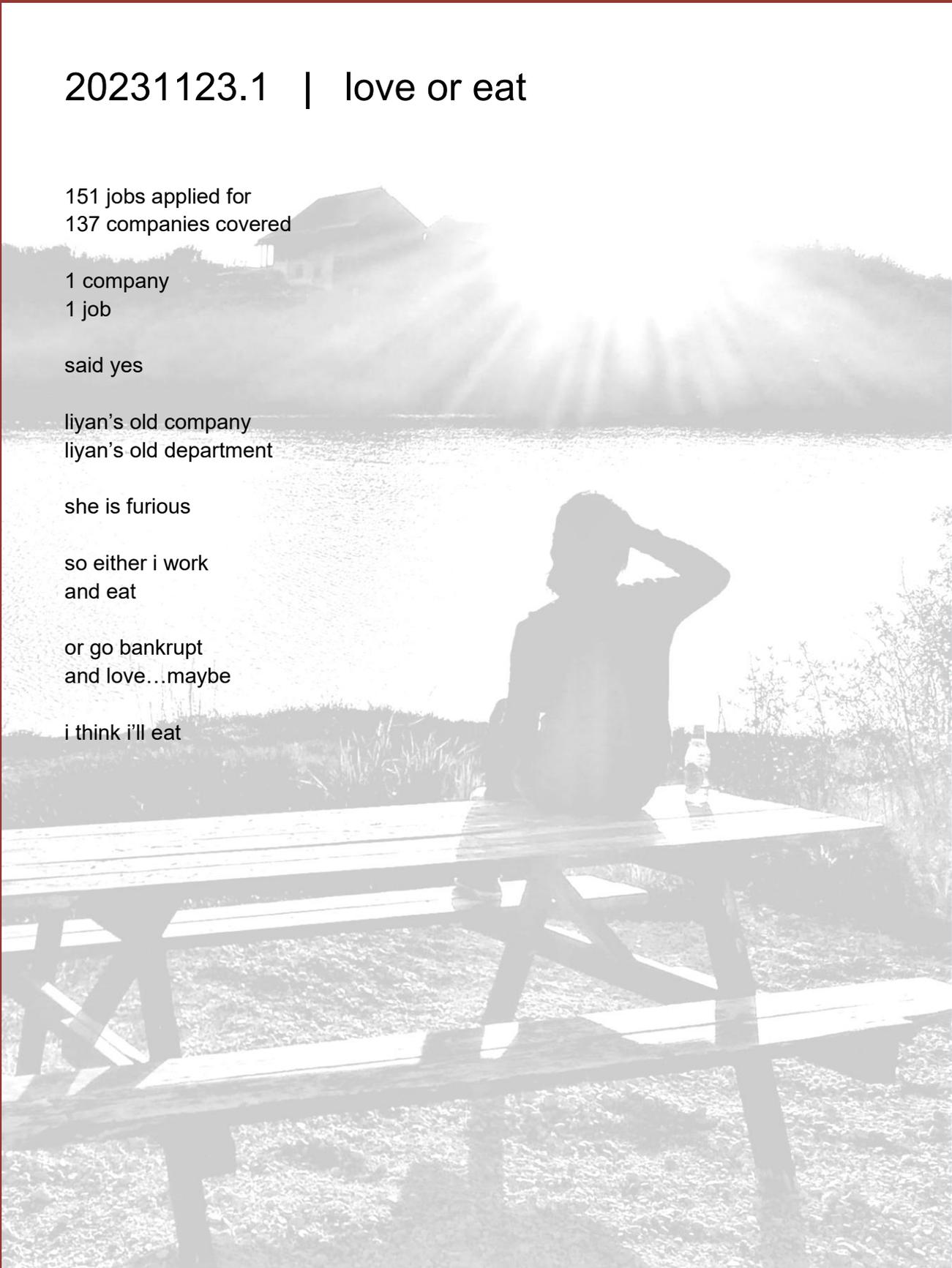
liyan's old company
liyan's old department

she is furious

so either i work
and eat

or go bankrupt
and love...maybe

i think i'll eat



20231208.1 | end of day

pack your bags
make it quick

start your
love-end trip

close the door
close your heart

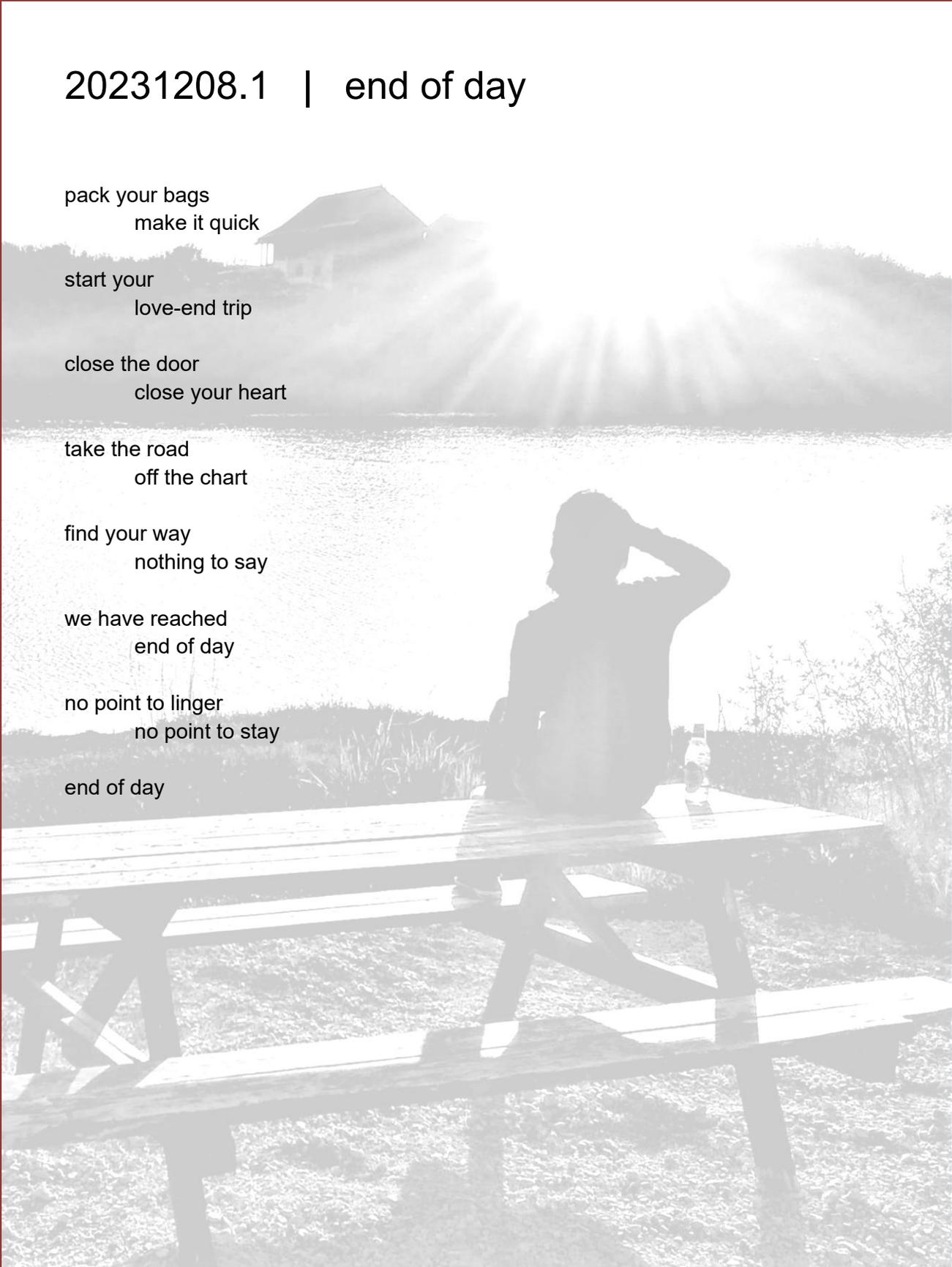
take the road
off the chart

find your way
nothing to say

we have reached
end of day

no point to linger
no point to stay

end of day



20231208.2 | spirits that follow you

spirits
that linger
with you

have
moved
away

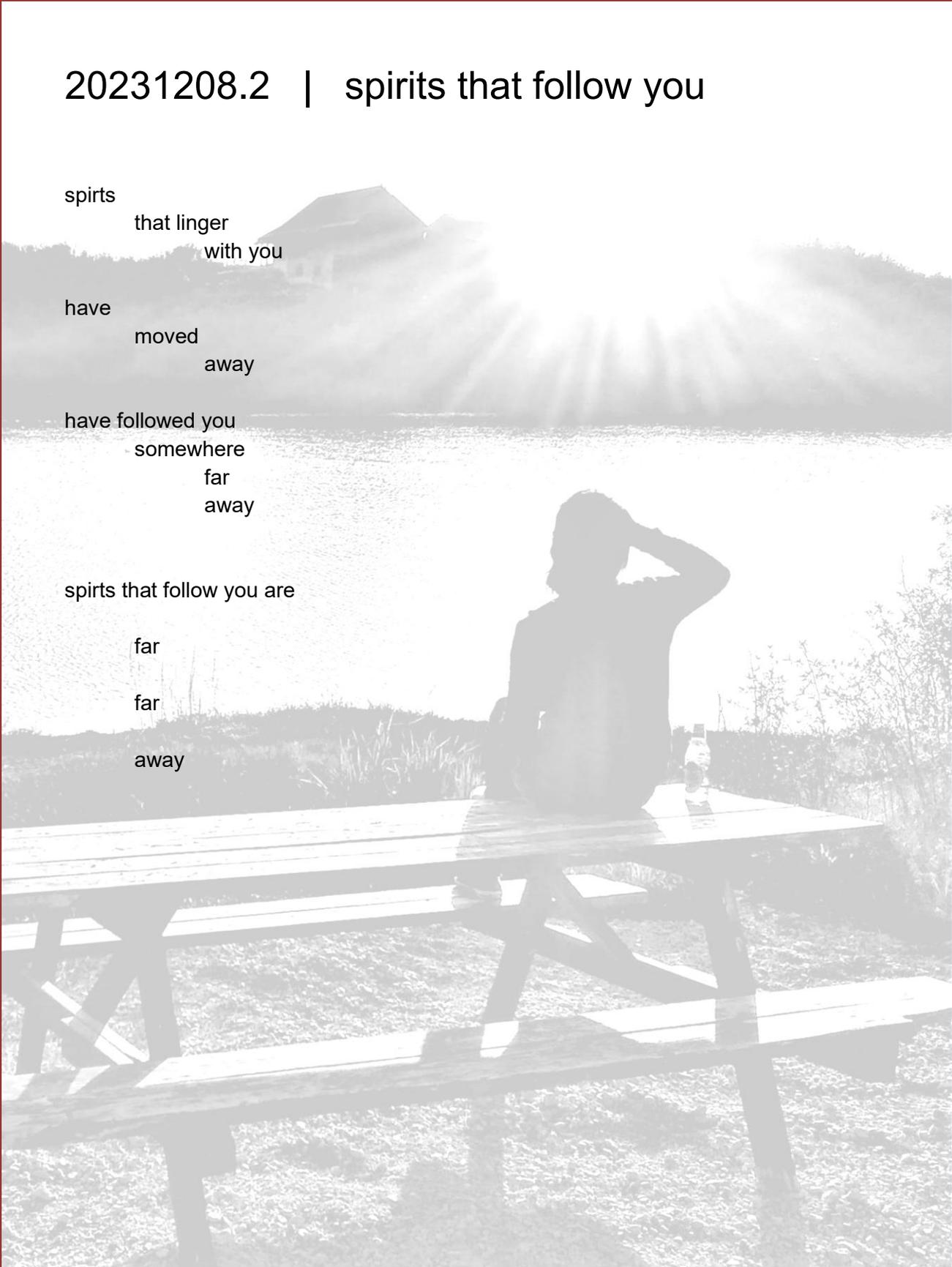
have followed you
somewhere
far
away

spirits that follow you are

far

far

away



20231208.3 | the small bedside table

the small table
by the bed
holds a lamp
my book
my glasses

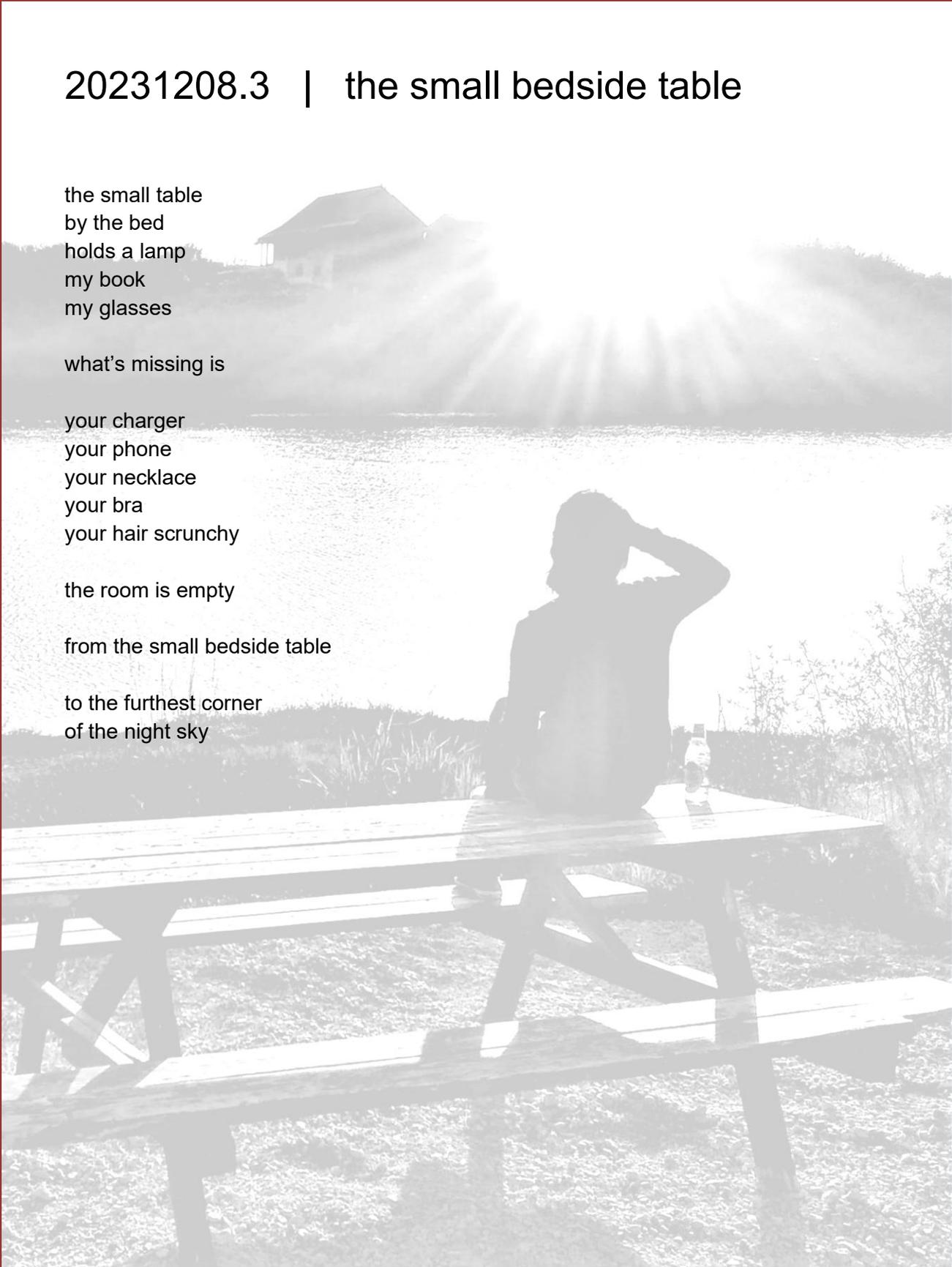
what's missing is

your charger
your phone
your necklace
your bra
your hair scrunchy

the room is empty

from the small bedside table

to the furthest corner
of the night sky



20231208.4 | what stays

time

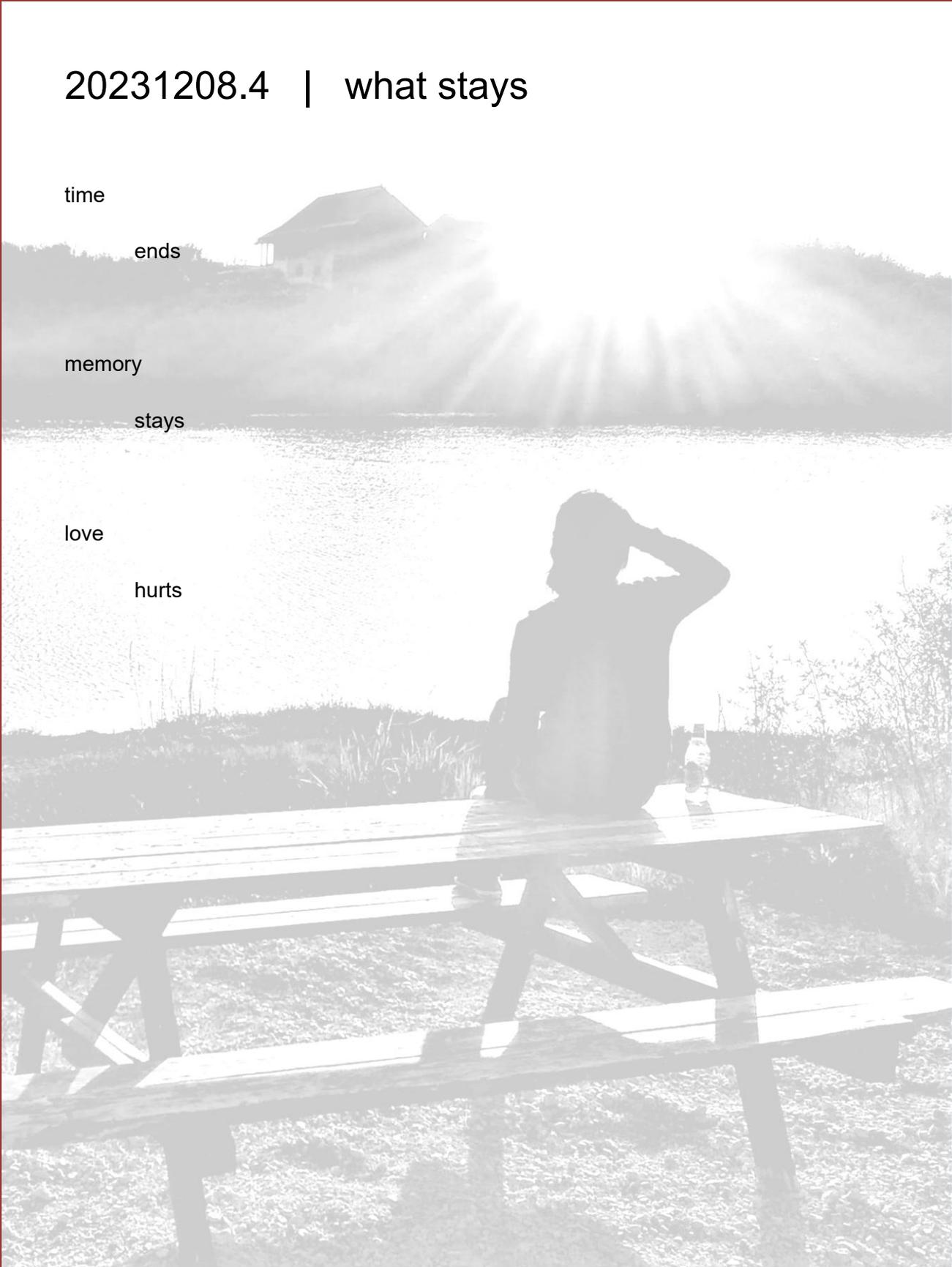
ends

memory

stays

love

hurts



20231216.1 | yang to yin

we met online
you smiled
we decided
to share our time

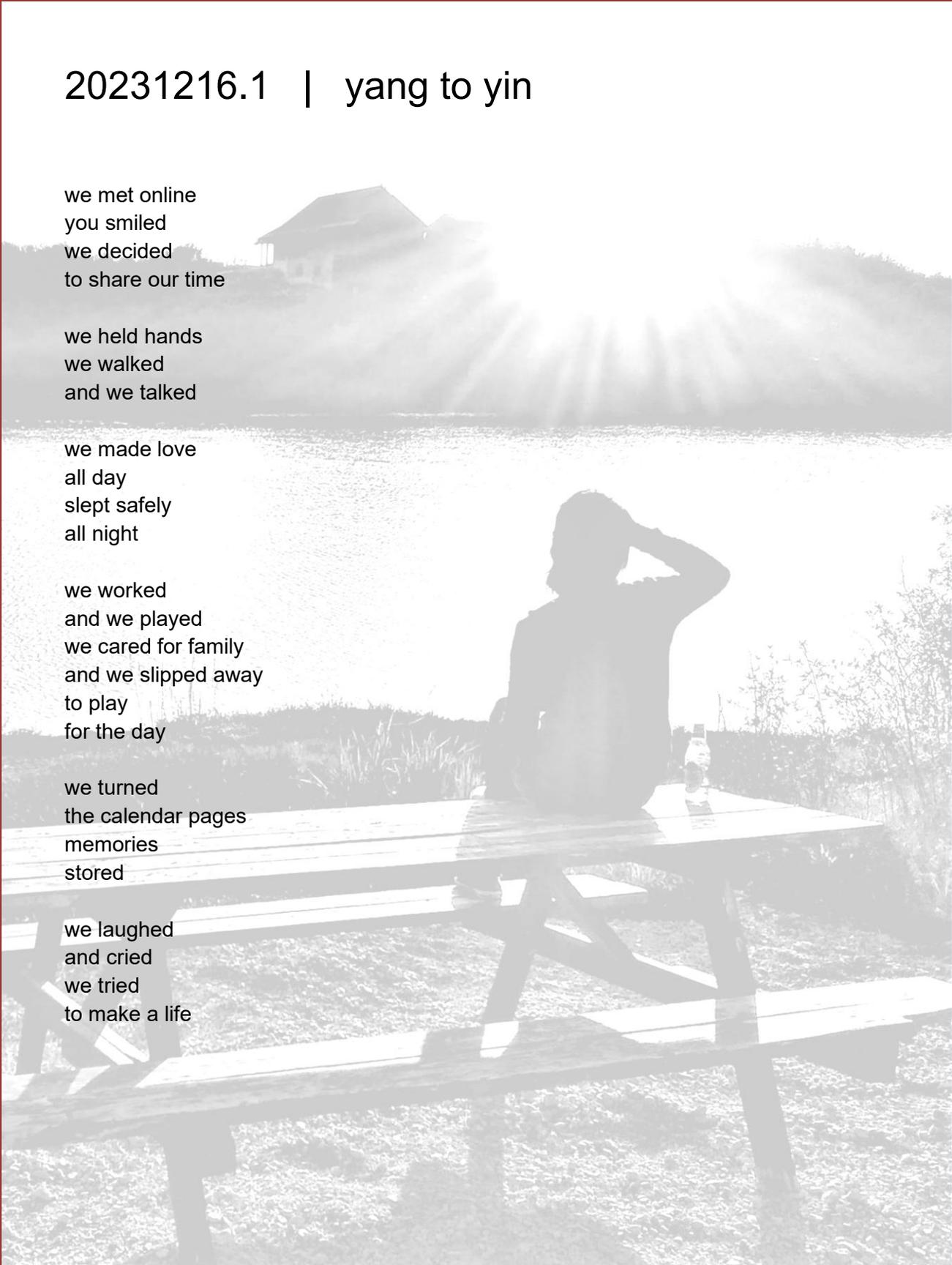
we held hands
we walked
and we talked

we made love
all day
slept safely
all night

we worked
and we played
we cared for family
and we slipped away
to play
for the day

we turned
the calendar pages
memories
stored

we laughed
and cried
we tried
to make a life



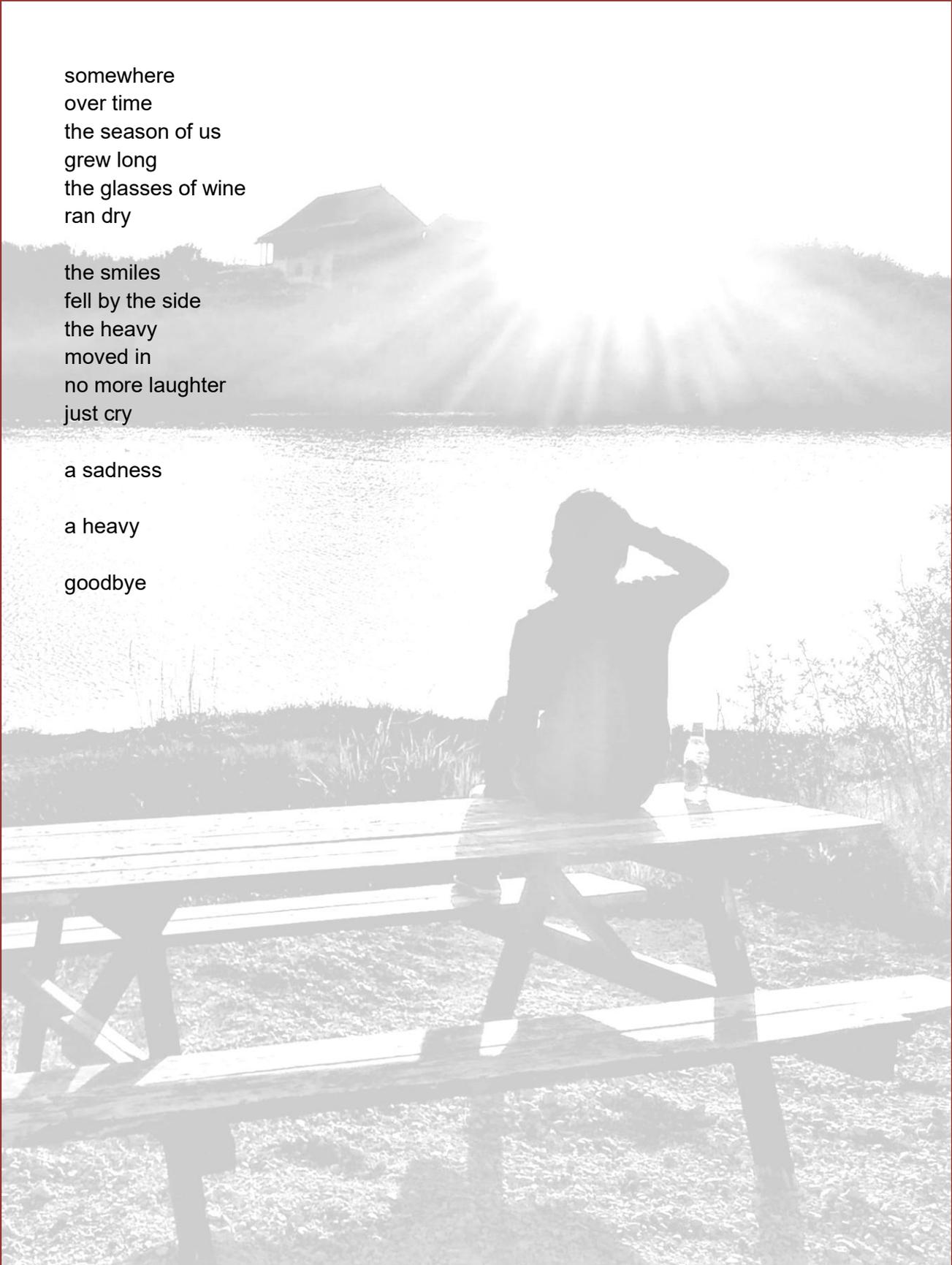
somewhere
over time
the season of us
grew long
the glasses of wine
ran dry

the smiles
fell by the side
the heavy
moved in
no more laughter
just cry

a sadness

a heavy

goodbye



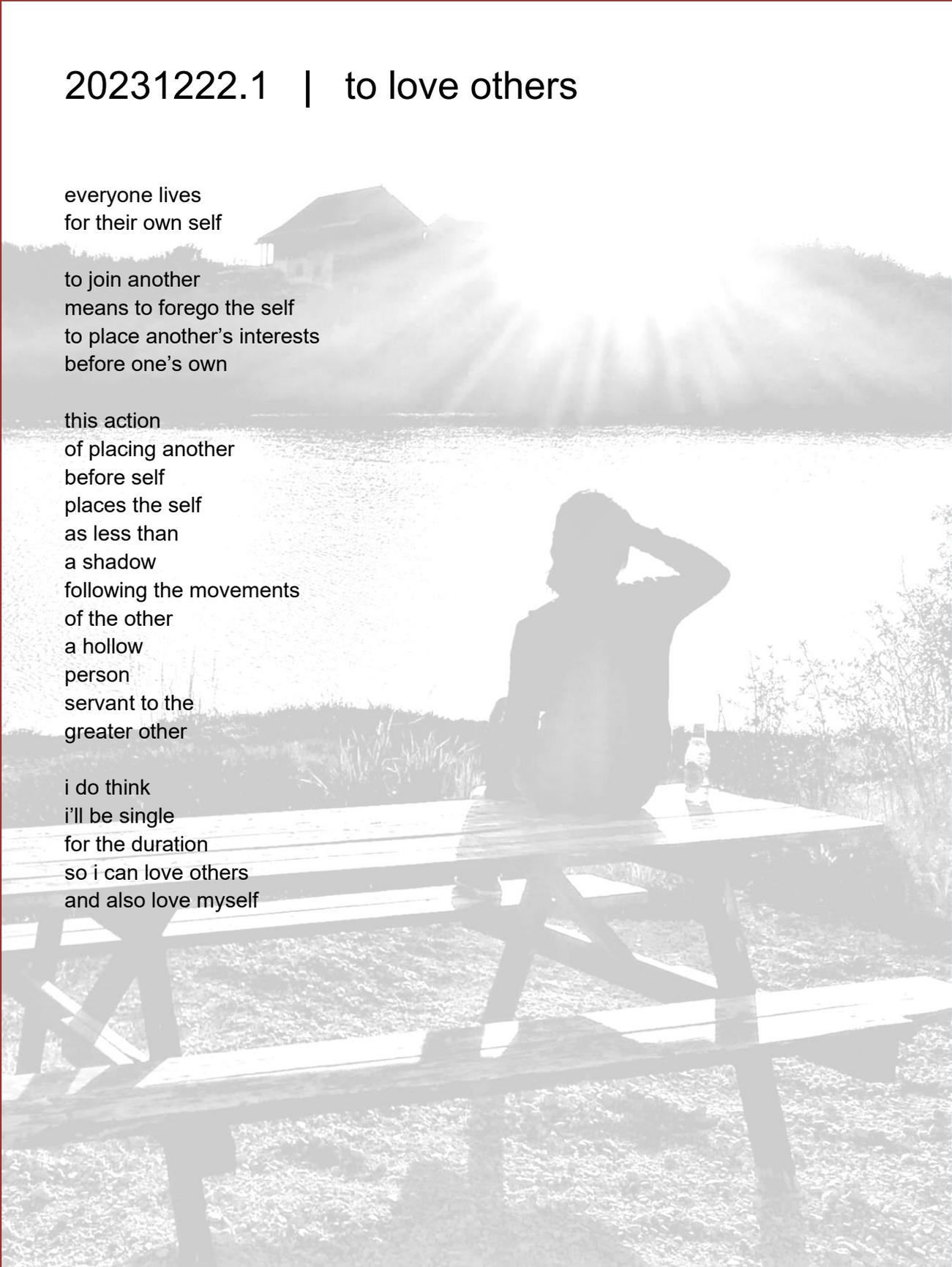
20231222.1 | to love others

everyone lives
for their own self

to join another
means to forego the self
to place another's interests
before one's own

this action
of placing another
before self
places the self
as less than
a shadow
following the movements
of the other
a hollow
person
servant to the
greater other

i do think
i'll be single
for the duration
so i can love others
and also love myself



20231229.1 | the future is atheist

i keep trying
to put people from the past
into the present
into the future

it doesn't work

the present is a gift
unlike anything before it
the present refuses to mimic
the past
the present refuses
to be something
other than
what it is

the present is unrelenting
in its uniqueness
the present does not care
if now is colder
quieter
than then
the present does not apologize
does not yield

the present is king

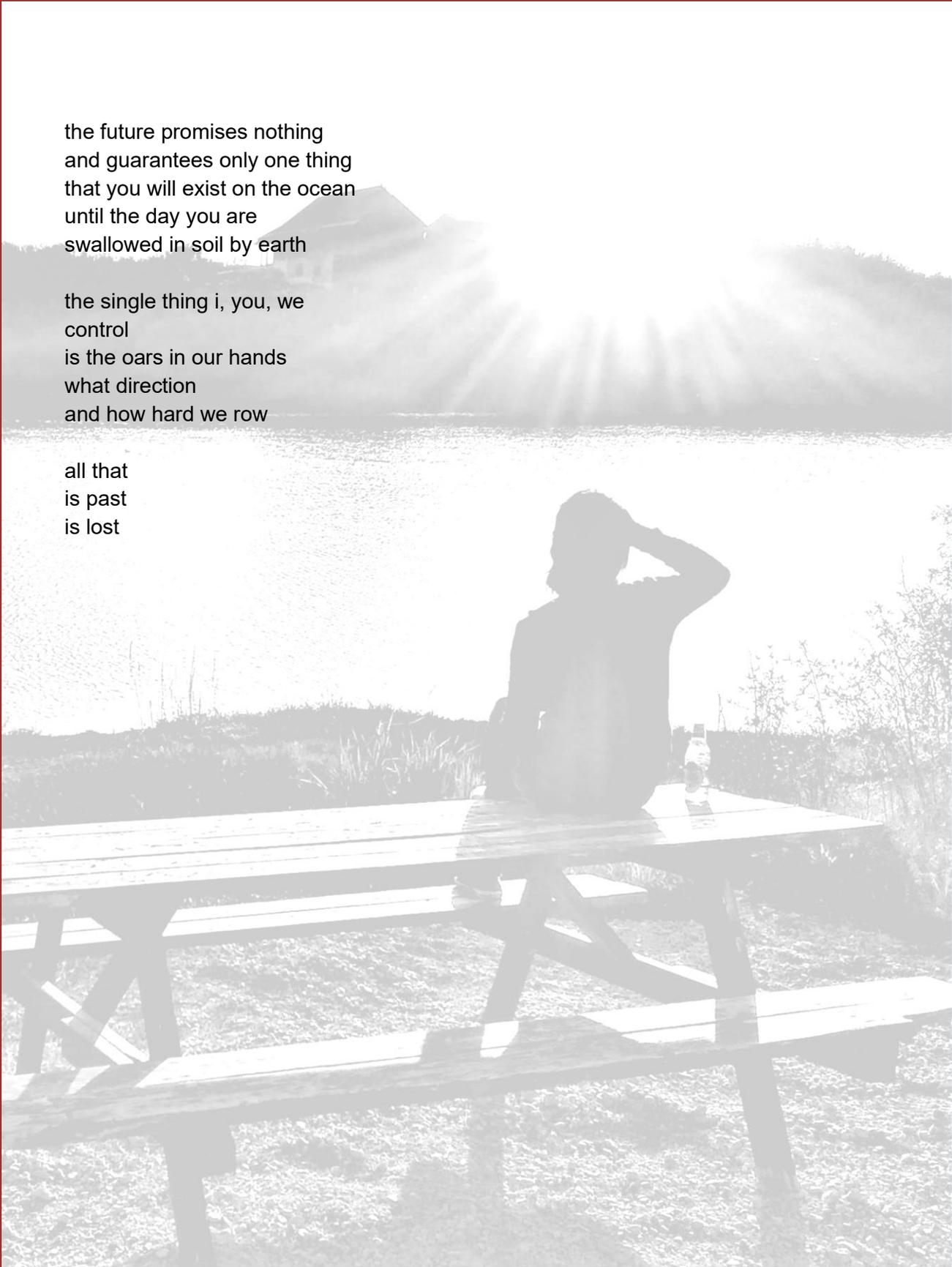
the future is atheist
it will not resurrect any one
or any time
or any thing

the future is as shapeless
and as wide
as ocean waves

the future promises nothing
and guarantees only one thing
that you will exist on the ocean
until the day you are
swallowed in soil by earth

the single thing i, you, we
control
is the oars in our hands
what direction
and how hard we row

all that
is past
is lost



end

A Human Life

a book of poems

by
pc keefer

book two
end

